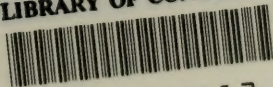


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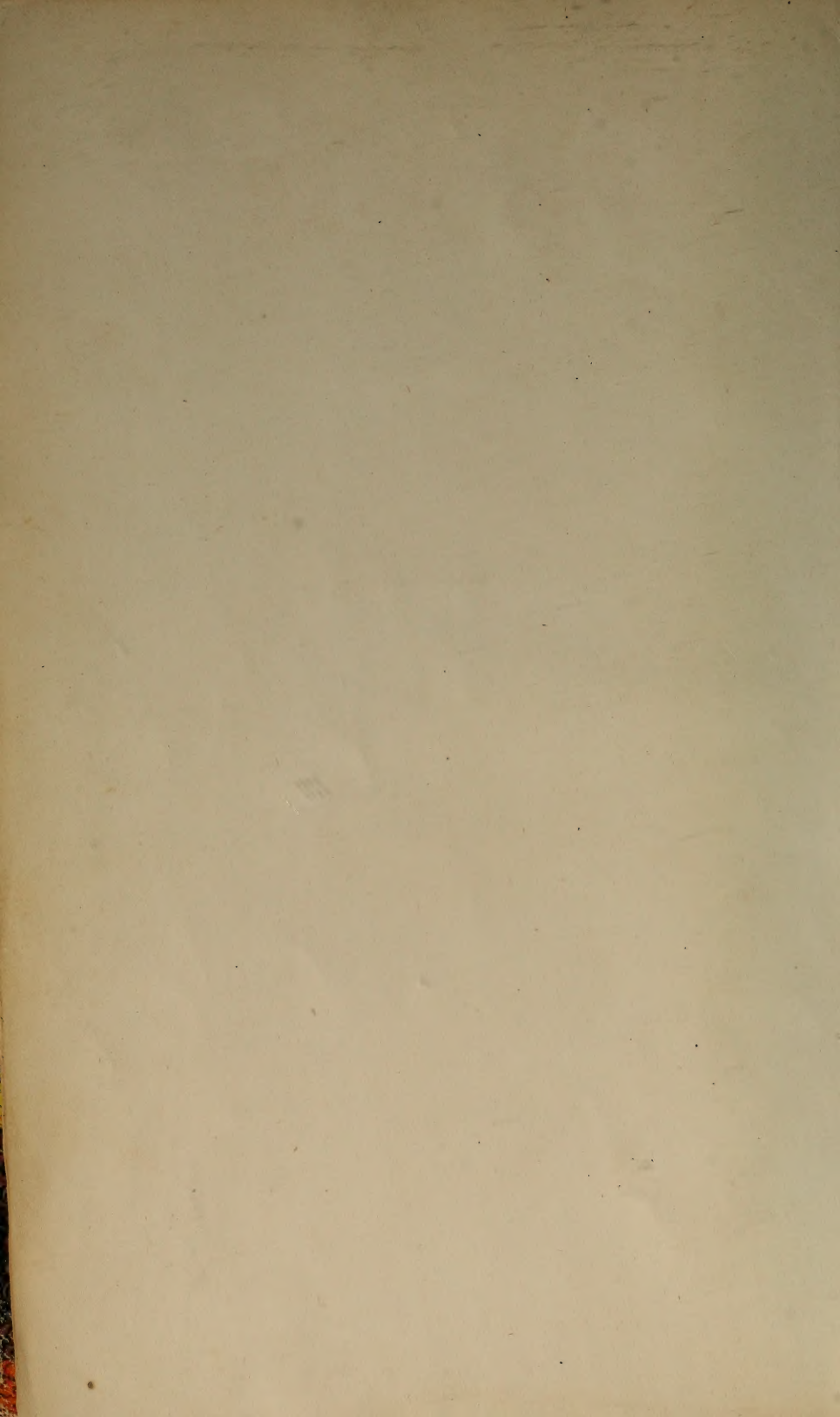
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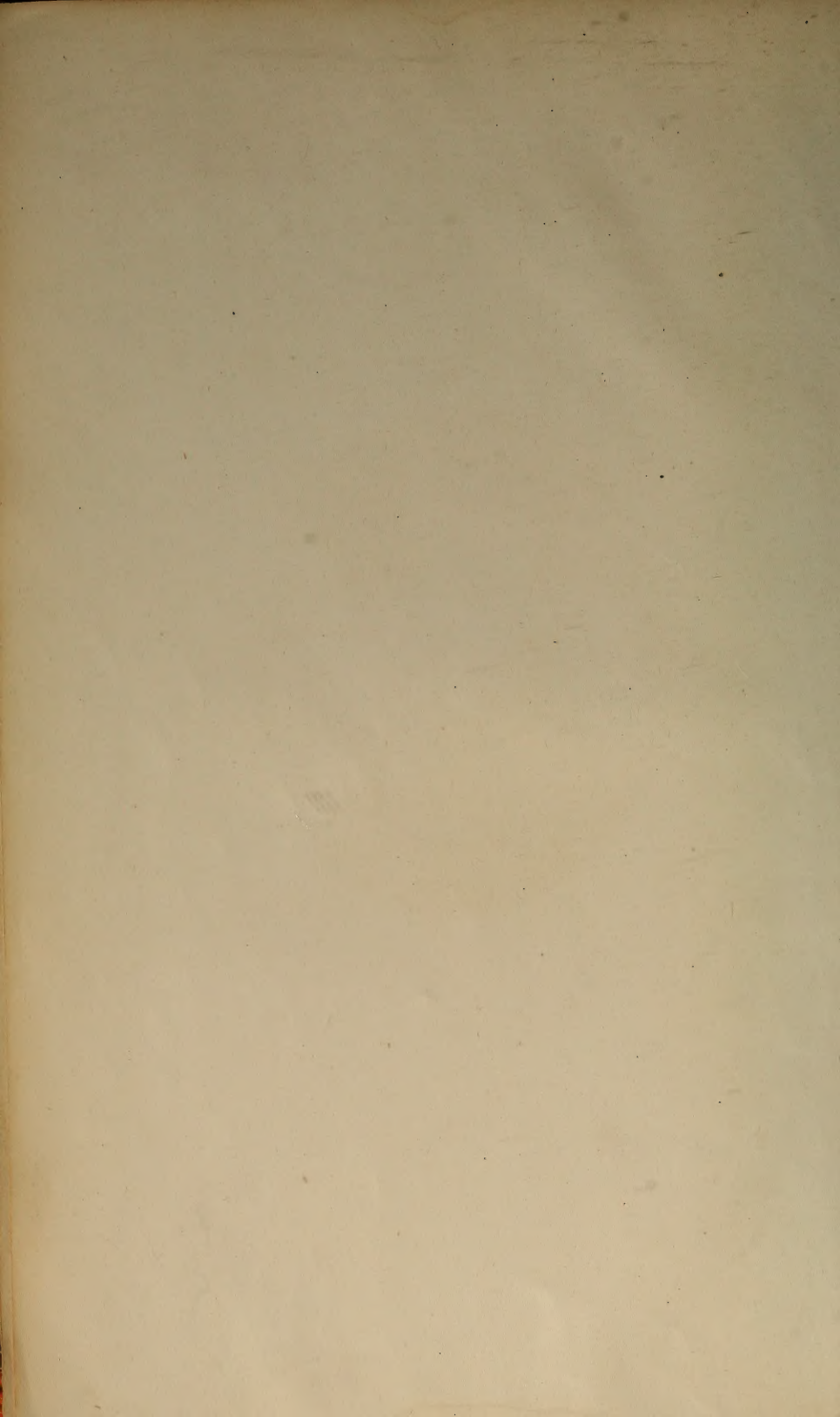
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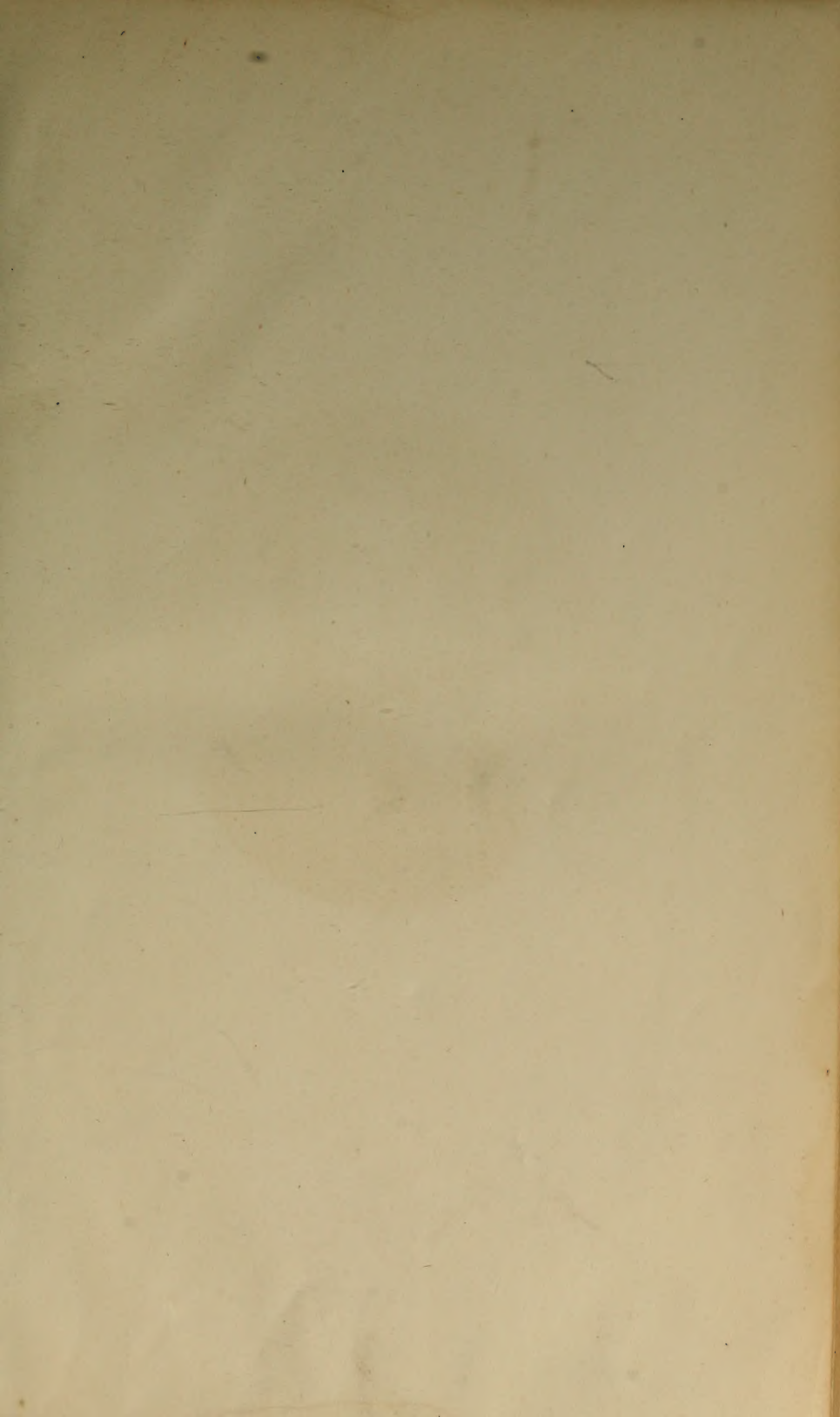
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











George Coggeshall

THIRTY-SIX VOYAGES
TO
VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD,
MADE
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1799 AND 1841.

BY
GEORGE COGGESHALL,
AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PRIVATEERS."

SELECTED FROM HIS MS. JOURNAL OF EIGHTY VOYAGES.

Third Edition—With Illustrations.

IN ONE VOLUME.

REVISED, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES AND
EXPLANATIONS.

NEW YORK:
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1858.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

GEORGE COGGESHALL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New York.

JOHN F. TROW,
PRINTER AND STEREOTYPED,
379 Broadway.

Dedication.

TO

GEORGE HENRY LAWRENCE COGGESHALL.

MY DEAR SON :

As you are just entering upon the stage of life, from which I shall soon make my exit, it is to me a heartfelt pleasure to dedicate to you this volume of my voyages, as a slight memorial of the humble services of your father and grandfather to our beloved country.

Though your ancestors have added but a single grain in the great scale of national aggrandizement, still I hope and trust their humble efforts to promote the interest and independence of our father-land will, like the widow's mite, be accepted. For as one star differs from another star in glory, so do men differ in mind and capacity to lead and govern their fellow-men. Some, like a brilliant orb in the firmament, fix upon themselves the eyes and admiration of a whole nation. It was emphatically so with the immortal Washington, who, doubtless, was raised up by Providence to lead the armies and direct the energies of a few struggling, infant States to successful independence and subsequent national honor and glory. His fame, like that of his great prototype who led the children of Israel through the wilderness, will endure to the end of time.

Though but few men are gifted to play prominent parts in the great drama of life, or figure conspicuously on the bright pages of history, they may all have patriotic hearts and virtuous principles, and thus while acting in subordinate capacities, contribute largely to achieve the per-

manent greatness and glory of their country. Thousands of good citizens in our revolutionary struggle, whose names are unknown to fame, voluntarily submitted to sore privations and cruel sufferings, and when necessary, freely shed their blood in defence of their homes and firesides. By so doing, they have won for themselves the applause and admiration of the wise and good of all nations.

I wish you to remember, my son, that it is not always the most brilliant men who build up a nation, and leave it an imperishable name; no, it is the wise and good, who love God and their fellow-men, who constitute a nation's greatness. Let me then impress upon your mind the following fact, which I leave you as a precious legacy: "that all those who confide in superior capacities or attainments, and disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that vice and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

After what I have written, I have little more to add but to commit you into the hands of Him, who will guide and sustain you through life if you put your hope and trust in Him, who watches over the pure in heart.

To you then, my only son, this book is faithfully inscribed by your affectionate father,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.

BROOKLYN, October, 1858.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It may disarm criticism of some of its asperity, when the author states that, in publishing for the entertainment of his friends the following extracts from his journal, he makes no pretensions to literary skill or merit. His life has been passed in ploughing the ocean, and not in cultivating the delightful and peaceful fields of learning.

In selecting for publication the Voyages (written at the periods to which they relate) contained in this volume, he has aimed at presenting a fair specimen of the toils and perils in which his many years have been passed. They may interest others, and perhaps serve to show to the young and inexperienced that, by keeping a stout heart and a persevering spirit, a degree of success may be counted on which will secure personal independence, and the ability to do something for the happiness of others.

In these quiet days of peace, when war, with its excitements, and violence, and sorrows, is unknown among us, some of its legitimate and necessary features are viewed with a degree of disfavor, quite unfelt at the time of its existence. This is especially true as regards privateers and letters-of-marque. All wars have for their immediate object the annoyance of the enemy. Between maritime states, the destruction of each other's commerce is the aim of the belligerents. In our last war with Great Britain (to which several chapters in this

volume relate), the most active agents in crippling the commerce of the enemy, were those of the private armed service. The efficiency and daring gallantry of our privateers were eminently conspicuous.

No greater injustice can be done than to denounce as mere mercenaries all the young men who, during our war with England, embarked in the private armed service. Hundreds of my brother mariners well know, that the most generous and patriotic impulses inspired hosts of brave spirits to embark in the work of combating and destroying the ships and commerce of our great rival, until we should obtain the freedom of the seas; and none who are informed on the subject are ignorant that the object was accomplished.

Whatever difference of opinion existed as to the merits of the war with England, there can, at this day, be none as to its results. Nearly thirty-seven years have passed since the treaty of Ghent brought us peace, and the unexampled prosperity which has followed, and the pre-eminent position, both in power and in honor, to which our country has attained, are due in no small degree to the gallantry and national resource manifested by us during the three years' contest.

Compare and contrast our present condition with what it was before that war. After the peace of 1783, our ships and commerce were preyed upon by England and France with impunity, and we manifested in our then feeble condition the most patient forbearance, and even submission. At length we were driven to arms against our ancient ally, France, until we compelled a recognition of our rights by the treaty of Paris in 1800.

Previous to this period our vessels trading to British ports were seized by French cruisers, carried into their own ports and condemned; and as the war between France and Britain became more embittered, both determined that there should

be no longer any neutral powers if they could prevent it. They imposed restriction upon restriction on the commerce of other countries, and did every thing they could do to compel all the nations of the earth to take part in their contest. Our vessels were assailed by French Decrees and British Orders in Council. The accustomed channels were closed. With cargoes destined for Hamburg, I was compelled to make several voyages to Tonningen in Danish Holstein; and when this trade was no longer permitted by France, I was forced up among the snow and ice of Russia. Such were the injuries to which we were subjected by France.

England was still more aggressive. Her cruisers captured more than one thousand ships and vessels bound to France and other countries, which were overrun by French armies, before the United States could be driven to the declaration of the war of 1812. England and France had seemed to regard our commerce as their legitimate prey, and they felt satisfied that our love of thrift and our passion for gain were paramount to our sense of honor, patriotism, and national pride.

England assumed and boasted that a few broadsides from her "wooden walls" would drive our paltry striped bunting from the ocean. Our seamen were impressed by them—our vessels searched in the most arrogant and offensive manner, and their people ill-treated. One outrage of this kind succeeded another, until one of their men-of-war fired her cowardly cannon into a harmless little unarmed vessel (April 26th, 1806), off Sandy Hook, and one of our citizens was killed. This was followed by the crowning wrong and insult of the attack by the British two-decked ship-of-war *Leopard* upon the American frigate *Chesapeake*, at a period of profound peace, and at a moment when from peculiar causes the latter ship was in a defenceless position.

This act roused a spirit which nothing could quell. Con-

gress declared war in 1812 against the mightiest of the nations. But "thrice were we armed," for we "had our quarrel just." In less than three years, two entire fleets of British men-of-war were swept from the Lakes. More than two thousand sail of British ships and other vessels were captured. One of our frigates vanquished two frigates of the enemy, one after the other in fair combat, and afterwards encountered at once two of their sloops-of-war with a like result. Other and gallant actions and victories followed. The spell was broken. British invincibility and British supremacy were at an end. The stars and stripes were no longer a theme of ridicule—our commerce was no longer at the mercy, and conducted by the permission and sufferance of England.

Far be it from the writer of these pages to indulge in either a revengeful or a boasting spirit; but it may be permitted to one who in early life encountered so much of annoyance and injury—so much that was galling to the spirit of every man who felt that the ocean was by right the free thoroughfare of all nations—to rejoice that wherever our flag now floats it carries security, respect and honor to all beneath its folds; that the "right of search," claimed so long and exercised so arrogantly, is now abandoned; that our nation and our people know no superiors; and that we present at this moment the most remarkable spectacle the world has ever known of a free, prosperous, powerful, and educated people. Let it be our aim to bear our prosperity with moderation, with dignity, and with gratitude to the great Ruler of nations; and to remember that we shall become base whenever we wield our power against the weak and humble, or in any cause that has not honor, truth, and justice for its foundation and its end.

G. C.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, March, 1851.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE ready sale and general approbation my first book of Voyages has met with, from my friends and the public, induces me to publish a second edition.

In the first, I feared I should weary my readers if I narrated too minutely the records of my journal. I therefore abridged many important facts connected with the scenes through which I passed in the early period of our naval and commercial history. These omissions did not altogether satisfy several of my judicious friends, who were desirous that I should publish a second edition, and in it particularize many facts and incidents, which had only been slightly alluded to or entirely omitted; and thus, in accordance with my own judgment and their wishes, I have decided to enter into more detail, and to add a few more voyages to the West Indies and other well-known ports, which I hope may not be altogether uninteresting to those who may honor me with a perusal.

All history is in a great measure made up of scraps and isolated facts, and whoever keeps a faithful record of his life and times, will always contribute more or less materials for the future history of his country, and may in this way be of service to

those who shall come upon the stage of life long after he shall have passed away. The present age is decidedly the age of progress and improvement. All the world is in rapid motion. We live in eventful times, and every thing moves on with railroad celerity. Business men can only find time to read newspapers and reviews while travelling in railroad cars and steamboats ; while literary and scientific men find it difficult to keep up with the times, and can scarcely read all the new books that daily issue from the steam-power press. Almost everybody is too much occupied with the present and future to look back upon the past ; still, I trust there are some few of the younger portion of the community engaged in commerce, who will be glad to read and profit by the experience of others.

I also hope there is still a remnant of men, advanced in life, who are willing to reflect on by-gone days, and, from association, love to call up scenes of early life.

After the above remarks, I have but little more to add. Men will read or forbear, as best suits their inclinations ; and in taking leave of the subject, I have only to say that my task is done ; and I now bid adieu to the sea, and to all its pleasures and perils forever.

G. C.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, Feb. 1853.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N .



I HEREWITH avail myself of the opportunity afforded me by publishing a third edition of my "Voyages to Various Parts of the World," to correct a few typographical errors in my previous writings which I had myself discovered, or which had been pointed out to me from other sources. This edition comprises all my previous published voyages, and embraces the whole in one entire volume. I have revised and enlarged my work, given additional notes and explanations, and also added a few more voyages, extracted from my manuscript journal, which was regularly kept for a period of fifty-eight years.

My first foreign voyage to Cadiz was made in 1799, and my last to Rio Janeiro in 1841, consequently they extend over a space of more than forty-two years. I have been travelling and voyaging about the world for almost sixty years, and of course have passed through many perilous and exciting scenes not given to the public, but I have related enough to prove the hardships and trials of a seaman's life, and also to show that mine has been a checkered one. It would, therefore, be ungrateful in me not to acknowledge the protecting hand of a kind Providence, in sustaining and bringing me through so many trying and dangerous scenes, both by sea and land. While many of my cotemporaries have perished by disease in foreign lands or been swallowed up in the great deep, I have been pre-

served to record the events of my life, and to enjoy the tranquillity so much needed when drawing near the close of one's earthly pilgrimage.

In this edition, I have endeavored to call the attention of the present generation to the vast progress and improvement in our naval and mercantile marine. Perhaps there is no branch of art or science which has advanced so rapidly as naval architecture, and the management of ships, both in the navy and in the merchant service. In the early part of my sea-life, our merchant ships were small and badly constructed, and were they in existence at the present day would be considered as unseaworthy, while in the navy they were not much better with but few exceptions. It is needless for me to enlarge on the present state of our naval and commercial marine, as every one knows the magnitude and formidable qualities of our ships of war, and the beauty and magnificence of our packet and clipper ships in the merchant service. I will only add on this subject, that our country at the present day furnishes models for men-of-war and merchant ships for almost all other nations.

In narrating these Voyages, it has been my constant aim to do justice to all, and needlessly to hurt the feelings of no individual named in my work; still, I have strictly adhered to the truth under all circumstances, and have never called good evil nor evil good, and therefore hope to die at peace with God and all mankind.

In conclusion, I would say to those of my readers who may have the patience to follow me through a portion of my wanderings, that whatever may be their opinion with respect to its literary merits, they will do me the justice to believe that candor and impartiality have been my sincere desire.

G. C.

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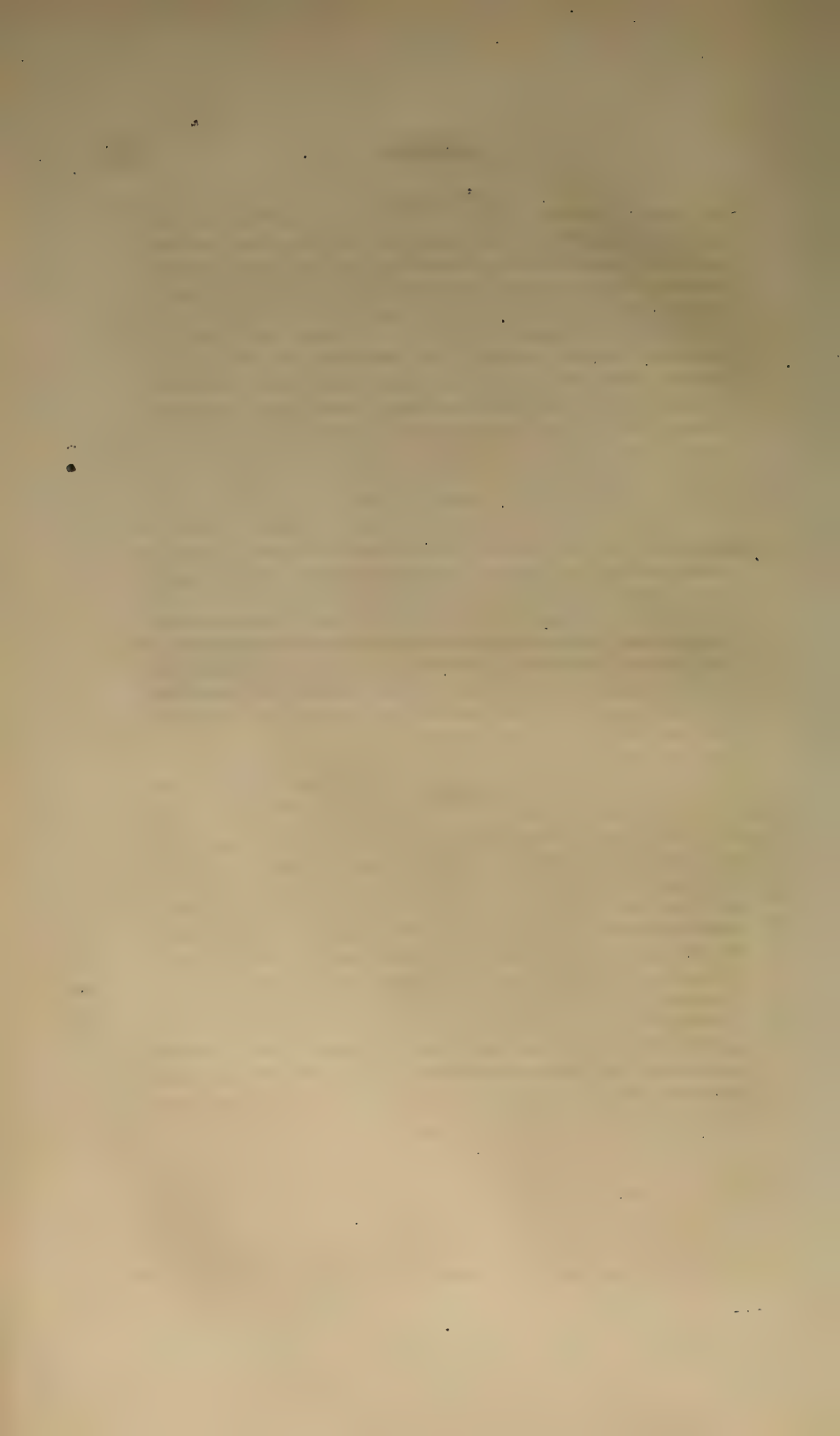
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S K E T C H

OF THE

AUTHOR'S EARLY LIFE AND PARENTAGE.

As most readers are desirous of knowing something of the author's origin, I have concluded to give a preliminary sketch of my family and early life.

At the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775, my father, William Coggeshall, of Milford, Connecticut, then only nineteen years of age, voluntarily joined a company of his townsmen under the command of Captain Samuel Peck. This company, augmented by a considerable number of volunteers and enlisted men, formed a portion of Colonel Hinman's regiment, under the supervision of a committee appointed by the Legislature of Connecticut, then in session. They left Milford in October, and marched through the wilderness to strengthen the garrison at Ticonderoga, which had been previously captured by Colonel Ethan Allen, on the night of the 9th of May, 1775. After remaining there all winter, and enduring many hardships and much suffering, they returned home the next spring in a destitute condition, to repose for a brief space. The people of Connecticut, at this period, were suffering severely by the depredations of the English, so that every man capable of bearing arms felt it his duty to defend his country, and to annoy the enemy in every possible way within his power.

In 1777 a small fort was erected at the entrance of Milford Harbor. This battery was commanded by James Davidson, a

veteran shipmaster, to protect the port and its vicinity from the marauding ravages of the small British vessels and boats, which at this time infested our waters. In this fort my father served for a short period, but finding the situation too inactive for his desire of enterprise and distinction, he procured a substitute, and joined the armed sloop "Guilford" as chief mate, under the command of William Nott, Esq. This vessel was armed and equipped by the State of Connecticut, and commissioned by Governor Trumbull in May, 1779, to cruise in Long Island Sound to protect the trade and commerce of the American Colonies, as the States were called at that period. Captain Nott was ordered to take, burn, sink and destroy the common enemy wherever he could be found within the waters of Long Island Sound, and also to protect the shores from the assaults and depredations of the British and their adherents, and to report progress from time to time to the Governor of the State.

In this service my father was employed for several months, under two commanders, Captain William Nott, of Milford, and Captain David Hawley, I think, from Fairfield or Stamford. I have a list of the officers and crew of this vessel, who were mostly young men, and numbered between thirty and forty souls. I regret that the reports of the several cruises of this vessel cannot be found among the records of the State Department at Hartford, for I have no doubt they would contain many interesting facts and incidents which would be valuable reminiscences as connected with the war of the Revolution.

After making several cruises in this armed sloop, my father, desiring a wider field of daring enterprise, joined the armed brig "New Defence," on the 7th of October, 1779, as sailing-master's mate, with Captain Charles Pond, of Milford. The "New Defence," was a small brig built in Guilford, but fitted and equipped at New Haven. She mostly belonged to private individuals, but was furnished with rigging and sundry munitions of war by the State of Connecticut. She was therefore commissioned by Governor Trumbull, and considered more like a vessel belonging to the State than a regular privateer. The "New Defence" was not very well armed, her guns being small four and six pounders, with small arms not very efficient.

She had, however, a gallant crew of young men and good officers. The first lieutenant, William McQueene, had served in the same capacity on board the "Guilford" for several months, but left this sloop with my father and several others, to cruise against the English on the Atlantic Ocean. The crew was composed of officers and seamen belonging to Milford, New Haven, and the neighboring seaport towns. She sailed from New Haven in the latter part of October, and passed through Long Island Sound. Not long after leaving port, while cruising off Sandy Hook, New York, she fell in with and engaged a large English brig of war. It certainly would have been more prudent to have avoided an engagement with an enemy so superior in size and force to the frail little brig "New Defence," but the brave Captain Pond and his gallant officers and crew thought otherwise. With this determination they continued the action at close quarters for more than an hour. During the fight the sailing-master of the "New Defence" was killed, and many of the crew were wounded and disabled. The sails and rigging were so cut to pieces by the round and grape shot of the enemy, that the little brig became unmanageable, and was compelled to surrender to superior force and numbers. A few days after her capture she arrived in New York, where the captain and first lieutenant were forthwith paroled or exchanged, while all the other officers and crew were immediately transferred to the "Jersey," then lying in the Wallabout, where, during a long and dreary winter, these unfortunate men were confined in that pestilential prison-ship with scarcely enough food and clothing to sustain life. In addition to all other complicated evils, my father was seized with the small-pox, which reduced him to death's door, so that when exchanged in the spring, he was so weak as hardly to be able to walk. On his return home to Milford he was so terribly marked with the effects of this disease, that it was with difficulty his friends could recognize him.

Such were the scenes and sufferings of thousands of those revolutionary heroes who served in subordinate situations during that eventful war. The generals, officers, statesmen and leading actors of the Revolution are known and justly appreciated by

their countrymen and the world at large ; but alas ! how few of the subalterns and private individuals who suffered and died for their country, are ever known in history. Generals, statesmen, and those who took the lead in these trying times, were doubtless good patriots. They knew also that if they gained battles over the enemy they would rise to distinction, and by their gallant acts would be crowned with undying fame, and that their names would be embalmed on the pages of their country's history, while the subalterns and private soldiers had but little to hope for in the way of promotion. They, therefore, were moved by pure love of country, thus to hazard life and all its endearments for the land which gave them birth. Although it is true that every individual actor in the great drama of war cannot be designated or exalted on the pages of history, still every private soldier's hardships and sufferings are nevertheless entitled to his country's gratitude and sympathy. The Saviour said, "He that gives a cup of cold water to one of my disciples, shall in no wise lose his reward," then by the same principle of justice, how can a nation withhold its gratitude and admiration from those who fought and bled for its liberty, independence, and its subsequent honor and glory ?

After the peace was proclaimed in 1783, my father retired to the peaceful avocations of private life, and was occupied as a shipmaster for several years. He commanded sundry brigs and schooners from Connecticut to the West India Islands, and was generally successful in these operations. Having acquired considerable property in the business as captain and supercargo, he purchased three or four brigs and schooners and employed them in the same trade, while he remained on shore to direct and manage these vessels for the mutual interest of all those concerned with him in the enterprise. The late war had so exhausted the resources of the country that it was unable to support a sufficient navy to protect its commerce, consequently we were preyed upon both by England and France. Their cruisers captured a considerable portion of our commercial marine, particularly in the West India trade, and by these acts ruined many unfortunate merchants and seafaring men, without their being able to obtain redress of their adversaries or protection

from our own Government. For example, one of my father's vessels, a large schooner called the "Laura," took a cargo from Connecticut to Martinique, where it was sold, and reinvested in sugar and coffee. On her return passage, a few days after leaving port, she was captured by a British cruiser, carried into Montserrat, and there both vessel and cargo were condemned, because she had been trading at a French island. Not long after this unjust act, another vessel of his, called the "Two Friends," was taken by the French, carried into St. Martins, and there condemned, for no other reason but that she had been trading at an English island. These captures are fair illustrations of the treatment our country received from both England and France in our national infancy. These losses soon stripped my poor father of his little fortune, and threw those dependent on him almost penniless upon the world, to gain their bread the best way they could. His family consisted of six sons and one daughter, myself being the third son.

Although very young at this time, I severely felt my father's misfortunes, and mentally resolved to gain the consent of my parents to launch out upon the wide world, and strive to gain an honest living, and by so doing, leave one less for them to support. I had always had a fondness for the sea, and an irresistible desire to follow the early profession of my honored sire. I was born in the year 1784, within pistol-shot of Long Island Sound, and literally cradled on its waves. For when a mere boy, I used to bathe in the salt water and swim upon its little billows; and when old enough to carry a message from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle, commenced a sea life. Being thus by unavoidable circumstances deprived of the advantages of a school education, I was compelled to gain instruction by reading such books as I could procure, and by industry and perseverance educate myself. Always having a fondness for books, reading has ever been one of my greatest resources, particularly on long sea-voyages to distant countries.

It has been erroneously stated by many seafaring men, that sailors who do their duty have little or no time to read on ship-board. This assertion I emphatically deny. On long voyages particularly, both officers and seamen have a great many leisure

hours during the long days and nights passed upon the mighty deep. I aver that a great proportion of their idle time may be very profitably employed in reading on almost every subject, and that their advantages for cultivating the mind are much greater than those of merchants or mechanics on shore. As a general principle, if shipmasters are not intelligent and well-informed men on most subjects, it is their own fault for not improving their precious privileges. In the first place, what can exalt and elevate the human mind more than the boundless ocean, and where can be found a scene better adapted to deep thought and silent contemplation, than to view the heavenly bodies silently revolving in their trackless orbits? To measure their distances, and watch their rising and setting, are continual sources of never-failing enjoyment. Yes, it is in scenes like these that one feels and fully realizes the power of the unseen hand that sets the universe in motion, and assures poor fallen man that his soul is immortal.

I have navigated the ocean, from first to last, for a period of nearly sixty years, and have come to the conclusion, that though a seaman's life is one of hardship and privation, and often beset with extreme danger, still there is much to alleviate and recompense him for his personal sufferings. To surmount and triumph over accumulated difficulties is always a gratifying pleasure to a persevering mind. In short, it is a bold, daring life, perhaps more perilous than any pursuit confined to terra firma,—still the very excitement of danger brings its own reward. A maritime life also affords an opportunity for visiting different countries, and viewing mankind in its various phases and gradations, between the savage and the most civilized and refined state of society.

In taking leave of the subject, I can truly say that I feel no regret for having chosen this profession rather than any stationary one on shore; and were it possible for me to lead my life over again, I should choose the course I have followed, supplanting, however, the privilege of correcting many errors, and omissions of doing good through the journey of life.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST FOREIGN VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER CHARLOTTE, FROM NEW YORK TO CADIZ AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1799 AND 1800.

AT this period, Captain Henry Turner, of Milford, commanded a new schooner called the Charlotte. She was built in Milford, and was then lying in New York, taking in a cargo of flour and tobacco for Cadiz. Captain T. was my uncle by marriage, having married my mother's sister, and was also a friend of our family. Thus at the early age of fifteen I bade adieu to my paternal home, with all its tender endearments, to join this schooner as cabin boy, on a voyage to Cadiz. I will not attempt to describe the painful scene of leaving home for a foreign country, as no language is competent to the task. I will therefore leave for all those who have feeling hearts to imagine the parting scene of leaving father, mother, sister and brothers, for the first time, and perhaps for ever.

A few days before sailing, the melancholy news of General Washington's death reached New York, I believe two days after it occurred, which was on the 15th of December, 1799. A grand procession was formed, which marched to Trinity Church to hear a funeral oration delivered in honor of the Father of his Country. The streets were crowded with all classes of citizens; it was indeed a solemn and touching sight; the whole nation was literally in tears, and every individual seemed to feel as though he had lost a father. Myself, with scores of other boys, walked alongside of the cortège. This imposing scene made such a deep impression on my mind that it will never be eradicated. Being ready for sea, we left New York on the 22d of the same month, passed Sandy Hook a few hours after, and

as this was my first voyage on the deep blue ocean, I was excessively sea-sick for two or three days. Young seamen and cabin boys who are sea-sick, find very little sympathy or forbearance on such occasions, consequently I was forced to brave it out the best way I could. The captain and officers were generally kind to me, but as the cook was not very efficient, there was no idle bread for me to eat. Our crew was composed of the captain, mate, six seamen, with the cook, and myself. We generally had favorable winds, and made good progress on our passage. Nothing occurred worthy of remark until we drew near the land. I recollect my desire to see the Old World was so great that I got very little sleep during the last night of our passage, as the captain said we should see the land at daylight. Thus, at early dawn on the 16th of January, in the year 1800, I first saw the shore of Europe. We made the land about Cape St. Mary's, and arrived on the same evening at Cadiz, after a passage of twenty-five days. We carried the first news to Spain of Washington's death, which event produced a melancholy sensation, not only in the hearts of all the Americans, but throughout Cadiz. There were, at this time, ten or twelve American vessels lying in this port, and among them a large letter-of-marque ship belonging to Salem, Mass. The day after our arrival, every vessel in port wore her flag at half mast; the Salem ship fired minute guns at the rising of the sun, and at its setting. There was a general mourning for "the father of his country," which was not confined to the Americans; on the contrary, the whole city of Cadiz knew that a great benefactor to mankind had left the world.

Cadiz is a walled city, strongly fortified, and one of the most cleanly towns in Europe. At this period, it was in a flourishing condition, enjoying almost the entire trade of South America, and a considerable portion of the general commerce of the maritime world. I will here insert a painful incident to show the uncertainty of human life. On a fine night, soon after our arrival, while the vessel was riding quietly at anchor, a very melancholy accident occurred, which I shall never forget. A young man, by the name of

Sealey, belonging to Connecticut, had the anchor-watch, from ten o'clock till midnight. At half-past eleven, the mate went on deck and found no one on the watch. Looking around, he found the pea-jacket of the young man lying on the deck, with his watch on the jacket; Sealey was gone, and was never again seen or heard of. He bore an excellent character, and was a general favorite. It was supposed he accidentally slipped overboard, and sunk to rise no more.

This being my first foreign voyage, every thing in the Old World was astonishing, and almost bewildering, to my young imagination. The richer classes of *grandees* and *hidalgos* arrayed in gold lace cloaks; the gray and black friars, one order with shaved heads, and another with broad brimmed hats; the ladies in black costumes, the military parades, the numerous beggars, all formed a heterogeneous mass, so new and strange to a young American, that the whole scene was wonderful, and intensely interesting. One religious practice in Cadiz, and universal throughout Spain at that period, impressed me with peculiar force. At a certain hour towards evening a bell was struck, which was the signal for vespers. In an instant every voice was hushed, every occupation stopped, and every citizen, either kneeling or assuming an attitude of devotion, repeated his prayers for a few minutes, crossed himself, and then continued his former employment. The ladies and gentlemen engaged in pleasurable conversation in the drawing-room, the military performing their evolutions on the public square, the laborers at their usual toil—in fine, every person, whether talking, reading, walking, or riding, would suspend his occupation to perform this religious duty. So strong is the force of this habit, that I once heard of two Spaniards, who were fighting with knives, as is the custom among the lower order, on hearing the vesper bell, suspended the quarrel long enough to say their prayers, and then resumed their fight to settle it in the usual way. It was to me a fine thought, that high and low, rich and poor—in short, that a whole nation, at the same moment of time, should lift their hearts to God, and bless Him who had preserved them through another day on the journey of life.

After noticing this universal custom, which was so captivating to my young imagination, I will relate an instance of the credulous superstition of the masses, and the wicked imposition of the clergy.

As I was walking one day through one of the principal streets of Cadiz, I saw a close wagon filled with paper indulgences for all sorts of sins, and also licenses—I suppose for eating meat on fast days. The scale or price was regulated from heinous crimes down to slight peccadilloes. This wagon was drawn by two horses richly decked out with bright ribbons and small bells. It proceeded slowly from street to street, and was a fantastic display to attract the attention of the multitude. Hundreds of persons surrounded the vehicle, and with avidity purchased indulgences suited to their respective sins and desires. The most absurd and ludicrous part of this imposition, and the crowning point of the whole was, that the people's money, obtained by these sales, was said by the priests to be employed in carrying on the crusade wars against the infidels and others opposed to the Roman Catholic religion. If such were the impositions made upon the people only fifty-seven years ago in Catholic countries, I respectfully ask my readers to imagine what must have been the extortions of the Roman Church a century or two previous to that date.

Cadiz is too well known to require a particular description from me. I will therefore, en passant, only make a few remarks on its local advantages, etc. It lies in latitude $36^{\circ} 31'$ N., longitude $6^{\circ} 18'$ W.; sixty-three miles south of Seville, sixty north-west of Gibraltar, and contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. It is located on low, sandy land, washed on three sides by the ocean and its own beautiful bay, which is a broad and noble expanse of water, several miles in extent. Its north-eastern shore is studded with several considerable towns and villages, viz. Palos, Rota, Porta Santa Maria, Isla, and others of less importance. In and around these places are beautifully cultivated gardens, with orange and lemon trees, filled with their luscious fruit almost the entire year. These extensive gardens also produce excellent grapes, pears, apples, and a great variety

of other delicious fruits, which are abundant and cheap. The face of the country on the north and east shores of the bay is of a moderate height, and may be termed undulating, but after advancing several leagues into the interior, the country becomes mountainous, interspersed with deep dells and winding valleys, which constitute a beautiful variety of scenery.

The ships and vessels all anchor in the bay near the city of Cadiz. Their cargoes are discharged into lighters, landed on a large mole or quay, and then passed through the gates into the city. After our cargo was discharged, we took on board another of wine and brandy, and having remained here thirty-five days, sailed for home. We took the southern route, had a pleasant passage of thirty days, and arrived at New York on the 20th March, 1800. As there was less competition in those days, our wine and brandy sold at high prices, so that we made a very successful voyage. The cargo being discharged, and the crew paid off, the vessel was taken to Brooklyn and laid up; her owners, Messrs. John and Samuel Jackson, being residents of that place. I was appointed to sleep on board to guard and watch the schooner. I should have been delighted to visit my parents in Connecticut, but thought it more prudent to avoid the expense of travelling, and retain my situation as ship-keeper. To save my humble earnings for my mother and younger brothers, I considered an imperative duty. I frequently received kind and affectionate letters from my father and mother, and very welcome ones from my only beloved sister. I learned by them that the family were well, except my poor father, whose health continued rapidly to decline.

At the conclusion of this my first foreign voyage, I will take occasion to add that Captain Turner was an excellent seaman and a most worthy man. He took a fatherly interest in my welfare, and great pleasure in giving me good advice and instruction, which I so much needed at this early period of my seafaring life.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER CHARLOTTE TO SAVANNAH, THENCE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1800.

ON the 20th of May, 1800, the schooner Charlotte was removed to New York, where we commenced taking in a general cargo on freight for Savannah, under the command of Captain Crocker.

Thus I found myself among entire strangers at the commencement of a new voyage. The mate's name was Coleman. He was a young man belonging to Nantucket, who had been brought up in the whaling business, and always accustomed to long voyages to distant seas. He had never made one in a merchant trading vessel, and although a kind-hearted, good fellow, seemed to have very little in common with his fellow-men. Whenever a porpoise or a whale came in sight, he was in his element, and so delighted and excited that he could scarcely restrain himself, and in ecstasies would cry out "townor."* Our captain had for many years commanded a packet brig between New York and Savannah, and was a very amiable man, though somewhat advanced in years. The crew consisted of six seamen, a black cook, and myself as cabin boy. We sailed from New York on the 1st of June, and had a pleasant passage of thirteen days to Savannah, without any remarkable occurrence. We soon discharged our cargo, and took on board another of tobacco and staves.

Being loaded and nearly ready for sea, one morning at daylight, the mate went forward to the forecastle to call all hands,

* A cant word used among whalers, "townor," she spouts.

when behold not a man was to be found. On searching about, we found the crew had stolen the boat, and, taking what things they could stow away in bags, were off for Charleston, which was the last we ever heard of them.

Seamen being scarce and wages high, we were obliged to take such as we could get. Among them was a "*Cracker*,"* a tall, lean-looking man, recently from the interior, and who had never before seen the salt-water. Having shipped our motley crew of all colors and various nations, we sailed from Savannah on the 28th of June, for Gibraltar.

About a week or ten days after sailing, one morning at daylight, while steering to the eastward with a strong gale from the northward, we discovered a sail astern, in full chase, and, as we supposed her a French privateer, crowded all sail to make our escape. The gale increased; we took in our foretopsail, reefed our lower sails, and hauled close to the wind to the N. E. The chase fore-reached us, but did not hold so good a wind as our sharp schooner, so that his shot could not reach us, and he was compelled to tack and get again into our wake, while we crowded all the sail the schooner could bear, and kept steadily on our course, dashing through the spray like a porpoise. At sunset she was near enough to reach us with her guns, when we set our colors and hove to. My readers may imagine our mutual disappointment when we found we both wore the Stars and Stripes. She proved to be the United States brig *Pickering*, of fourteen guns, Captain Preble. She had taken us for a French privateer; and the lieutenant who boarded us, said that nearly every person on board had been wet to the skin during the whole chase. After wishing them a successful cruise, we separated with mutual good wishes.

During our stay at Savannah, our captain and mate were sick with the fever and ague, and it sometimes happened on our passage to Gibraltar, that neither of them were able to come on deck to take an observation of the sun. At these times, I officiated to take the sun's altitude, and with a little help from the captain or mate was enabled to find the latitude. On our passage out, the poor, good-natured fellow from Georgia, fell sick,

* Term for a backwoodsman in Georgia.

and was soon very much reduced in flesh, with a bad fever-sore on his right leg, which rendered him unfit for duty. No incident worth noting occurred until we arrived at Gibraltar on the 27th of July, after a passage of twenty-nine days. Our cargo was soon sold and discharged, and the vessel ballasted with sand. While lying in this port, we were often annoyed and harassed by pressgangs, headed by British naval officers, scrutinizing our protections, and often threatening and ill-treating the men. These cruelties may be overlooked and forgiven, but will ever be remembered by Americans, and for fear I should say too much, I will drop the subject.

While lying in this port, one morning at daylight we heard firing at a distance. The captain being on shore, I took a spy-glass, and from aloft could clearly see three gunboats engaged with a large ship. It was a fine clear morning, with scarcely wind enough to ruffle the glass-like surface of the water. During the first hour or two of this engagement, the gunboats had an immense advantage; being propelled both by sails and oars, they were enabled to choose their own position. While the ship lay becalmed and unmanageable, they poured grape and canister shot into her stern and bows like hailstones. At this time the ship's crew could not bring a single gun to bear upon them, and all they could do was to use their small arms through the ports and over the rails. Fortunately for the crew, the ship had thick and high bulwarks, which protected them from the fire of the enemy, so that while they were hid and screened by the boarding cloths, they could use their small arms to great advantage. At this stage of the action, while the captain with his speaking trumpet under his left arm, was endeavoring to bring one of his big guns to bear on one of the gunboats, a grape-shot passed through the port and trumpet and entered his chest near the shoulder-blade. The chief mate carried him below, and laid him upon a mattress on the cabin floor. For a moment it seemed to dampen the ardor of the men; but it was only for an instant. The chief mate's name was Randall: a gallant young man from Nantucket. He then took the command, rallied and encouraged the men to continue the action with renewed obstinacy and vigor. At this time a lateen-rigged

vessel, the largest of the three privateers, was preparing to make a desperate attempt to board the ship on the larboard quarter. Nearly all his men were on the forecastle and long bowsprit, and ready to take the final leap.

In order to meet and frustrate the design of the enemy, the mate of the ship had one of the quarter-deck guns loaded with grape and canister shot; he then ordered all the ports on this quarter to be shut, so that the gun could not be seen, and thus were both parties prepared, when the privateer came boldly up within a few yards of the ship's lee-quarter. The captain, with a threatening flourish of his sword, cried out with a loud voice in broken English, "Strike, you dammer rascal, or I will put you all to det." At this moment a diminutive looking man, on board the ship, with a musket, took deliberate aim through one of the waist ports, and shot him dead. Instantly the gun was run out and discharged upon the foe with deadly effect, so that the remaining few on board the privateer, amazed and astounded, were glad to give up the conflict, and get off the best way they could. Soon after this, a breeze sprung up, so that they could work their great guns to some purpose. I never shall forget the moment when I saw the star-spangled banner blow out and wave gracefully in the wind, through the smoke. I also at the same moment saw with pleasure the three gunboats, sailing and rowing away towards the land to make their escape. When the ship drew near the port, all the boats from the American shipping voluntarily went to assist in bringing her to anchor. She proved to be the letter-of-marque ship *Louisa*, of Philadelphia.

I went with our captain on board of her, and we there learned that, with the exception of the captain, not a man had been killed or wounded. The ship was terribly cut up and crippled in her sails and rigging—lifts and braces shot away: her stern was literally riddled like a grater, and both large and small shot, in great numbers, had entered her hull, and were sticking to her sides. How the officers and crew escaped unhurt is almost impossible to conceive. The poor captain was immediately taken on shore, but only survived his wound a few days. He had a public funeral; was followed to the grave by

all the Americans in Gibraltar, and very many of the officers of the garrison and inhabitants of the town.

The ship had a rich cargo of coffee, sugar, and India goods, and was bound to Leghorn. The gunboats belonged to Algeciras, and fought under French colors, but were probably manned by the debased of all nations. I can form no idea how many were killed or wounded on board the gunboats, but from the great number of men on board, and from the length of the action, there must have been great slaughter ; neither can I say positively how long the engagement lasted, but should think, at least, from three to four hours. To the chief mate, too much credit cannot be given, for saving the ship after the captain was shot.

I understood from Captain Crocker that he received the amount of his cargo of tobacco and staves in doubloons, with which he intended to proceed to Alicant, to purchase a cargo of brandy and wine for the New York market, and that he had written to a merchant in Alicant, some weeks previous to our leaving Gibraltar, to have the wine and brandy ready to take on board immediately on our arrival, at a price already agreed upon. Accordingly about the middle of August, after lying twenty days in Gibraltar, we sailed for Alicant. The poor sick man before mentioned grew worse and worse, with little or no prospect of recovery. I think our captain made a great mistake in not leaving the poor fellow in the hospital at Gibraltar, where he would have been better attended, and have suffered less than he did in a small, confined fore-castle, deprived of medical aid and suitable nourishment. On our arrival at Alicant, after a passage of ten days, he was a mere skeleton, and very near death. When the health-boat came alongside to visit the vessel, and saw this man bolstered up on deck, they were afraid to come on board, and immediately ordered the captain to proceed to the quarantine ground, and have no communication with the shore, or with any vessel or boat, without a permit from the health officer. The quarantine ground was about a mile to the eastward of the harbor, and about half a mile from the shore. Here we lay for more than a month, when the sick man died : we were allowed to bury him in the sand just above high-water

mark. He had no contagious disease, but gradually wasted away ; his leg mortified, and the poor fellow's suffering was so severe, that it was a relief to see him die.

We were not allowed to take on board our cargo in the ordinary way, from lighters, but as follows : some fifty or sixty pipes of brandy and wine were fastened together and towed in the water near our vessel, where they were left for our boat to tow alongside, and for us to hoist on board and stow them away with our small and weak crew ; in this manner we took in all our cargo. Whenever we got any fresh provisions or fruit from the town, they were sent off in a boat, to a considerable distance from the vessel, and then put on board of our boat. They appeared to avoid all direct communication with us as though we had the plague. In this way we received our cargo, and paid for it in doubloons without the privilege of landing, and during our long stay here, neither the captain nor any other person belonging to our vessel ever put foot on shore, except when the mate and four seamen were allowed to land on the sand-beach, just long enough to bury the dead man, during which time they were closely watched by the officers of the Government. We were all happy when the day arrived to sail once more for our native land, on the first of October. Some days after leaving this port, while sailing gently down the Mediterranean with a light breeze, we fell in with a small lateen-rigged privateer, under French colors, mounting four guns, and, I should think manned by about fifty of the worst and most ferocious looking fellows I ever saw, all armed with pistols and long knives. They boarded us in their own boat, and, to our surprise, the captain appeared a mild, gentlemanly man. Neither he nor his men would speak to us in English, they affected not to understand our language ; but through one of the men, who spoke a little broken English, the captain gave us to understand that he wanted a pipe of brandy and a pipe of wine for stores, and would give our captain an order on the owner of his privateer (whom he represented to be a respectable merchant residing in Marseilles), for the amount, and that he would pay the money at sight of this order. Our captain, being greatly agitated, was glad to comply with the request for the

brandy and wine, without for a moment questioning the validity of the order. He took the draft, without scanning its contents, happy to get clear of such a cut-throat looking set of rascals. We were not quite easy, being somewhat in fear of a second visit from this gentlemanly captain, until he was fairly out of sight.

On our way down the Straits we touched at Gibraltar for water, stores, &c. Here the captain, being unable to read French himself, got his order translated. It proved to be only a *jeu d'esprit* or hoax of this polite sea-robber. We remained but a few days at Gibraltar, only long enough to fill up our water and take on board sea-stores, etc., when we sailed for New York. During the whole of this homeward passage no circumstance occurred worth recording.

We arrived at New York in the middle of November, when we were all paid off and discharged. I here learned, with grief and pain, that my honored father was no more. He died about three weeks before our arrival; his death was a sad blow to all his family and friends; he was a kind, affectionate husband, a tender father, and a generous friend. To me it was irreparable; I had lost my stay and guide, the only male friend capable of directing my future course. In short, I was cast upon the wide world, to make my way without fortune and without friends.

My mother's health at this time was very delicate; she was now bereaved of her husband, with little or no means of sustaining and supporting herself and three young boys, aged from three to seven years.

I returned home to comfort her, and to mingle our tears of grief together. My two eldest brothers being absent, I was at this time a great solace to my distressed and widowed mother. I remained however but a few months at home, before I found it absolutely necessary to seek employment.

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE IN THE BRIG HORATIO, CAPTAIN PRINGLE, FROM MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, TO MARTINIQUE, ST. KITT'S, AND ST. CROIX, AND BACK TO NEW HAVEN, IN THE YEARS 1800 AND 1801.

THE brig Horatio belonged to Derby, in Connecticut, but owing to the shallowness of water in the river Housatonic, took on board the greatest part of her cargo in Milford. She measured about 180 tons per register, and was commanded by Captain Pringle, an active seaman, and a very capable, good man. The chief mate's name was James Beard, a kind, worthy officer, somewhat advanced in life, but fully competent to perform every duty devolving on him. Our crew consisted of four able seamen, about the same number of landsmen and boys, making twelve in number, including the captain, mate, and all hands. Our cargo under deck was composed of flour, staves, beef, pork, and the general produce of the country. On deck we had forty live bullocks and eight horses, besides a large number of swine and small stock, such as geese, fowls and turkeys.

We sailed from Milford, bound for Martinique, on the 20th of December. We started with a fine northwest breeze, passed through Long Island Sound without accident, and took our departure from Montauk Point the next day. Our passage was generally pleasant, and without any incident worth relating. In consequence of light winds and occasional calms, we did not arrive at St. Pierre, Martinique, until the 15th of January, 1801, making the passage in twenty-five days.

At this place, we sold our deck load of cattle and small stock, and a portion of our inboard cargo, and, after remaining here three weeks, sailed for St. Kitt's. As I have, subsequently

to this voyage, given a general description of this island, its different ports, number of inhabitants, etc., I will not weary my readers with a repetition of the subject, but beg leave to refer them to the voyage in the pilot-boat schooner "Iris," in 1816. After leaving Martinique, we had light trades, which prolonged our passage to three days, when we came to anchor at St. Kitt's on the 8th of February. The United States had recently had a little maritime war with France, and this port was the principal rendezvous for our ships of war in the West Indies. Here I saw lying at anchor a small squadron of American men-of-war, under the command of Commodore Truxton. These ships had been in the habit of making short cruises among the islands to protect American trade and commerce against French men-of-war, and numerous privateers belonging to that nation. Several months previous to this period, namely, on the 9th of February, 1799, Commodore Truxton, in the frigate *Constellation*, engaged the French frigate *l'Insurgente*, which he captured, after an hour and a half's hard fighting, and sent into this port. Several months after this affair, he had a running fight with the French frigate *La Vengeance*, a ship greatly superior to his in size, armament and men, and would have captured her had not darkness intervened.

REMARKS.—In 1801, our navy consisted of about half a dozen frigates and eight or ten sloops-of-war (some of which had been purchased from the merchant service), together with a few small brigs and schooners, all badly organized and equipped for the want of system and practical experience. When I reflect upon its comparative insignificance at that period, just struggling into existence, with but few friends and many enemies, I think it has been well and truly said that our heroic officers and men fought themselves and the navy into public favor. What a striking contrast does its situation present at this period in 1858! I find by an official report that we now have seventy-eight effective ships and vessels, commencing with line-of-battle ships, frigates and formidable war-steamers of great power and force, down to smaller armed vessels suitable to penetrate rivers and shallow ports. We now behold the navy protecting our wide-

spread commerce on every sea, and triumphantly bearing its country's flag to every part of the habitable globe. We witness its captains and officers honored and respected at home and abroad.

In reviewing the subject, I feel that it should warm the heart of every American throughout the entire length and breadth of our extensive empire. Yes, it is enough to awaken an honest pride in the bosom of every man, woman and child in the United States, to cherish, sustain, and augment this strong arm of our glorious republic.

Although no well-judging American patriot would wish to see our navy at this period of our national existence increased in numbers, like the navies of England or France, still I think it should be gradually augmented, and that the ships hereafter constructed should equal or exceed those of the same class belonging to any other nation. I hope strict discipline and vigilance will be maintained, and every improvement in gunnery carefully studied, so that when the time shall arrive to meet the foe, the stars and stripes will wave victoriously over every portion of the mighty deep. Let our national motto be, "To ask nothing from other nations that is not strictly right, and submit to nothing palpably wrong," and thus by pursuing a brave and straightforward course, our navy and the whole country at large will be respected by all the civilized nations of the earth. I also hope and trust that in case of a war with any of the large maritime powers of Europe, the Government of the United States will foster and encourage private armed ships and vessels, particularly at the commencement of hostilities, so that they may be ready to pounce upon and annoy the enemy; for it should be remembered that privateers are valuable auxiliaries to the navy, and are in fact to it, what the militia and volunteer corps are to the United States army. I hope the people of this country will not forget that in our late war with England, our little navy, with the assistance of letters-of-marque and privateers, captured more than two thousand British men-of-war and merchant vessels, and were, under God, the great cause of bringing about a speedy and honorable peace.

After this little episode, I will resume the narrative of the voyage. At St. Kitt's, we sold a portion of our cargo, took in some twenty or thirty puncheons of rum and sugar, and having staid here about a week, sailed for St. Croix, to dispose of the remainder, which we succeeded in doing to advantage, and received a return cargo of sugar, rum, and molasses. We sailed for the United States on the 15th of February, and arrived at New Haven, Conn., early in March, where the crew was paid off and discharged, and the brig laid up.

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER THOMAS, WITH CAPTAIN HENRY TURNER, FROM MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, TO BERBICE AND THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS, AND BACK TO MILFORD, IN THE YEARS 1802 AND 1803.

IN the early part of my sea life, I made several voyages from Milford and New Haven, in Connecticut, to the West India Islands, in a miserable class of small brigs and schooners. These vessels were employed in exchanging the produce of the soil of Connecticut for the produce of the Caribbean Islands; namely, for rum, sugar, molasses, coffee, and the indigenous fruits of these islands, such as oranges, limes, tamarinds, coconuts, etc. These vessels carried the produce of New England under deck, and live cattle, such as horses, oxen, sheep, pigs, and poultry on deck, and were, in familiar terms, called horse-jockeys. Though the reader may find nothing very striking or interesting in these voyages, still I have decided to narrate a few of them to serve as specimens of our commerce to these islands, and to exhibit the inefficiency of the ships and vessels in common use at that period of our commercial history, that the present generation may be able to contrast our then infant commerce, and the inefficiency of our merchant marine, with the rapid strides it has since made in wealth and importance, during the last half century. I have said that the brigs and schooners in common use in Connecticut at that period, were miserably constructed, and very badly adapted to commercial purposes. In New-York, and some other cities of the Union, they were a little better, but still small and very inefficient; and not one in fifty of them was coppered; so that on long voyages they would become covered with barnacles and

sea-grass, which impeded their speed at least one-third. For example, a ship with a clean copper bottom, which could with ease sail nine miles the hour, with a foul wooden one could not be driven over six, consequently their passages from the East Indies would be one-third longer. A ship in those days, of 300 or 400 tons burden, was considered enormously large, and when advertised for sale, freight, or charter, was represented as a very capacious ship, coppered and copper fastened, and well found in rigging, sails, etc.

Methinks I hear some of the seamen of the present day inquire, how men could be found to go to sea in such miserable craft? I answer, they must either go in them or stay on shore, for these were the vessels in general use at that period.

I hardly need remind any one at this time that our sailing ships are floating palaces, measure from 1000 to 3000 tons, and frequently cost from 100,000 to 150,000 dollars. Such, then, is the improvement in the merchant marine service during the last fifty years, and it is hardly less striking in our ships of war. Other nations, also, have made great progress in naval science; look, for example, at the engravings of Lord Nelson's fleet as represented at the battle of Trafalgar; what ungainly, clumsy-looking floating batteries were then in service, with their bowsprits standing almost perpendicular. How it would offend the eye of one of our naval officers at the present day, to gaze upon one of these obsolete ships of a bygone age. Perhaps there is no branch of art or science that has made such rapid progress as naval architecture, and the management of ships.

With these preliminaries, I will proceed to copy from my journal, a voyage in the schooner Thomas, to Berbice, Guiana, with Captain Henry Turner, commenced in December. The Thomas was an old vessel, of 80 tons burden, badly built, and badly equipped, and were she in existence at this time (1858), a crew could not be obtained for her in the United States. Our crew consisted of the captain aforesaid, Mr. John Mallet (an old man), mate, with two seamen, two landsmen, and a cook. This comprised the whole, being seven in number. Mr. Stephen Trowbridge, a native of Milford, was one of the seamen, and myself the other. He was in truth a good sailor, and a

worthy, honest man, and later in life made many voyages with me to various parts of the world, as my chief mate. It is with sincere pleasure that I now call to mind his efficient and honest fidelity, in many trying scenes through which we were destined to pass in our various wanderings, for a period of more than five years.

We took on board the usual cargo under deck, namely, beef, pork, hams, some flour, butter, cheese, etc. On deck, we had twenty-four low-priced horses, sundry sheep and pigs, and were provided with the usual quantity of grain, hay, etc., to supply the animals with food. Thus manned and equipped, we sailed from Milford on the morning of the 10th of December, for Berbice. It was a very cold day, and there was a great deal of field and floating ice in the Sound; but the wind being favorable and strong from the N. W., we made fair progress on our course towards Montauk Point, but as the schooner was at best a slow sailer, we did not get down to Fisher's Island until near midnight. When we approached it, our captain was deceived in the appearance of the land; in fact it was difficult to discriminate it from the water, there being so much floating ice covered over with snow, that it was almost impossible to find the true channel or passage, called The Race, leading to Montauk Point. We however steered boldly on, and soon found ourselves on the rocks, but a short distance from Fisher's Island. Here we lay thumping for about an hour, expecting every moment to go to pieces; some of the sheathing was knocked off the schooner's bottom, and came floating up alongside. She soon began to leak badly, and thump so severely, that we could scarcely stand on our feet. In this trying dilemma we got out the boat (the only one we had), to save our lives by landing on the island; but it fortunately happened that we ran on at young flood, so that when the tide rose, she drifted off the rocks. We then steered for New London, but as the wind was blowing strong from the N. N. W., we could not fetch into that port, and being able to keep the schooner free with one pump, our captain ordered the helm to be put up and the sails filled for sea. It would be difficult to describe our perilous situation while thumping on these black rocks, some of which were above water, the

weather intensely cold, the cattle restless and frightened, so that we could with difficulty keep them from falling down at every surge or roll the schooner made. I expected every moment she would bilge and go to pieces, and ardently wished myself on the island, and would gladly have resigned every thing I had on board, and all that I expected to make by the voyage, to have been placed once more upon Terra Firma.

After passing Fisher's Island, the wind increased to a strong gale from the N. W., and we continued to scud before it to the S. E. for a period of three days. During the whole of this violent gale, one pump was constantly employed, and sometimes both, to keep her free. We had a quantity of loose oats stowed in the run, under the cabin floor; at times the pumps would choke with them, so that we were obliged to bail the water out of the run with buckets. During the whole of this furious gale, which lasted three days, the schooner was steered by Trowbridge and myself alternately, four hours and four hours, while the mate and the remainder of the crew were employed at the pumps and taking care of the horses. There was little or nothing to do with trimming or shifting the sails; we constantly scudded under a reefed fore-topsail and a double reefed foresail, and all we could do was to steer directly before the wind and sea, let the gale expend its fury, and thus waft us onward to a milder climate. The sea was lashed into a white foam, and our little bark forced along like a sea-bird that flies with the raging tempest. After passing the Gulf Stream and getting into fine weather, our horses were in a miserable condition, and scarcely able to stand.

Nothing occurred worthy of remark until the 24th of December, fourteen days out, when in the act of letting a reef out of the mainsail on a fine morning, one of the landsmen slipped overboard from the lee-quarter. At this time the schooner was going at the rate of only one or two miles the hour. All hands being on deck, the boat was immediately thrown from the fore-castle into the water, and Trowbridge and myself instantly jumped into it with two oars in pursuit of him; he was then about one hundred yards astern of the schooner. In the hurry, the plug-hole in the bottom of the boat was left open, and no



A. Weingartner's Litho. N. Y.

SCHOONER THOMAS,
Squalling in a violent gale on the 12th of December 1802.

plug to be found. The water was rushing in with great violence; my friend T. thrust his thumb into the hole, while I snatched off my neck-handkerchief and stopped it. This detained us a minute or two, but we soon pulled up to the man, when my friend T. had just time to save him by the hair of his head; he was fast sinking, and would in another moment have been drowned. We soon pulled him into the boat, and took him on board. He was a stout young farmer, about nineteen years old, from some small interior town in Connecticut, and this was his first voyage from home. He soon recovered, and when asked what were his feelings at the time he was sinking, said he thought he was dying, and that all the sins he had ever committed rushed into his mind; and the thought of having left home without the consent of his mother, was to him perfect torture. He was a humble man, and seemed to have no idea that the boat would be got out for him, and during the whole voyage appeared to be very grateful to all on board for so kindly saving him from a watery grave. I had twice before this accident assisted in rescuing men from drowning, and asked them the same question respecting their thoughts, when thus struggling for life. Their answers have been uniformly the same in substance; namely, that in a single moment all their evil deeds rushed like lightning into their minds, and it appeared as if the transactions of a whole life were condensed in a moment of time.

We made but slow progress on our passage, and had frequent calms and very light breezes, so that we were obliged to put the cattle on a short allowance of water. We lost ten of our horses during the voyage, and when we arrived at Berbice the remaining fourteen were reduced almost to skeletons, and could scarcely stand. We landed the poor animals, and the captain disposed of them for what he could get, which I believe was very little. We were fifty-five days making the passage, which was long and tedious, and when we arrived, were all nearly worn out with labor at the pumps and other severe duties. The captain retailed the cargo to the planters residing on the banks of the Berbice river, and frequently sold articles to be delivered at their plantations, some ten or fifteen miles

from the river's mouth. The articles sold to the planters were delivered to them in our own boat, so that we frequently had to row up the river a distance of from ten to fifteen miles, unprotected against the hot rays of the sun by day, and the unhealthy dews of evening. What would the seamen of the present day say, if they had to perform such severe duty? Yet this is only a small specimen of what I endured for many years, when trading to the West India Islands. We disposed of our cargo in detail, and received coffee in payment, all of which we put into tight puncheons to keep it dry. After we had landed all our cargo, we hauled the schooner on shore with the intention, if possible, of stopping the leaks. When we came to examine the ends of the planks under the counter we found the wood so rotten, that it was almost impossible to hold oakum; we however, calked all the bad places the best way we could, took on board our coffee and got ready for sea. The coast near the river Berbice, and for many miles along its banks, is extremely low and flat, not unlike the land about the mouth of the Mississippi. At this period Berbice was a colony of England; coffee was its staple production along the banks of the river, though I believe there were also a few sugar estates.

The general appearance of the country is flat, and where the land is not cleared up for plantations, has a wild, savage aspect. The forest trees are large, the under-growth is full and luxuriant, and abounds with a great variety of wild animals and small game for sportsmen. When we were there it was healthy, but I should judge it must be sickly at certain seasons of the year, like other places in low latitudes, where the land is rich, vegetation rank and luxuriant, and the weather naturally hot and sultry.

The little settlement at the mouth of the Berbice river, lies in latitude $6^{\circ} 23' N.$, longitude $57^{\circ} 11' W.$ of London. We left this port on the first of March, bound for the leeward West India Islands, in pursuit of a freight for the United States. We ran down to the Island of Tobago, and sent the boat on shore for information. We found no freight here, and soon made sail for Nevis and St. Kitt's, where we had no better success. On our departure from Tobago we ran under the lee of

the Island of Grenada, and passed near a great number of small islands, called the Granadillos. Some were of considerable size, while others appeared not much larger than the hull of a seventy-four gun ship. They are high and very picturesque.

Near them we sailed over what is called the Grenadilla Bank, which is of considerable extent. It being in the morning, with very little wind, we had a delightful sail, and although the depth of the water is from ten to twenty fathoms, it is so pure and transparent that every object on the bottom is clearly seen. Coral reefs, rocks and white sand-banks, besides a great variety of fish sporting in undisturbed felicity, render it extremely interesting for several miles.

Having filled up our water, procured sea stores and a quantity of fruit at St. Kitt's, we again sailed for the United States. We ran down among the Leeward Islands, passed through Sail Rock Passage, and returned home to Milford on the 10th of April, 1803, thus completing this disagreeable voyage in just four months.

If our captain had not been an excellent seaman and a very persevering, resolute man, we never could have successfully accomplished this perilous voyage in such a rotten, old craft. She leaked like a sieve in every part, and the only way we had to keep our coffee dry, was to put it into tight puncheons.

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER THERESA, WITH CAPTAIN ADAM POND, FROM MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, TO TERCEIRA, AND FROM THENCE TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1804.

I HAD recently returned from a voyage to Teneriffe, Madeira, and Terceira, in the schooner Rover. From the last-named place we brought a cargo of oranges and lemons to New York, and from the information which I communicated to the owner of the Theresa, he decided to dispatch her forthwith for a cargo of fruit for the New York market. The Theresa was a new schooner of 80 tons burden, a fast sailer, and in every respect a fine little vessel; she was commanded by a son of the owner, a young man about twenty-two years of age: the crew comprised the captain, myself mate, four seamen, and a cook. To enable the captain to purchase a cargo of oranges and lemons, the owners supplied him with a small cargo of pine boards, scantling, whale oil, nankeens, beeswax, and sundry other articles, the whole invoice of which amounted to eight hundred dollars. After getting ready for sea, we sailed from Milford on the 10th of February. We passed through Long Island Sound and took our departure from Montauk Point with a strong gale from the westward, with clear, cold weather, and as usual at this season of the year, we had a continuation of N. W. and W. N. W. winds during the whole passage. On the 25th of the same month, we came to anchor in Angra Bay, at the island of Terceira, fifteen days after leaving Milford.

Our captain soon disposed of our little cargo at good prices, and in five days after our arrival we were ready to receive our fruit; but as it was necessary to pick it from the trees some

miles in the country, it occupied some eight or ten days to bring it to town and pack it in boxes before putting it on board. The whole consisted of twelve hundred boxes of oranges and lemons, and cost one dollar each. After paying for our cargo of fruit, together with the expenses of shipping it, port charges, etc., we had a considerable sum to receive in silver, and as there was no other current money but pistareens, we received the balance due us in this old-fashioned silver coin.

Before leaving, I will make some general remarks on this island, and also on the whole group, which are called the Azores or Western Islands. They are nine in number, and named as follows: Terceira, St. Michael, Fayal, St. Mary's, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, Corvo, and Flores; they all belong to Portugal, and are about 800 miles distant from that country. The southernmost of the group, St. Mary's, lies in lat. $36^{\circ} 59'$, and the northernmost, Corvo, in lat. $39^{\circ} 44'$ N.; all the others are between these extremes, and their mean longitude is about $28^{\circ} 0'$ W. The climate of these islands is generally mild and healthy, though subject to severe gales in the winter season; they are also at times visited by destructive earthquakes; but with all these drawbacks would become vastly more important to the world if blessed with good harbors; there is not a safe one in the whole Archipelago. Fayal has a tolerable port, and the harbor on this island I will attempt to describe after I have concluded my remarks. St. Michael's is the largest, and Pico the most elevated; the peak of this island is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and may be seen on a clear day some sixty or seventy miles off, rising like a sugar-loaf above the surface of the water. The principal exports of these islands are wine and fruit, the greatest part of which is consumed in England, though a portion of the wine is shipped to Madeira* and to Brazil. The entire population of these islands is said to be about two hundred and fifty thousand, and as they have but little intercourse with other nations, are of course extremely ignorant, very superstitious, intolerant, and bigoted to the Roman Catholic religion; they conse-

* The wine shipped from these islands to Madeira, is there so mixed and refined as to give it a new character, and from thence is exported as Madeira wine.

quently remain from age to age with but little progress or improvement of any kind. Terceira is the capital or seat of government for these islands; here the Governor-General resides, and to him they all appeal for ultimate justice.

It is about thirty miles long, twenty broad, and lies in lat. $38^{\circ} 39'$ N., longitude $27^{\circ} 13'$ W. of London. The port of Angra is rather a pleasant little bay, pretty well sheltered from west and northwest winds, but when it blows from the northeast and east, or round to the southeast, it soon raises a high sea, and renders it a rough and dangerous port. The town of Angra is situated on a hill rising gradually from the sea, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad and regular, the houses generally three stories high and constructed of stone, and though well built, have rather a gloomy aspect. There are many churches and convents; some of the former are large, and rather handsome. From the convents we purchased artificial flowers, preserved fruits, and other little curiosities, and found their inmates polite and friendly.

Fresh provisions, wild game, goats, poultry, eggs and fruit are abundant and cheap, particularly oranges and lemons. While here I observed a primitive custom, which struck me as well worthy of imitation by villages and small towns in our own country. It is a general custom for the peasants to drive into town a large herd of milch goats, stop at every house, and supply each family with whatever quantity of milk they may require. In this way the inhabitants get it fresh and pure.

This island, in many respects, is a convenient stopping-place to procure supplies of water, fresh provisions, fruit, etc., etc. I regret that my stay here was too short for me to get acquainted with the moral and social condition of the people, but from what I saw, I should think them simple-hearted and kind, though very ignorant and superstitious. They have so little intercourse with visitors or strangers from abroad, that they cannot be expected to know much of what is going on in the world; still, from all I could learn, they are extremely attached to their own island, and rarely emigrate to foreign lands. On our arrival, we found lying here a brig belonging to, and bound for New York. She was from Liverpool, ballasted with coal, had been

as far west as the Banks of Newfoundland, and having lost her sails and several spars, bore away for this port leaking badly. On her arrival, the captain found it impossible to procure sails, spars, rigging, and other necessary supplies at this place. She was consequently condemned and sold at public auction. The captain, James Kennedy, his mate and crew, together with two of his cabin passengers, went with us to New York. After getting all necessary stores on board, we sailed from Terceira on the 10th of April. We had a rough and unpleasant passage of twenty-three days; it was rendered disagreeable from the fact of having so many persons crowded together in so small a cabin. We, however, completed the whole voyage out and home in eighty-two days, and made a good one, considering the size of the schooner and the amount of capital employed.

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER BETSEY AND POLLY, WITH CAPTAIN CALEB A. TOWNSEND, FROM NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, TO BARBADOES, ST. LUCIE AND ST. MARTIN'S, AND BACK TO NEW HAVEN, IN 1804.

IT was in the month of June that I joined the schooner Betsey and Polly, under the command of Captain Caleb A. Townsend. She was then lying at New Haven, Connecticut, nearly loaded, for the West Indies. The vessel was about 150 tons burden, and owned by Messrs. Gillet & Townsend, merchants, at this place. Our crew was nine in number, viz., the captain, chief mate, second mate, cook and five seamen. Mr. Edward Brown, of Milford, was chief, and myself second mate.

Our cargo under deck was composed of corn-meal, flour, beef, pork, butter, cheese, hams, etc., etc. On deck we had forty-four oxen, besides many sheep, pigs and a great variety of poultry, with the usual quantity of hay, corn, oats, etc., etc. Thus loaded and lumbered up, on deck and below, we sailed from New Haven on the 20th of June, bound for Barbadoes and a market. That night we got down near Fisher's Island. The passage near this island leading out to sea, is called The Race, probably because the tides in this vicinity are so extremely rapid. At midnight it became very dark, and the wind light; and, for fear of being driven on shore, we let go our bower anchor, which brought up the schooner in ten fathoms of water, in mid channel, and at the full strength of the ebb tide.

When the weather cleared up a little, we found ourselves in a good position, with a fair wind, and a favorable tide; but how to weigh the anchor was the question; for in bringing up, one of the windlass bits was carried away, and to heave it up

with our broken windlass was impossible. We were therefore compelled to cut the cable, and make sail with the loss of our best bower, and about twenty fathoms of rope cable. After this incident, nothing worth noticing occurred for three weeks. We generally had light, baffling winds and fine weather, so that we did not pass the Island of Bermuda until we had been twenty-two days at sea.

One fine morning, when in the latitude of Bermuda, and about twenty leagues to the eastward of it, we fell in with an English homeward-bound fleet from Barbadoes, but last from the Island of St. Thomas. This fleet consisted of about one hundred and fifty sail of merchantmen, under convoy of the *Blenheim* 74, a frigate, and two or three sloops-of-war. The flag-ship brought us to, and purchased from our captain twenty-two head of cattle, at \$75 each, and nearly all our small stock of hogs, sheep, geese, turkeys, fowls, etc., etc. In these stock-vessels, the mates and seamen were allowed (freight free) to take for their private adventure from one to three coops of ducks and fowls, with the privilege of several barrels under deck. After our captain had agreed with the purser of the *Blenheim* upon the price of the cattle and all the other articles, with a portion of hay, grain, etc., etc., to save time, or rather not to lose theirs, the *Blenheim* took our schooner in tow, for the purpose of transporting the articles purchased from the schooner to the flag-ship. They took a large rope hawser from the stern of the *Blenheim*, and made it fast to our foremast. When this was done, they filled away, and stood on their course to the N. E., under easy sail, taking our little bark along with them. The contrast in the size of the 74 and the "Betsey and Polly," was as striking as would be a jolly-boat towed by a large merchant ship. The oxen were transported from our schooner to the *Blenheim* with great rapidity; a strap was fastened round the horns of the animal, which was then thrown overboard, and, with a line attached, hauled alongside, and hoisted on board by the head with the capstan, with the cheering music of the shrill fife, to keep time, and give life and animation to the novelty of the scene. In fine, the seamen and marines seemed to make a frolic of getting a supply of fresh provisions, where they so little expected to find

it. In the course of five or six hours, we sold and delivered a large portion of our cargo. For the cattle and other large articles, our captain received his pay in British government bills, while the officers, passengers and seamen paid for all they purchased in gold and silver. They paid liberal prices for all they bought, and treated us politely ; and, under all the circumstances of the case, our captain did not much complain against being taken some thirty or forty miles out of our course. The poor merchant ships, however, did not fare quite so well as the men-of-war.

The admiral gave a general order that the boats of the merchant ships should not be permitted to go on board of our schooner until the men-of-war were supplied. I recollect one poor merchant captain pulled up under our lee, and came on board for some fowls. He said he had several sick passengers, ladies and gentlemen, and must have some poultry at all hazards. They hailed him from the flag-ship, and threatened to punish him if he did not leave the schooner, and said they would certainly fire upon him. He told our captain, in an under tone, that they might fire and be d—d, if they chose,—supplies for his sick passengers he would have, if they shot him dead on the spot. In this dilemma, our mate assisted him to smuggle a dozen fowls into his boat, when he shoved off. At first it was amusing to see quite a number of boats sent from the merchant ships attempt to come on board ; but after a few muskets were discharged with balls whistling about their ears, they were glad to return to their respective ships, and accommodate themselves to circumstances. After all the men-of-war were supplied, a fresh breeze sprung up, and we were cast off from the *Blenheim*. It was then too late for the merchant ships to purchase any thing. As it happened, we found a better market on the broad ocean than we eventually met with, on our arrival at our destined port. We soon got clear of the fleet, and proceeded on our way, rejoicing at our good fortune. I was told the admiral of the fleet had lately married the daughter of some rich planter, in one of the West India Islands, and had his wife with him, on the way to England ; so that they were probably spending their

honey-moon at sea. Captain Townsend was a gentleman, in all his tastes and habits of life, very well educated, a good navigator and an excellent lunarian. He had recently made a sealing voyage to Massafuero, in the Pacific, with Captain Daniel T. Green, in the ship Neptune, of New Haven, and in that ship had circumnavigated the globe. He wrote a good hand, and kept a neat journal. While on board of the Blenheim, the admiral inquired of him, whether he knew what longitude they were in? Captain T. sent for his journal, pointed out the exact position of the fleet, and explained every thing so clearly to the satisfaction of the admiral and his officers, that they appeared astonished to find in the captain of a little horse-jockey schooner, a man so *au fait* on all subjects relating to the navigation of distant seas. At this period it was rare to meet with a scientific, efficient navigator, and not one ship in a hundred was furnished with a chronometer.

After separating from the English fleet, nothing happened worth recording. We generally had good weather, but very light, baffling winds, and did not arrive at Barbadoes until the 4th of August, after a long and tedious passage of 44 days. The captain landed in our own boat to try the market, while the schooner stood off and on opposite the harbor. In a few hours Captain T. returned on board, finding he could dispose of nothing to any advantage. We then made sail for the neighboring Island of St. Lucie. At this place we disposed of the rest of our cargo, except the corn-meal, and a few other small articles.

St. Lucie is a high, mountainous island, thirty miles long and twelve broad. At this period it belonged to England, and contained about 16,000 inhabitants of mixed races; white, black, and all the intermediate shades. It possesses an excellent harbor, decidedly the best in the West Indies. But unfortunately it is often very sickly. Its principal productions are sugar, coffee, rum and molasses. We lay in this port about twenty days, and then sailed for the Island of St. Martin's. Here we sold the residue of our cargo, and took on board sugar, rum and molasses in payment, and after lying here three weeks, again sailed

for home, and had a pleasant passage of twenty-two days to New Haven. In a few days after our arrival I was discharged. I will here take occasion to say that Captain Townsend is one of the most gentlemanly men I ever sailed with. He is kind and humane, and, in a word, a most excellent, worthy man.

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER *INDUSTRY*, TO TENERIFFE, IN THE YEARS
1805 AND 1806.

ON the 1st of November, 1805, I shipped with Capt. James Kennedy, on board the schooner "*Industry*," as chief mate, to perform a voyage to the Island of Teneriffe. On the 18th of the same month, we commenced loading with Indian corn, flour, staves, etc. The "*Industry*" was a good vessel, nearly new, burden 150 tons; and owned by Messrs. Le Roy, Bayard & McEvers. We finished loading in about a week, and sailed from New York on the 24th, bound for Santa Cruz, Teneriffe.

Nothing occurred worth noticing until we made the Island of Madeira, on the 27th of December, 31 days after leaving port. At noon this day we took our departure from this island. It then bore N. N. W., distant 12 leagues, and with a strong gale at N. W. we ran down for Teneriffe. There are two small islands called the Salvages, which lie almost directly in the track. They are quite low, and in a dark night can be seen but a very short distance. Our captain judged we should be down in the neighborhood of them about 2 o'clock A. M.

It being my first watch, namely, from 8 o'clock till 12, the captain gave me charge of the deck, telling me to call him at midnight, saying he would shorten sail at 2 o'clock, and if the wind continued strong it would be better to lie by until daylight. He then went below, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

I accordingly carried as much sail as the schooner would bear until midnight, when I called Capt. K., told him it was

blowing very strong, and that it was necessary to shorten sail, as we were no doubt drawing near the Salvages. He appeared to rouse up a little, and then sank into a sound sleep. I returned to the deck and waited some minutes, when I again called, and endeavored by repeated shakings and loud calls to arouse him; but all to no purpose. I could not awaken him, and was therefore obliged to go on deck and shorten sail. At 2 A. M., I hove the schooner to, determined to lie by till daylight. I then went below, giving the watch on deck orders to call me at the first dawn of day. This order was obeyed, and when I came on deck the Salvages were about a mile distant on our lee beam, with a terrible surf breaking and dashing the white foam high in the air with a terrific roar. We immediately made sail and passed quite near the largest of these desolate and barren-looking islands, which are, I should judge, about a mile asunder, with a bad reef extending from the larger to the smaller.

I was now enabled to get the captain on deck and show him the danger we had escaped. Capt. Kennedy was a kind, amiable man, and always treated me with respect and kindness—but truth compels me to add, that he was the most profound sleeper I ever knew, and I verily believe, that if a two-and-forty pounder had been fired off on deck, directly over his head, it would not have awaked him or disturbed his slumbers.

The next day we made the Island of Teneriffe, and got safe to anchor in the port of Santa Cruz on the 29th of December, after a boisterous passage of 33 days. We were this day visited by the health-boat, and, though all well, ordered to perform quarantine for four days, after which time we got pratique and commenced discharging our cargo, which was taken on shore in small lighters.

We found lying at anchor in this port but few vessels, say about half a dozen; three American brigs and schooners, a few small craft belonging to the island, and a large Scotch brig, nearly new, of about 250 tons burden. This brig was from Newfoundland, laden with codfish, bound to London, had been taken in the chops of the English Channel by a French fleet of men-of-war on their passage to the West Indies a few days out from Rochefort, and was sent into this port and condemned.

She lay moored, with 4 bower anchors, topmast and yards on deck, prepared to brave the winter gales, which often blow here with great violence.

About the last of December, a French brig-of-war touched here for a few days, and brought the news of a great naval battle having been fought on the 21st of October off Cadiz and Trafalgar, between the combined fleets of France and Spain, and an English fleet under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson, and that he was killed in the action. This was about all the news we heard on this subject for many months.

On referring to Southey's Life of Lord Nelson and other documents, I find that a British fleet of four line-of-battle ships and three frigates arrived off this port on the 22d of July, 1797, and that at midnight of the 24th all the boats of the squadron were manned and headed in person by Admiral Nelson. They landed on the quay and attempted to storm the town and batteries, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Lord Nelson was shot in the arm and soon placed *hors de combat*. His life was saved by being carried on board of his boat by a young officer, his son-in-law, Josiah Nesbit. I was told by the inhabitants of Santa Cruz that the day after the English had retired to their ships, the Governor of the Island, actuated by noble sentiments of humanity, sent on board the fleet a large quantity of fresh provisions, wine, and other nourishments for the sick and wounded, with a polite letter to the commander-in-chief.

We had discharged about half our cargo when, about noon, on the 8th of January, it commenced blowing a gale from the eastward directly on shore. At 3 o'clock P. M. I received a note from Captain Kennedy, requesting me to clear the decks and get ready as soon as possible to go to sea, stating that he would be on board in the course of an hour or two. I accordingly cleared the decks, reefed the sails and got buoys ready. At 6 o'clock the captain came on board, when we slipped our cables, got under way, and had just time to clear the land before dark.

In the early part of this day a ship arrived off the port. Her captain went on shore to try the market, requesting the mate to stand off and on until further orders. We also stood

off the land. Just before dark we saw the ship in the offing, and supposed we were several miles asunder.

At 8 P. M. it became very dark, and blew a strong gale from the S. E. and E. S. E. directly on shore, attended with rain and much thunder and lightning, but as we had got every thing snug, and judged ourselves about five miles from the land, we felt quite safe. Just then the steward called the captain and myself to supper. Captain K. told me I had better go below, that he would keep a look-out, and take a little tea and biscuit on deck. I had just entered the cabin when I felt a terrible shock. I ran to the companion-way, when I saw a ship athwart our bows. At that moment our foremast went by the board, carrying with it our main-topmast. In an instant the two vessels separated, and we were left a perfect wreck. The ship showed a light for a few moments and then disappeared, leaving us to our fate. When we came to examine our situation, we found our bowsprit gone close to the night-heads.

The foremast in its fall had crushed and broken the cook-house, lee gunwale, and waist-boards. The main-topmast in its fall tore the mainsail to pieces, and the mainmast, thus left without support, was surging and springing in such a manner that we feared every moment it would go also. The gale increased and blew with great violence directly on shore. To retard the schooner's drift, we kept the wreck of the foremast, bowsprit, sails, spars, etc., fast by the bowsprit shrouds, and other ropes, so that we drifted to leeward but about two miles the hour. To secure the mainmast was now the first object. I therefore took with me one of the best of the crew and carried the end of a rope cable with us up to the mainmast head, and clenched it round the mast while it was badly springing. We then took the cable to the windlass, hove taught, and effectually secured the mast. It was now 10 o'clock at night, and we could do no more for the present. I then gave the charge of the deck to one of our best men, with orders to keep a good look-out and call me if there should be any change of wind or weather. We were then drifting directly on shore where the cliffs were rocky, abrupt, almost perpendicular, and perhaps 1000 feet high. At each flash of lightning we could see the surf break, while we



Alfred Bröder & Söhne, 1806.

SHIP CATHERINE AND SCHOONER INDUSTRY,
in a violent Gale off Santa Cruz on the 8th of January 1806.

heard the awful roar of the sea dashing and breaking against the rocks and caverns of this iron-bound island.

When I went below, I found the captain in the act of going to bed; and as near as I can recollect, the following dialogue took place: "Well, Captain K., what shall we do next? we have now about six hours to pass before daylight, and, according to my calculation, only about three hours more drift; still, before that time there may, perhaps, be some favorable change." He answered, "Mr. C., we have done all we can and can do nothing more; I am resigned to my fate and think nothing can save us." I replied, "Perhaps you are right, sir; still, I am resolved to struggle to the last. I am too young to die; I am only twenty-one years of age, and have a widowed mother, three brothers and a sister, looking to me for support and sympathy. No, sir; I will struggle and persevere to the last." "Ah!" said he, "what can you do? Our boat will not live five minutes in the surf, and you have no other resource." "I will take the boat," said I, "and when she fills, I will cling to a spar, I will not die until my strength is exhausted, and I can breathe no longer." Here the conversation ended, when the captain covered his head with a blanket. I then wrote the substance of our misfortune in the log-book, and also a letter to my mother, rolled them up in a piece of tarred canvas, and, assisted by the carpenter, put the package in a tight keg; thinking that this might be thrown on shore, and our friends perhaps know of our end.

I then went on deck to take another look at our perilous situation. The night was excessively dark, the wind blowing a terrible gale directly on shore, with a high-rolling sea; at short intervals, we had awful peals of thunder, and sharp, vivid lightning. Every bright flash revealed to us more clearly our impending danger, and as we were momentarily drifting nearer to the lofty cliffs, the surf seemed to break and roar with increased fury.

At this critical moment, when all human aid was impotent and unavailing, a kind Providence came to our relief, and snatched us from a watery grave; for at midnight, one hour after this trying scene, the gale gradually died away until it be-

came quite calm. At 2 in the morning a light breeze sprung up from off the land, and we were saved. With the little land breeze, and a favorable current setting along-shore to the southward, the schooner was gently swept off and along the south end of the island. At early dawn, viz. at 3 o'clock, I called all hands, and now our captain acted like a man. Having been bred a carpenter in early life, he could use tools adroitly, and we all set to work in good earnest.

We had a new mainsail and jib below, which we instantly bent, rigged out a squaresail boom for a bowsprit, and in an hour our vessel was completely rigged into a sloop, and we were slowly steering off shore.

At broad daylight we were about half a mile off the land. Santa Cruz was entirely out of sight, and not a ship or boat to be seen. We gradually drifted with the wind and current to the southward of the island. The winds continued light, and the weather fine, for several days. In the mean time we rigged a small jury-mast with a spare topmast, set as many jibs as we could muster, and daily beat against the wind and current; until at the end of eighteen days we again reached Santa Cruz, and regained our former anchorage.

At the sight of our vessel, the whole town was astonished, as we had been given up for lost, and both vessel and cargo had been abandoned to the underwriters in New York. The ship that ran us down, proved to be the "*Catharine*," Captain George Dowdall, of New York. Their report was, that they saw nothing of the schooner after the two vessels separated, and concluded, of course, that we immediately sank, and that every soul had perished. I understood that the *Catharine* received considerable injury about the bows, and lost a bower anchor and sixty or seventy fathoms of cable.

There was an American brig here belonging to Bath (then in the province of Maine), to sail the next day, so that we were enabled to write to our friends that we were still among the living. When our captain went on shore at Santa Cruz, he was treated with great kindness and hospitality by all the principal merchants of the town, and we were all looked upon as so many men risen from the dead.

We soon discharged the remainder of our cargo, had several surveys on the vessel, and as no suitable spars could be found there to make a new foremast and bowsprit, the schooner was condemned and sold at public auction, for the benefit of the underwriters.

Capt. Kennedy then purchased the Scotch prize brig, to which myself and all the crew of the *Industry* were transferred. I do not recollect the Scotch name of this vessel, but Capt. K. called her the "*Jane Kennedy*," after one of his daughters.

We took on board a quantity of stone ballast, sea stores, &c., &c., and on the 6th of March sailed for New York. We had contrary winds and calms, and on the 26th of April, after a long and tedious passage of 49 days, arrived off Sandy Hook. While standing in near the Hook, I saw a gun fired from the British ship-of-war "*Leander*," at a small sloop, standing in shore. I saw the sloop heave to, but did not know at that time that the shot struck her. When we got to New York, I heard that a man by the name of John Pierce had been killed. The next morning I went on board the sloop, lying at the wharf. The shot had struck the taffrail, shivered it to pieces, and one of the splinters killed Pierce, while standing at the helm. The death of this man, occurring at the entrance of the port, and in our own waters, while we were at peace with England, caused a great excitement against the perpetrators of this outrage. The whole country felt that it was an insult to the nation, and called aloud for redress.

A large meeting of citizens was held in the Park, before the City Hall, where suitable resolutions and remonstrances were made and forwarded to the General Government in Washington. These violent acts occurring from time to time, engendered much bad blood and resentment against the English, and it was easy to see that such conduct on the part of Great Britain would eventually lead to bloodshed and open war between the two nations.

A day or two after our arrival, the crew of our vessel were discharged and paid off, Capt. Kennedy retaining his apprentice boy and myself. After getting the brig calked and painted she was laid up, until Capt. K. could hear from Scotland, where he

had written to her former owners, offering to sell her to them at a fair valuation, they having the privilege of obtaining a new register, &c. She was, of course, worth more to them than to others. Capt. Kennedy purchased this vessel without any papers, and came home with a simple certificate from the American Consul at Teneriffe, that he had purchased and paid for the brig at Santa Cruz.

The brig being now in perfect order, I got leave of absence to visit my mother, in Connecticut, and as Capt. Kennedy had no further need of my services, we separated with mutual good wishes for our future prosperity.

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE IN THE SHIP MARSHALL FROM NEW YORK TO LEGHORN, AND
FROM THENCE TO NEW ORLEANS, WITH CAPT. WILLIAM HETH, IN THE
YEARS 1806 AND 1807.

At this period I had just returned from a voyage to Teneriffe; and being anxious for active employment, shipped (on the 20th of June) as chief mate with Captain Heth, on board the *Marshall*, bound to Leghorn. The principal part of her cargo was Calcutta sugar in bags. The ship was about 280 tons burden, and owned by Messrs. Archibald Gracie and George M. Woolsey. We sailed from New York on the first of July, and after a pleasant passage of 38 days, arrived at Gibraltar. Having remained here two days, and taken on board several casks of water, sea-stores, etc., we again made sail for our destined port. Nothing worth noticing occurred until we got near Cape de Gatt, where we were becalmed for two days. The weather was very warm, the sky bright and clear, the sea as smooth as glass, and literally covered with turtle.

We got out our boats, and took a great number of them with little or no trouble. They generally weighed from thirty to sixty pounds, and appeared to be asleep on the surface of the water. While we lay here, we saw another ship and a brig, with their boats out also catching turtle. This was to me a novel sight: I had never before, nor have I ever since, seen so great a number of them together.

During the remainder of the passage we had generally light winds and fine weather, until we arrived at Leghorn, on the 23d of August, 54 days from New York. We were visited by the health-boat, and ordered to remain in quarantine in the

Roads, until all our cargo was discharged and stored at the Lazaretto. At this place we were consigned to the commercial house of Messrs. Grant, Webb & Co.

There were several large stone warehouses at the Lazaretto, around which was a high wall, separating it entirely from the city: here all vessels in quarantine were allowed to store their cargoes. We soon commenced discharging, but when the cargo was about half out, a strong gale from the W. S. W. drove our ship on shore, taking both anchors along with her. Fortunately the bottom was soft, and she received no damage; and when the remainder of the cargo was taken out, we hove her off without much difficulty. We then got pratique, and went into the inner harbor. During the time we were in quarantine, all letters from us were taken with a pair of long tongs, and smoked with brimstone.

It sometimes happened that a ship not in quarantine was forced, by some unavoidable circumstance, to touch another lying in quarantine; and if it should so happen that any part of her tackle came in contact, for example, a jib or any small sail, it was immediately unbent and sent to the Lazaretto, there to remain for a certain number of days. After the foregoing recital, it must be acknowledged that here these laws are fully carried out, both as to the letter and spirit.

The captain of the Marshall was a native of Richmond, Virginia, well educated, polite and gentlemanly in his deportment. He was kind and generous to a fault, but extremely quick and passionate. He, however, treated me with great kindness, and allowed me every reasonable indulgence. While lying here, he gave me leave of absence for three days to visit Pisa, which was in ancient times a great city, but now contains only about 20,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the banks of the river Arno, 13 miles from Leghorn, and lies N. N. E. from that city.

Pisa, though a dull town, still retains many marks of its former grandeur, namely, its fine marble bridges, magnificent cathedral, fine stone quays, and ancient palaces. The old leaning tower, 202 feet high, is also a great curiosity. From the top of this I had a fine view of the Arno, and the surrounding country. While walking about this town, I met with many

objects which reminded one of its extreme antiquity, and when I reflected on its bygone importance, and its present insignificance, it produced feelings not unlike those which we experience while gazing on the mouldering ruins of a once magnificent cathedral.

At Pisa, the living is good and cheap, but a stranger meets with many annoyances: he is importuned at every step by beggars, and while at the hotels bands of musicians, both vocal and instrumental, never cease their singing and playing until paid to retire; bating these and some other lesser evils, there are many things to admire. The climate is generally good and healthful, the fruit and wine delicious. The ancient and modern pictures and sculptures in the churches are well worth the attention of strangers. At the expiration of the allotted time, I returned to the ship well pleased with my visit. We now commenced in good earnest taking in our cargo, which consisted of variegated marble slabs, wine, oil, olives, soap, almonds, etc., etc., and after lying in this port about two months, sailed on the 23d of October. We had a pleasant passage down the Mediterranean, passed Gibraltar on the 3d of November, and the next day were fairly out on the broad Atlantic. We ran down to the southward and westward, and soon got into the regular trade-winds. When drawing near the Bahama Islands, we steered for the Hole-in-the-Wall, on the south end of Abaco, in the parallel of latitude $26^{\circ} 10'$, as laid down in the navigation books in general use at that time, particularly the one by Hamilton Moore.

We made the land about twenty miles to the northward of the Hole-in-the-Wall, and came very near getting aground by taking this erroneous latitude. We were consequently obliged to make several tacks to the southward, and were thus detained several hours. It is now ascertained that the true position of the Hole-in-the-Wall is latitude $25^{\circ} 51'$ north, longitude $77^{\circ} 9'$ west. I will here remark, that the old navigation books are not at all to be depended upon, particularly those relating to the Bahama Islands and Banks. At that time there were no light-houses along the Florida shore, and the charts were miserable. Our voyage was very much prolonged in consequence of the

ship not being coppered. She was sheathed with pine boards, which were literally covered with barnacles and sea-grass.

After a long and tedious passage of seventy-six days, we arrived off the mouth of the Mississippi on the 11th of January, 1807, where we had a severe gale from the N. W. which lasted about a week, and prevented our getting into the river until the 18th. We entered by the N. E. pass (where the block-house now stands), which was then the deepest and best channel. The pilots at that time were all hired by the month, and regulated by Messrs. Johnson & Bradish; they were generally old sailors. Messrs. J. & B. likewise owned several small schooners, employed as lighters.

On our passage up the Mississippi we got the ship aground, and were obliged to discharge a large portion of the cargo on the bank of the river; we also hired a schooner from Johnson & Bradish to take a part of it up to New Orleans. After getting the ship afloat, we reloaded with our own boats. This unfortunate affair detained us eight days. We at length arrived at New Orleans on the 8th of February, twenty-one days after entering the river, and a hundred and four from Leghorn.

At this time there was not a steamboat on the Mississippi, and vessels were frequently from ten to twenty, and large heavy ships even thirty days, getting up from the Balize to New Orleans. It was, indeed, a tiresome, laborious business to ascend the river against the current, sailing when the wind was fair, and when ahead warping and tracking, and often gaining but a few miles a day. When the wind was ahead and the current running very strong, we often made fast a large hawser to a tree on the bank of the river, and heaved the ship ahead by the capstan or windlass; and thus by main force, after many hours of hard labor, we found we had gained only a mile or two.

On the 30th of April, 1803, the United States Government purchased Louisiana from France, and on the 30th of November of the same year, General Wilkinson was sent with a sufficient number of U. S. troops to garrison and protect New Orleans, which at that time contained only about 8,000 inhabitants, principally French and Spanish. At this time, March, I should judge, there were about 9,500 to 10,000 souls.

During my stay in this city, the following incident occurred : A soldier belonging to the United States army, under the command of General Wilkinson, had deserted twice, had been taken, brought back, and after some slight punishment, pardoned. Not long after this he deserted a third time ; he was again taken, brought back, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot.

On the day of the execution, the troops were all paraded on the public square, with a large band of music, muffled drums, etc. In the centre of the troops were four men bearing a coffin on a bier. The culprit was taken from prison with his hands bound behind him, and ordered to walk behind the men who bore his coffin. Thus prepared, the whole squadron commenced marching with slow and solemn steps, the band played the "Dead March," and thousands of spectators followed on, as was supposed, to witness the execution.

In this manner the whole cortège proceeded just outside of the town, to a lonely place, where a grave was prepared. Here the music ceased playing, the coffin was placed near the grave of the culprit, and twelve men were ordered out of the ranks, with their muskets loaded, ready for the execution.

The deserter saw all the preparations, and was then blindfolded. All were waiting with breathless expectation to hear the fatal word given to fire, when an officer took from his pocket and read a written reprieve from Mr. Madison, the President of the United States. I was near enough to witness the whole transaction : up to this moment the man bore his fate with great fortitude ; but when the word reprieve caught his ear, it completely overpowered him, and he could with difficulty stand without assistance.

At this moment a sentiment of thrilling gladness seemed to pervade the whole assemblage, and with shouts of joy everybody appeared to return to town with light hearts. It was said the mother and sisters of the soldier obtained his pardon through Mrs. Madison. I understood, that by a military order the man was dismissed from the army ; had his head shaved, and was drummed out of town.

The consignee of our ship was Mr. George M. Phillips.

This gentleman sold a part of our cargo on the levée, and put the residue into his warehouse. This occupied some ten or fifteen days. There being at this period no steamboats, all the merchandise that was sent into the interior was taken in long, narrow keel-boats, propelled by oars, and furnished with long boat-hooks, to haul up by the trees and bushes along the banks of the river. By this mode of transportation, it necessarily occupied some months to make a voyage to St. Louis.

At this period, 1807, Mexico was a colony of Spain, and no ship or vessel was allowed to trade there except by a special license from the Spanish Government. The colony manufactured little or nothing, and of course was entirely dependent on Europe and the United States for almost all their clothing and articles of luxury. To pay for these manufactured goods they had nothing but the precious metals, and a few articles of drugs and dye-stuffs, such as jalap, sarsaparilla, cochineal, etc., etc. Vera Cruz was the only port in the Gulf of Mexico where foreign ships were allowed to enter, and here centred nearly all its commerce. This circumstance will account for the high prices of almost all kinds of European goods.

Vast quantities of dollars were brought down from the city of Mexico, and all exported from this place. It had long been the policy of Spain to exclude her American colonies from any commerce or intercourse with other nations, and thus they were shut out from the rest of the world, and kept in ignorance of their own rights and privileges, in order to enrich the mother country at their expense.

At this time I had frequent conversations with intelligent Spaniards on this subject, and they all agreed, that if they could exclude strangers from South America, they would be able to retain their colonies for at least another century. They said, moreover, that if the people could be kept in ignorance, they would be far happier, enjoying their religion unmolested, and living in a simple state, void of ambition and a thousand artificial wants. They furthermore added, your countrymen, the North Americans, are the most to be feared, for if the seeds of Republicanism are once sown among them, they will be lost to us forever.

After our ship was discharged she was advertised for sale, and lay idle for some weeks. Captain Heth, who was always a kind friend of mine, was willing to discharge me, to promote my interest; so, by mutual consent, I left his ship, and joined the schooner Centurion in March, 1807.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER CENTURION, FROM NEW ORLEANS TO VERA CRUZ, AND BACK TO NEW ORLEANS, WITH CAPT. JOHN WALLER, IN THE YEAR 1807.

THERE was lying in this port a fine, fast-sailing schooner, called the Centurion, commanded by John Waller, and in part or wholly owned by Archibald Gracie, Esq., of New York. The owners or agents of this schooner had obtained a license from the Government of Old Spain, with directions to the Viceroy of Mexico to admit a certain amount of goods, such as German linens, and other articles of merchandise, all of which were to correspond with the license. The business of this vessel was conducted by a German merchant residing here, by the name of Vincent Nolte, Esq.

In this schooner I obtained a situation as chief mate; she was soon loaded and ready for sea. On the 10th of March we sailed down the river, bound for Vera Cruz: in two days we got clear of the Balize, and seven days after came to anchor at our destined port. We soon landed the cargo according to the license. I had a small adventure, which I disposed of at an enormous profit; common printed calico sold for one dollar per yard, mock Madras handkerchiefs at \$12 per dozen, and most other kinds of European goods in like proportion; in fine, they appeared to be in want of every thing, and had money in abundance to pay for all they bought. After landing the cargo, we took on board a quantity of stone ballast, and many thousand dollars in specie, the exact amount of which I do not recollect. We lay here about a fortnight, when we again sailed, and after a pleasant passage of 15 days, got safe back to New Orleans on

the 7th of April, thus making the entire voyage in 38 days. This voyage proved so successful, that it induced the owners or agents at New Orleans to make another forthwith in the same vessel; and as every person on board participated in a greater or less degree in the success of the enterprise, the captain, mate, and all hands remained by the good Centurion.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER CENTURION, TO VERA CRUZ AND BACK TO NEW ORLEANS, WITH CAPT. J. WALLER, IN THE YEAR 1807.

WE were soon loaded again, and growing bold by success, and believing the King of Spain had no right to deprive his American subjects of a few European luxuries, all those concerned in the enterprise, agents, officers, and seamen, took goods not manifested ; and thus we sailed on a second voyage, on the 20th of May. On our passage down to Vera Cruz nothing worth recording occurred, except that we had more calms and adverse winds than on the last voyage, and did not arrive until the first of June, making our passage eleven days. We soon commenced unloading the cargo. After we had discharged one lighter load, the custom house officers came on board, and began to search for contraband goods ; unfortunately they found a large amount of merchandise not manifested. I suffered severely with the rest ; they seized the greater part of my private adventure, as well as whatever belonged to the agents and seamen. What the difficulty was I was not able to learn correctly, but think it proceeded from the consignees not paying the custom house officers a fair compensation on the last voyage ; at any rate there was a breach of good faith somewhere, and we all suffered in consequence of bad management on the part of those, whose business it was to have arranged every thing upon amicable terms. I have almost always found that if good faith is kept by those engaged in smuggling, the Spanish custom house officers will never betray you ; but, on the contrary, if they find more goods than you represent, and deceive them in the quantity, they are always on the watch to have their revenge. After

they had loaded a lighter with goods not specified in the license, they were all taken on shore and no one dared to own them. To allay the excitement and stop the public clamor, it was necessary to account for these articles; it was therefore judged best to throw the blame upon some individual, and I was persuaded to assume the ownership of all the goods not manifested. Thus it was asserted that they all belonged to the mate, and that he had decamped and left every thing behind; and to carry out this arrangement, that night I went quietly on board a Spanish sloop-of-war which was lying in port. In the morning it was reported that the mate had deserted, and the whole business was hushed up and settled. The few remaining goods that had not been found, were taken on shore by the boats of a Spanish man-of-war, and given up to our consignee. The captain of the ship-of-war was a great friend of his, and used to dine with him almost daily; he gave orders to his officers to furnish me with a state-room while I remained on board his ship; and also told his steward to provide me with every thing I wanted.

At night, I occasionally made a visit to our schooner, and when she was ready for sea, went on board. We sailed from Vera Cruz on the 23d of June, and here the farce concluded, and my golden dreams were at an end. We had no return cargo, except specie—the number of dollars I do not remember: it was, however, very large; but, for fear of mistake, I will leave it indefinite.

We had a short and pleasant passage of eight days to the Balize, and got to New Orleans on the 7th of July. About a week after our arrival, the schooner was sold, when the captain, mate, and all hands were discharged; and here ended my second voyage in the schooner Centurion.

About a week after being discharged from the Centurion, Captain Waller got the command of a little pilot-boat schooner, called the Hetty, and as I was desirous to return to New-York, I shipped with him as mate. We got ready for sea, and left New Orleans on the 1st of August, bound to New-York. This was a poor little craft, and leaked badly all the passage. Had it not been a fine season of the year, she would probably never have reached her destined port. We, however, got along

pretty well, and arrived safe at the quarantine ground, Staten Island, on the 22d of August. We performed four days' quarantine, and were then allowed to proceed to the city, where we were all discharged.

After getting to New-York, we found the city, and in short the whole country, in a state of great agitation, in consequence of the dastardly attack of the British ship-of-war *Leopard* on the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, Commodore James Barron. This cowardly transaction occurred on the 22d of June, just two months previous to our arrival; still the agitation and intense excitement had not much subsided. This unnatural and barbarous attack took place in a time of profound peace, when the *Chesapeake* was but a few hours out of port, bound to the Mediterranean—more in the position of a store-ship than a man-of-war. Her decks were lumbered up, and she not at all in a situation to use her guns, and in all human probability never dreaming it possible that she would be molested; in short, it was more like the treachery of an Algerine cruiser than the transaction of a Christian nation. If the captain of the *Leopard* had possessed the honorable feelings of a gentleman, he would have said to Captain Barron, I have positive orders from my admiral to take three English seamen out of your ship. If you are not willing to give them up, I must take them by force; and if your ship is not in fighting trim, I will wait two hours to give you sufficient time to prepare for action.

I say, had he taken this honorable course, the United States and the world at large would have sustained him, whatever might have been the result, and every honest and true-hearted American would have been satisfied.

Such a course of conduct would not have engendered the bitter feelings of resentment which at this period pervaded the whole nation. Every patriot said and felt, justice may slumber for a while, but the day of reckoning must and will come, when, in the fair field of open-handed combat, the world will see that the Americans can and will avenge the many wrongs they have so often received from England. I do not say that Commodore Barron was entirely free from censure, in not having his ship

ready for action ; but I do assert, from a personal acquaintance with him, and a knowledge of his character for many years, that he was a brave man, and well worthy the confidence of his country.

This affair, though at the time so mortifying to every American bosom, has been of immense advantage to the United States Navy. It has taught all who belong to it to be ever ready, at the first tap of the drum, to rush to quarters, then look up at the emblem of liberty, with its stars and stripes gracefully waving over their heads, and with one heart and one voice to exclaim,—Strike, for God and our country !

After an absence of thirteen months, I was extremely anxious to visit my mother, and other near relatives in Connecticut. I had long anticipated the pleasure of meeting those so dear to my heart, and it was a sad disappointment not to be able to accomplish this long-cherished desire ; but, alas ! I was deprived of all my fond hopes, from the peculiar circumstances of the case.

On my arrival I found my former owner, Archibald Gracie, Esq., had built a beautiful pilot-boat schooner for the Vera Cruz trade, and called her the *Hamilton*. He requested me to go chief mate of this fine vessel, and I forthwith repaired on board.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER HAMILTON FROM NEW YORK, TO
VERA CRUZ, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, WITH CAPTAIN J. WALLER,
IN 1807.

THE Hamilton was about one hundred tons burden, quite new, and surpassed in speed and beauty any sailing vessel of this description in the United States. No pains or expense had been spared to make her perfect in every respect. She was built under the inspection of Mr. Thomas Williams, one of the most experienced New York pilots of his day; and, to insure safety in flight, Mr. W. was hired to go a voyage to Vera Cruz in this schooner, as pilot and assistant sailing-master.

I found this fine vessel nearly loaded with a rich cargo of German and English goods. John Waller was appointed to the command; myself, chief mate; Robert Adamson, second mate; Captain James Brown, supercargo; with a crew of fifteen men.

Though we had a numerous crew, they were not taken to fight—for we had no guns—but to make and take in sail with all possible dispatch, and to run, when it became necessary. For this purpose, we were supplied with ten large oars or sweeps, to use in light winds and calm weather; with orders from the owner to speak nothing, and run away from every sail we saw on the ocean. Being thus completely fitted, we sailed from New York on the 31st of August, and had a pleasant passage off the coast; but owing to some mistake on the part of the captain, in lieu of making Turk's Island, we fell to leeward, and on the 12th of September, at 10 in the morning, made the island of Grand Caycos, bearing south fifteen miles distant. In consequence of falling in so far to the leeward, we were obliged to make seve-

ral tacks to windward, and did not get fairly into Turk's Island passage until 4 o'clock P. M. We, however, passed through it without any difficulty.

The first part of the next day the wind was light, and we made but little progress. About noon, we saw two small sail on our starboard beam, in chase of us; in the afternoon, a fresh N.E. trade sprung up, when we soon ran them both out of sight astern. About 9 o'clock, P. M., it became almost calm, so much so that our vessel made but very little way through the water; at 11, two hours after, we saw a small sail astern, coming up very fast, with light sails and oars. We immediately manned our sweeps, and endeavored to make our escape, but all to no purpose. She soon commenced firing upon us with small arms, and as we could make no resistance, the captain ordered the men to lay in the sweeps and go below. She was a small lateen-rigged craft, of some 30 or 40 tons, full of men, all armed to the teeth, with pistols and long knives. They soon pulled up on our lee-quarter, and jumped on board—calling out for every body to go below. When they found we were not armed, and could make no resistance, they ordered us to lower down all our sails, and wait for their consort to come up. The other vessel was much larger, schooner-rigged, and mounted six guns, with a crew of fifty or sixty men, of all colors and all nations, but principally Spaniards and Frenchmen.

The captain of the schooner boarded us in his own boat, when they all commenced overhauling our papers and stealing every thing from the deck they could lay their hands upon; they took all our live stock, pigs, ducks, fowls, all our oars, spare cordage, paints, etc., etc. Fortunately our hatches were battened down, and the boat stowed in such a manner that they could not get into the main hold without much labor; so that they took nothing of the cargo. The captain of the small privateer was the most savage-looking rascal I ever saw. He was tall, with a dark, ferocious visage, large nose, and huge mustachios, and, in short, a perfect model of a cut-throat. I am not sure what countryman he was, but I think an Italian. He spoke bad French and broken English, and from that day to this, whenever an assassin or robber is spoken of, this fellow's visage returns to

my memory. He sadly abused Capt. Waller, striking him several times in the face with his hat, and threatened to flog him before he left the vessel, because he did not heave to and prevent so long a chase. The captain of the schooner appeared to be a Frenchman, and quite a different character; he used no bad language to any person while on board our vessel, took nothing from us, and appeared ashamed of the conduct of his associate. He remarked to the other captain, "If the schooner is a lawful prize, let us take her; if not, let her go, and not rob and plunder in this disgraceful manner."

Captain Brown, our supercargo, with a great deal of tact and good sense, tipped them the Masonic signs, and ordered the table spread with cold ham, bread and butter, cheese, wine, and porter, in short every good thing that the steward could muster, and then invited them to eat and drink, setting the example himself. They soon commenced drinking freely and singing in high glee, and all became good-natured and mellow except the captain of the small privateer, who would every now and then break off to abuse our captain, who understood not a word of French or Spanish. Our steward was a Frenchman, and a very good fellow. He was full of humor, and filled up the glasses so often, that even the cut-throat captain soon became better-natured. In the midst of this scene of noise and plunder, I put on a fine new hat in hopes by that means to save it, and went on deck; soon after one of the crew of the small craft, stole it from my head and returned to the boat lying alongside. I immediately ran down below, and asked his captain whether he allowed his men to steal my hat from my head. He replied in Spanish, "No, mate; no man belonging to my vessel shall steal your hat." He told me to go to the man in his name, and get it back; I did so, but the rascal refused to obey the order. I then returned to the cabin, and told the captain that the sailor would not give it to me. The captain ran on deck, and with a threatening oath ordered the man to return the hat; the fellow was so angry that he threw it overboard, when one of our men picked it up and gave it to me; this put the scoundrel into a furious passion; he drew a long knife, and swore that for one rial he would take my life. In the altercation between the cap-

tain and the sailor, I overheard him tell his captain, that while he was plundering every thing for himself, he allowed him to take nothing; the captain replied, "D—n you, I don't steal hats."

In this manner they detained us until about 3 o'clock in the morning, the most of them drunk, or nearly so. At this time a breeze sprung up, when they allowed us to make sail, and we were soon out of sight of these vile robbers. We never learned to what place these pirates belonged, but, from the best information we could obtain, concluded they were from Baracca in Cuba. During the remainder of the passage we met with no incident worth noticing, and on the 23d of September, came safe to anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz, after a passage of 23 days. We discharged our cargo, and had no difficulty with the custom house. We here learned that about ten days before our arrival there had been a violent gale from the north, which extended all along the coast; that sixteen vessels had been driven on shore, and many lives lost in this terrible norther. When we had discharged our cargo, we took in some stone ballast, and fifty boxes of dollars, each containing three thousand, making a sum total of \$150,000.

I sold my little adventure at a profit of 150 per cent., which gave me, as the sailors say, a good chuck under the lee bow. We remained in port three weeks, and then sailed on the 16th of October. After a passage of 18 days, we got safe back to New York on the 4th of November, making the entire voyage in 65 days.

I will here remark, that although Mr. Williams was a good pilot, and a good man, we found it unnecessary to take a New York pilot with us to Vera Cruz; the captain and officers were fully competent to sail and manage a pilot-boat without one. The practice was, therefore, discontinued.

Besides the Hamilton, Mr. Gracie owned another pilot-boat schooner called the Collector. They were both of them employed in the Vera Cruz trade; sometimes ordered from Vera Cruz to Philadelphia, but generally to New York. Mr. Oliver owned, I think, three pilot-boat schooners in the same trade from Baltimore. I was young at this time, in a subordinate situation,

and therefore unacquainted with the arrangements made by my employers in transporting such an immense amount of dollars from Vera Cruz to the United States. I will, however, relate my conjectures on the subject, without being able to vouch for the truth of what I am about to narrate, which is as follows : That the house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam, made a large loan to the government of old Spain upon certain conditions, one of which was, that they should receive the payment of the loan in Mexican dollars in the port of Vera Cruz, at a given rate ; and in this agreement the house of Hope & Co., or their agents, should have the privilege of introducing into Mexico a certain amount of European goods free from duty ; and that licenses and orders were given from the King of Spain to his Viceroy in Mexico to carry out these measures.

These arrangements being made between the Spanish Government and Hope & Co., the next step was to get the goods safe to Vera Cruz, and there receive the pay for them, and also the amount of the loan in dollars, and transport them to the United States. To accomplish this part of the business, the house of Hope & Co. made an agreement with Archibald Gracie, Esq., of this city, and also with Mr. Oliver, of Baltimore, to perform their part of the duty ; that is to say, to take the goods to Vera Cruz, and bring back the proceeds in dollars, together with the amount of the government loan. I think the house of Parish & Co., of Hamburg, was concerned with them in this transaction, but in what way I am unable to say ; nor do I pretend to know how much per centage or profit was paid to Messrs. Gracie & Oliver for doing the business, but I am inclined to think they were liberally rewarded, and that they made a great deal of money by this transaction. I likewise understood that these schooners were limited to 160,000 dollars each, and that the insurance companies would not insure a greater amount in any one vessel.

After the crew was paid off, I got leave of absence for a few days to visit my mother and friends in Connecticut, where I found them all well.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER HAMILTON, FROM NEW YORK TO VERA CRUZ, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, WITH CAPTAIN JOHN WALLER, IN THE YEAR 1808.

I REMAINED at home about a week, and then returned to New York, and commenced loading the schooner on the second voyage for Vera Cruz. Captain Waller retained the same second mate and a part of the old crew; the residue were strangers. After getting ready for sea, we sailed from New York on the 10th of December, ran rapidly off the coast, and in ten days made Turk's Island, got safe through the passage, ran down between Cuba and Jamaica, and arrived at Vera Cruz on the 4th of January, twenty-three days from New York, without any occurrence worth noticing. In the winter we were allowed to anchor close under the Castles of St. Juan d'Ulloa, which circumstance gave us considerable shelter from the north winds, which often blow violently at this season of the year. We had landed about half our cargo when one of these gales commenced blowing with great fury. Whenever these northers set in, persons on board must remain there; all communication with the town being completely cut off. Yards and topmast were housed or got down on deck, boats all hoisted on board, cables secured and clinched round the masts; thus prepared we rode out this norther, which lasted three days. Often, during these gales, the sky is perfectly clear; still the wind is so violent, that the surf and sands are blown quite over the high sea wall into the town of Vera Cruz; and even in the city there are such clouds of dust, that it is very difficult to go from house to house. After the norther subsided, we landed the remainder of the cargo, and

got smoothly through the custom house. My private adventure cost me \$600 in New York, and here I sold it for one hundred and twenty-five per cent. profit, clear of all charges. We took on board a quantity of stone ballast, and then the specie, namely, fifty-five boxes, containing three thousand dollars each, making a total of \$165,000. Besides the specie, we had also, as cargo, twenty-five ceroons of cochineal, and on the 25th of January sailed for New York, returned through the Gulf, and had only a tolerable passage until we got to the Bahama Banks; but from Cat Key, one of the Bahamas, we had a remarkably fine run; namely, six days to New York, at which city we arrived on the 15th of February, after a passage of eighteen days. Thus ends my second voyage to Vera Cruz in the schooner Hamilton.

On our return to New York, we found the United States government had laid a general embargo on all American vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States. This law was made on the 22d December, 1807, consequently our vessel was laid up, and we were all discharged except the second mate, who was retained as ship-keeper. Captain Waller went to New Orleans in search of employment. I returned home. This was a sad disappointment to me, as I had become well acquainted with these voyages, and was making money very fast; besides, the owner had promised me the command of a vessel in the trade, the first vacancy. I had, however, thank God, laid up a few thousand dollars, and up to this time had never eaten much idle bread.

After remaining in Milford about six weeks, I very unexpectedly received a letter from the owner of the Hamilton, requesting me to repair forthwith to New York, and join the same schooner again, under the command of Captain John Richards. I immediately obeyed the order, and on the 7th of April went on board, and commenced getting ready for the voyage, taking in stone ballast, stores, etc. About this time the government of the United States granted permission to the merchants who had property and debts abroad, to send out vessels in ballast, to collect and bring home whatever they could gather together, either in money or other available property. As ships and ves-

sels were allowed to take sufficient stores for the voyage, the merchants, of course, were in all cases wise enough to take a full supply, to have nothing to buy but something to spare, so that in many instances vessels were half loaded with ship and cabin stores. We had a very large crew, and of course required a large supply of provisions of almost every description. In consequence of the embargo, seamen's wages were extremely low; our crew consisted of twenty picked men before the mast, and their wages were but six dollars per month.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIRD VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER HAMILTON, WITH CAPTAIN JOHN RICHARDS, FROM NEW YORK TO VERA CRUZ, THENCE TO PHILADELPHIA, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1808.

WE sailed from New York on the 10th of April, and took the same route as on the two former voyages, namely, through Turk's Island passage. We met with no incident worth recording, and after a pleasant passage of twenty days, arrived at Vera Cruz on the first of May. The object of this voyage was twofold; in the first place, to collect and bring to New York all debts due to Mr. Gracie from the merchants in Mexico, and in the second, to convey Mr. Villanueva and his family to the United States. As we had no cargo to land, we had very little to do but to wait for our funds, and be ready to receive on board our distinguished passenger and his family. My private adventure cost me in New York, \$600, and here I sold it for a clear profit of one hundred and fifty per cent. This was the most profitable voyage I ever made up to this date. I was also paid very liberal wages by the owners. The two preceding voyages I was allowed \$50 per month, and on this one, where we carried no cargo, I was paid \$35.

As this will probably be my last voyage to Vera Cruz, I will here give a short description of the place. It is situated on the S. W. side of the Gulf of Mexico, and lies in latitude $19^{\circ} 12'$ north, longitude $96^{\circ} 9'$ west of London. This town, like most other Spanish places, is surrounded by a high wall with some six or eight gates, which are all closed at night. It has ten or twelve churches, and several other public buildings. Many of the houses are large and well built. Nearly all the public edi-

fices and many of the houses are plastered and whitened; and when approaching the city from the sea, it has rather an imposing appearance. It contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is built on the margin of the sea, and surrounded by a sand barren. The weather is excessively hot in the summer season, and this, with other local causes, renders it very unhealthy during the hot months, particularly for foreigners; in fine, the town has but few redeeming qualities, and generally strangers only visit it for the sake of gain, or pass through it to go to the city of Mexico, and are always glad to leave as soon as possible. The harbor is formed by a small sand island called St. Juan d'Ulloa, which lies directly opposite the town, and is nearly covered with walls and fortifications. This island and some six or eight sand banks called the Sacrificios, lying in a S. E. direction from St. Juan d'Ulloa, form the port of Vera Cruz; some of these banks are above water and others below; they however serve to break the sea, and in the summer time it is pretty safe, and a very tolerable harbor. In the winter season, shipmasters should take care to anchor close under the lee of the castles, in four or five fathoms of water, where they may ride out with comparative safety a severe norther.

At length after waiting about twenty days in this port, our gentleman passenger came down here from Mexico with his family. Don Jose C. de Villanueva was the agent of the house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam. He had resided several years and acquired a very large fortune in this country, where he had lately married a Mexican lady. He was highly esteemed and beloved by all classes of people, and was a very accomplished gentleman; he spoke fluently the French, Spanish, German and English languages. We got ready for sea, took on board a large sum in dollars (the amount I am unable to state with precision), and after remaining twenty-four days in this port, sailed for Philadelphia on the 24th of May. We had a pleasant passage of eighteen days, and arrived at the quarantine grounds, fourteen miles below the city, on the 12th of June. Here we were detained three days, and then permitted to proceed to Philadelphia, where we landed Mr. Villanueva and his family. After taking the specie on shore, we remained here a few days,

and then sailed for New York, where we arrived on the 22d of June. We were all discharged except the second mate, Mr. Adamson, who was retained to take care of the vessel, which was laid up.

On the first of July I returned to Milford, to visit my mother and family; and as the embargo was still in force, I was without employment. After remaining idle for about a month, I took up my residence in Stamford, and commenced studying the French language, under the instruction of a Frenchman residing there, by the name of Ferry. He had about half-a-dozen scholars, was an efficient teacher, and a pleasant, gentlemanly man. I had friends and relations living at this time in Stamford, which rendered my stay there very agreeable; and thus, between New York, Stamford, and Milford, I managed to pass my leisure time very pleasantly.

I was desirous that the embargo should be taken off, and not compel men bred to the sea to abandon their occupation; and was always opposed to the Chinese policy of crawling along shore, and leaving the dominion of the ocean undisputed to Great Britain, or any other nation. On the contrary, I was in favour of an armed neutrality, and if that could not be effected and sustained, deemed open and absolute war far preferable to the practice of always acting on the defensive. As with individuals, so with nations: if they do not respect themselves, they are always liable to insult.

After having spent the winter in inactivity, I returned to New York on the first of March, where I found the beautiful little schooner Hamilton sold, and the trade to Vera Cruz abandoned.

CHAPTER XIV.

VOYAGE IN THE BRIG HENRY AND ISABELLA FROM NEW YORK TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1809.

On the first of March of this year the embargo was repealed by the government of the United States, and thus its citizens were left at liberty to pursue whatever course they might choose to adopt with respect to foreign voyages.

I had been residing in Connecticut about eight months, from the time I left the Hamilton, on the first of July of last year, but on the earliest notice of the repeal of the embargo, I hastened to New York, and was there offered the command of a small brig, called the Henry and Isabella, of 103 tons burden, owned by Messrs. Lawrence & Whitney, of this city. I forthwith accepted the offer—being delighted at the idea of getting to sea once more, particularly as this was my first essay as captain. I took with me as mate my old friend and shipmate, Stephen Trowbridge. Our crew was composed of four seamen, a black cook, and cabin-boy. This boy was a bright lad of fifteen, called David Hepburn; he was a native of Milford, Connecticut. As I shall have frequent occasion to mention his name hereafter, in narrating my subsequent voyages, I am therefore scrupulously minute on this subject. We had also two cabin passengers—one was an English gentleman, Robert Cartmel, Esq., who had resided several years in the West Indies, and owned a small portion of the cargo. He was a kind-hearted,

intelligent man; the other was a Mr. Rice, of him I knew but little. He appeared to be going abroad to seek his fortune among the West India islands, and without much stability of purpose. After getting the cargo on board, and every thing ready, we left New York, on the 3d of April, for St. Bartholomew.

We had a pleasant passage of twenty days, and arrived safe at our destined port on the 23d of the same month. Here we lay several weeks waiting a return cargo, during which period I received much kind hospitality from the merchants, and passed the time very pleasantly. This island, which is no more than a barren rock, has a tolerable harbor at its lee or west end, and belongs to Sweden. There is here but very little cultivation, consequently the inhabitants are almost entirely supported by commerce.

I was consigned to Wm. Cock, Esq., the principal merchant at this place; he in fact transacts the greatest part of the business done on the island. After taking on board about 60 tierces of coffee, some casks of cocoa, and a few puncheons of rum, we got ready for sea. I had six French gentlemen as cabin passengers; they were captains and lieutenants belonging to the French navy, and were from Guadaloupe. They took passage with me to New-York, in order to return from that city to France. They were attended by their own servants, and were pleasant, agreeable men.

We lay in this port about five weeks. We sailed for New-York on the 25th of May, and had a very pleasant passage of fifteen days. We made a fair saving voyage for so small a vessel. As this was my first voyage as master, I was happy that every thing turned out so satisfactorily to all parties concerned. I had hardly got the little brig discharged, before my former friend, Archibald Gracie, Esq., gave me the command of his ship Virginia, then lying at New-York. I resigned the command of the Henry and Isabella to my eldest brother, William Coggeshall, with the consent of the owners, and took charge of the ship Virginia.

I had now fairly embarked on my career as a young ship-master, and adopted as my motto the following stanza from

Scotia's favorite bard, with a firm resolve to carry it out to the best of my abilities :

“To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

CHAPTER XV.

VOYAGE IN THE SHIP VIRGINIA, FROM NEW-YORK TO PETERSBURG, VA.,
THENCE TO EUROPE, AND BACK TO NEW-YORK, IN THE YEAR 1809.

ON the 1st of July, 1809, I took charge of the Virginia. This ship was about 385 tons burden, coppered and copper fastened, and considered a very good ship for those days. She had just returned from Holland under the command of Archibald Crockett, a worthy old Scotch gentleman, who had spent the greater part of his life at sea, and now of his own free will gave up the command of the Virginia, resolved to spend the remainder of his days on shore. This ship returned from Amsterdam in ballast, so that it required but a few days to fit her for the voyage. I shipped two mates and a crew, and forthwith got ready for sea. I took Mr. Trowbridge, who was with me in the Henry and Isabella, as chief mate, and a Mr. Thomas Hardy, second mate, with a crew of ten men, who shipped by the run for City Point. Thus manned and equipped, we sailed from Sandy Hook on the 6th of July. The first day out we had light winds from the southward; the next day the wind shifted to the N. E. and E. N. E., and continued to blow from that quarter for six days, which enabled us to get safe to City Point on the 14th inst., eight days from New-York. The owner of the Virginia, Archibald Gracie, Esq., ordered me to proceed to City Point with the ship, and apply to Messrs. Gracie, Anderson & Co., at Petersburg, Va., for a cargo of tobacco, with staves sufficient for dunnage. This tobacco was purchased during the long embargo, at a very low price; I believe from

one and a half to two dollars per hundred pounds. I lost no time in discharging the sand ballast, and taking in the cargo. I received on board 540 hogsheads for the owner, and ten for my own account. This ship had a large cabin, and as we had no passengers, I put my ten hogsheads into it. It was of a superior quality, and cost me, when on board, \$615.

The owner of the Virginia, Archibald Gracie, Esq., was one of the most liberal and benevolent men I ever knew. I always left him to make his own terms with respect to my wages and other perquisites, for nothing gave him more pleasure than to see his captains, officers, and, in fine, all those in his employment, make money for themselves, as well as for him. As a proof of what I have here stated, he authorized me, at his own suggestion, to take ten hogsheads of tobacco for my private adventure. I was at this time but twenty-four years old, and had no expectations of such liberal allowance for my services.

During my stay here, I got acquainted with several families some miles below City Point, generally planters, residing on the banks of the James River; and I am happy to say I found them well bred, kind, generous, and without exception the most hospitable people I ever met with. When I sailed from City Point, I left these excellent people with much regret, and even down to the present day, often retrace the pleasant associations connected with the agreeable days spent on the banks of the river a few miles below City Point.

On the 3d of August the ship was loaded, when I hired eight negroes, and proceeded with her down to Hampton Roads, which occupied four days, and then went in a pilot-boat to Norfolk, where I shipped ten men at \$28 per month. When the embargo was taken off, there were so many vessels fitting out that seamen's wages became very high. After getting the men and all necessary sea-stores on board, we sailed from Norfolk, and left the Capes of Virginia on the 11th for Falmouth, England. We had a pleasant passage, without any remarkable occurrence, until we reached Lat. $47^{\circ} 22' N.$, Long. $49^{\circ} W.$, where we experienced a severe gale from the N. N. W. It lasted only about six hours, but during that time the sea

washed away my stern-boat, stove the long-boat, swept away the waist boards, and split in pieces the maintopsail, with some other damage of less importance. After this, we had pleasant weather until we arrived at Falmouth, on the 11th of September, just one month after leaving Norfolk. On my arrival I hired a shore boat for two guineas and a half, to take a letter on shore to Messrs. George Fox & Sons, and to bring back another from them. We stood off and on for about three or four hours, when the boat returned with a letter from Messrs. Fox & Sons, and also one from Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co., of London, advising me to proceed up channel, and make the best of my way to Tonningen, calling at Heligoland for further information. After paying the boatman for taking my letter on shore and bringing off the others, I observed to him that it was better for him to take two guineas and a half (he having at first demanded five for this service), than to have refused it; for had he not complied with my offer, I certainly should have sent my own boat on shore, in which case he would have earned nothing. He replied in his provincial jargon, "Why, yeess, maister, it is better for ou, and better for we."

The wind being fair, we proceeded up channel, keeping close in with the English coast, to avoid being detained by any men-of-war we might meet on the way. As the Virginia was an English built ship, she caused no suspicion. I passed very near several ships of war, who appeared not to notice us, taking her, as I suppose, for one of their own nation. I ran up channel as far as Dover, without having been spoken. Off this place, however, I was hailed by a man-of-war brig, ordered to heave to, and told that he would send his boat on board. I accordingly hove to, when, instead of sending a lieutenant and a midshipman on board as is customary, the captain came himself, with a midshipman. He examined my papers strictly, and said he was very much surprised that I had not been boarded by any British ship of war since I entered the channel. He did not intimate to me that he was captain of the brig, but from the great deference and respect paid him by the midshipman, I concluded he must be. I therefore ordered my second mate to ascertain from the coxswain of the boat whether the boarding

officer was the captain or one of the lieutenants. Both he and the boat's crew confirmed my suspicions, and said the gentleman in question was the captain of the brig. He hesitated some time, whether he should send me into some port in England, or let me go. At length, after a vexatious and scrutinizing examination, I was allowed to proceed on my voyage towards Heligoland.

At this period, there was no respect paid to the rights of neutral ships, either by England or France. On the contrary, it was almost a daily occurrence, that upon the slightest suspicion, or even at the mere caprice of English naval commanders, that American ships were sent into British ports, for adjudication. Sometimes, they were condemned upon the most frivolous pretences, and if eventually cleared, their owners were subject to exorbitant charges and vexatious delays. Thus it often happened, that through this unjust and arbitrary interference with the rights of peaceful commerce by the two aforesaid belligerent nations, many voyages were broken up and entirely ruined. The poor neutral ships were driven from pillar to post, treated with every kind of indignity, and could find no safety in any part of Europe, except in Russia. His Britannic Majesty, so called, was the great sea-robber, while the selfish and unjust Bonaparte, was the great land-robber; so that between them both, the whole world was laid under contribution to support and carry on their devastating wars. The world has been too long gulled and deceived by great names, and dazzled by what military men call glory. It is time to call things by their right names; for a king that takes any thing unjustly, is as much a robber as the captain of a band of brigands; all the difference between them is, that the one robs on a great, and the other on a small scale.

It is the legitimate duty of seamen to brave the tempest and the storm, and to look out for rocks and shoals by night and by day. These perils we can endure, but the injustice, oppression, and cupidity of our fellow-men, are trials which are hard to bear.

After the detention by the English brig-of-war, we met with

no further interruption, nor any thing worth recording, until we arrived at Heligoland, on the 17th of September, seven days from Falmouth. Here I was detained two days in consequence of bad weather. This is a very singular little island. It belongs to England, and is about twenty-five miles off the mouths of the rivers Elbe and Eider. It is about two miles long, and one and a half broad; has no good harbor, but a roadstead, where there is tolerable anchorage during the summer season. Its shores are very abrupt and somewhat high. I should judge it was from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the ocean, and its face may be termed table-land from its smooth surface. It contains about 2000 inhabitants; the richer classes inhabit the table-land, where they have a church, and rather a pretty town; while the lower classes dwell in a dirty village on the shore below the hill; they are mostly pilots and fishermen, with their families. All the porters are females; they wear men's hats, and are a coarse, vulgar-looking race. There is no other way of getting from the lower to the upper town, but by winding wooden stairs, to ascend which is very inconvenient and fatiguing. I landed on the 19th of September at Heligoland, and had a letter of introduction from Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co., of London, to Mr. A. Ellerman, merchant, at this place, desiring him to assist me in getting a pilot to take the ship into the river Eider. The pilots here are a vile set of extortioners, and would scarcely save a drowning man without pay; in a word, they are a notorious set of unprincipled rascals. These fellows all charged me five hundred Spanish dollars to take my ship into the river, a distance of say twenty-five to thirty miles, but after a great deal of chaffering one of them was persuaded, through the influence of Mr. E., to take the ship into the river for \$400. Many shipmasters were obliged to pay for this service as high as \$600, and in some instances even as high as one thousand. At this time there were several ships standing off and on the island, waiting to get pilots. Some would not pay the price asked, and knew not what to do. After I got one on board, as the wind was blowing strong from the westward, I filled away for the

river's mouth. At this time the ship Brutus of New York, Capt. Macy, was standing off and on, but had fallen to leeward two or three miles, and was beating up to get a pilot from the island. I spoke him and inquired whether he had one; found he had none. He asked me if I would allow him to follow my ship into the river, and said he would willingly pay half the pilotage. This was instantly agreed upon, when we filled away and stood directly for the river's mouth. We had not proceeded far before the pilot began to grumble, and swear that he would not conduct two ships. I replied that he had nothing to do with the other, but to attend to mine, and that if she should touch the bottom, that moment he was a dead man. I then showed him a loaded pistol, and convinced him that I was ready to carry out the threat; this seemed to cool down the fellow's courage, and induced him to plead for my intercession with the captain of the Brutus to give him a handsome present. The wind continued fair, and the weather clear enough to see our way into the mouth of the river, which is very narrow, with dismal sand-banks on either side. In about four hours after the pilot came on board we were safely anchored inside, on the 18th of September, 37 days from Norfolk. It soon became very thick and dark, and during the whole night blew a severe gale from the westward directly on shore. While the wind and sea were roaring terribly outside, we lay safe and snug within the mouth of the narrow river, where the water was as smooth as a mill pond, protected and sheltered by sand-banks on every side. None but a seaman can fully realize the joy and delight it gives one to run from a stormy lee shore into a safe port. The feeling of conscious security, contrasted with the exposure to the tempest and the howling of the storm, is absolutely indescribable.

Early the next morning the ship was taken up to Vollerick, and moored in the river. This place is about five miles below Tonningen. By my orders from Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co., I employed Peter Todson, Esq., of this place, as our commercial agent. I found here a great number of American ships—I think from forty to fifty sail. Tonningen is a small, insig-

nificant place, about seventy miles from Hamburg, and only brought into notice from the fact of the many restrictions on commerce by England and France. Both these nations, at this time, acted upon the principle of forcing all others to take part in their quarrels, and not allow any of them to remain neutral. These vexatious restraints drove peaceful trade out of its natural and regular channels, to small fishing towns on the borders of large kingdoms and states.

Agreeably to the orders of my owner, Archibald Gracie, Esq., I wrote to Messrs. Hope & Co., at Amsterdam, and to Messrs. Parish & Co., at Hamburg, advising them of my arrival, and that I was waiting their orders what to do with the cargo. In answer to my letters, the latter gentleman wrote me to discharge the tobacco, and that Mr. Todson would forward it to Hamburg. I forthwith commenced unloading, and after this was accomplished, left the ship in charge of the chief mate, and took a public conveyance, with six other passengers, for Hamburg. We traveled through Danish Holstein in wagons without springs, taking post-horses the whole route. We frequently found the roads very rough, and were consequently jolted to our heart's content. The postilions are a dull, sluggish race of biped animals, and jog along at the slow rate of about four English miles the hour. They are all inveterate smokers, and are never seen without pipes in their mouths. The face of the country is of a moderate height, rather undulating and generally pretty well cultivated. We passed through several towns and villages of some note. The public houses and taverns in the towns along the road were tolerably well kept, and their prices reasonable. The inhabitants of Holstein are a hardy, good-looking race of men, with light hair and blue eyes, and I should think, generally a virtuous, industrious people. The greater portion of them are agriculturists, and they also raise large numbers of cattle and horses, which are sold in the adjacent states. We left Tonningen at noon, traveled all night, and got to Hamburg the next morning.

I was politely received by Messrs. Parish & Co., and soon felt at home in this agreeable city. These gentlemen confirmed

in person what they had before written me, namely, that Mr. Gracie's orders to them were, that the tobacco should be left in their hands, to be sold in Hamburg, and the avails remitted to London for his account; that the ship should be ballasted with sand, and return without delay to New York.

Hamburg is so well known, that it would be quite superfluous for me to say much on the subject. I will therefore only remark, that it lies on the north bank of the river Elbe, about sixty miles above its mouth. It is a great commercial city, and contains about 130,000 inhabitants. At this period it was garrisoned by French troops, and had French *douâniers* at the gates.

I found Hamburg a gay, pleasant city—the living good and cheap, and altogether one of the most desirable residences for a young man that I am acquainted with. After spending about ten days in this delightful city, I returned to Tonningen by the same route I came. Before sailing from this place for home, I left in the hands of Messrs. Parish & Co. my ten hogsheads of tobacco, with a request to have them disposed of without delay, and the proceeds remitted to Samuel Williams, Esq., of London, subject to my order.

I know not how much money Mr. Gracie realized by the five hundred and forty hogsheads of tobacco, but, judging from what I cleared on my ten hogsheads, he must have made a very great voyage. I am aware that the charges and expenses were very considerable; still, considering the low price of the article when purchased in Petersburg, and the high price it sold for in Hamburg, I am confident it must have left a very large profit. I believe this quality of tobacco was worth at this time, in Hamburg, from \$16 to \$20 per hundred pounds. Besides the large profit on the sale of the tobacco, there was also a great gain on the exchange between England and the United States.

As our cargo was in great demand, it was soon sold, and the proceeds remitted to London. At Tonningen, ships are ballasted with great facility, and at a moderate expense. Thus, at high water, they anchor large lighters on a clean sand-bank, and at low tide load them with shovels; and when they float,

the lighters are taken alongside of the ship, and soon discharged.

As a proof of my remarks on the rapacious character of the Heligoland pilots, I will relate an incident which occurred during my stay here. Several of these pilots having rescued an American sailor from drowning, called the same day on the American captains in this port to pay them for this service. To prevent any evil consequences that might arise, we made up a purse of ten dollars, and presented it to these unconscionable extortioners.

After lying in this port forty-seven days, we sailed, on the 4th of November, for New York, in company with ten or fifteen sail of ships and vessels bound mostly to England and the United States. We took our departure from Heligoland, and were favored with a fine fresh gale at E. and E. N. E., and clear, pleasant weather for four days. I steered directly for Fair Island passage, and three days after leaving Heligoland, made and passed this island, one of the Orkneys. The next day the wind shifted to the S. W., and continued to blow from that quarter for several days. As I could not weather Ireland by tacking, I concluded to stand on to the N. W., and wait for a change of wind to the W. N. W. Although it was now about the middle of November, and the days were very short, still I continued on the same tack until I got within two days' sail of Iceland, when, to my great joy, the wind shifted to the N. W., and then I made a glorious run, and got soundings on the banks of Newfoundland in seven days. After this fortunate run, I met with variable winds and weather—sometimes fair and sometimes foul—until I arrived at New York, on the 16th of December, forty-two days from Tonnigen. Some of the ships that left in company with us, bound to the United States, passed through the English Channel, and some few went through Fair Island passage.

The winter was uncommonly severe, with almost constant gales from the westward. On my arrival at New York, not one of the vessels had arrived; some of those that passed through the English Channel were compelled to put into England to refit

and repair damages. I claim no merit in making a shorter passage than the ships that sailed when I did, as it certainly grew out of the circumstances of the case ; the same course taken on another passage from the same place, might perhaps prove a complete failure. After discharging and paying off the officers and seamen, I again returned to my native home ; and am happy to add, that I made a good voyage both for myself and owners, and believe that all parties interested were satisfied.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST VOYAGE IN THE PILOT-BOAT SCHOONER ELIZA, FROM NEW YORK TO TONNINGEN, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1810.

I REMAINED a few weeks with my mother and friends in Connecticut, and then returned to New York, where I found the ship Virginia had been sold, and was loading with a cargo of flax-seed for Ireland. My late employer, Mr. Gracie, had no other ship at the moment that required a captain, or in other words, there was no vacancy for me to fill at this time, and being very desirous of employment, I was ready to embrace the first fair offer. Messrs. Isaac Moses & Sons, a very respectable commercial house in this city, had lately purchased a new pilot-boat schooner called the Eliza. This vessel was built in Connecticut, and measured one hundred and fifty-two tons. I took the command of her on the 12th of February, and commenced loading for Tonningen. Our cargo consisted of one hundred and forty two large chests of indigo, one hundred bales of cotton, several tons of logwood, and sundry other valuable articles of less bulk. We finished loading the schooner on the 5th of March, and were soon ready for sea. I took with me my former mate, Mr. Stephen Trowbridge, six men and a cook. One of the crew was my brother, James Coggeshall, a lad of fifteen years. We sailed from New York on the 10th of March, were favored with fresh and fair gales from the westward for several days, had a fine run off the coast, and were once more on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. All around us was one vast expanse of deep blue water, and all above us beautiful azure sky, with occasional changes of light and shade as the sun shone out

or was obscured by passing clouds. It is true there is much monotony at sea, and the same daily routine of duty to be performed; still, to the contemplative mind there is much to admire, and many grand objects to view, both by night and by day, to exalt and elevate the mind to higher scenes than those connected with our little earth, which, in comparison with the revolving worlds around us, is but a point or speck in the universe.

Thus far on our passage nothing occurred worthy of notice, until the 20th, on the tenth day from New York, when on the eastern edge of the grand bank of Newfoundland, in lat. 46° N., lon. from 50° to 47° W., at 10 o'clock at night we fell in with immense quantities of field ice, and before we were aware of our situation, were completely surrounded and blocked in on every side. The wind was light from the W. N. W., and the sea smooth. I shortened sail, hauled up to the S. E., and during the night made but little distance; at daylight, March the 21st, there was nothing to be seen but one vast field of ice as far as the eye could extend. I continued on the same course during the day, working through it the best way we could, sometimes going at the rate of two or three miles the hour, at other times making no headway at all for an hour or two, fearing constantly that our little vessel would be crushed, by forcing her through the dense masses of ice. Just before night we providentially got into an open space free from it. This space of open sea was perhaps three miles in circumference; here I resolved to remain all night, deeming it more safe and prudent than to pursue our course in doubt and darkness. In this little harbor we rested for the night, tacking about under easy sail. The next morning at daylight, I could see from aloft nothing but fields of ice, as on the preceding day. We therefore concluded to pursue our S. E. course, and work through it by gently forcing the schooner along with the sails, while the crew pried the ice from the bows of the vessel with oars and boat-hooks. The weather was very cold, and it was a dreary sight to behold these frozen fields, and no open sea. While struggling through these compact masses, we saw a great number of seals sporting and crawling about the ice cakes, apparently happy and contented, at home, in their

own native element. About noon this day the ice became less dense, and we found more open sea; at 4 P. M. we were quite free from field ice, made more sail, and were enabled to steer more to the eastward. We ran all night to the E. S. E. under easy sail, and the next morning at daylight, March the 23d, saw no more field ice, but what was much more grand and sublime, immense numbers of large icebergs; some of them I should judge were two or three hundred feet long, and from seventy to eighty feet above the surface of the water. We sailed through these islands all the forenoon, and at 3 P. M., on the 24th, to our great joy entirely lost sight of them, feeling ourselves fortunate in escaping from our late perilous situation.

On a fine day, when the sun shines out bright and clear, icebergs are grand and imposing objects; when seen at a distance they appear like a large fleet of ships under full sail, and when drawing nearer to them, are still more beautiful. They are formed in every variety of shape, and with a little help of the imagination, appear like crystal palaces and floating castles, constructed in every style of architectural elegance. Others again have very grotesque forms, appear like huge animals supporting each other on their backs, and thus form a very interesting spectacle.

The Eliza was a good, strong little vessel, or she would inevitably have been lost; the ice raked the oakum out of the seams, and made her leak a little; it also tore the cutwater from the stem, with some other trifling damage, but nothing to render her unsafe to perform her destined voyage.

Five years previous to this period, not far from where we fell in with the field ice, Capt. Richard Law of New London lost the ship Jupiter of New York. I herewith insert an account of this melancholy catastrophe, which I have extracted from a newspaper of that day. Capt. Law was an old friend of mine, and a most worthy, excellent man. The Jupiter was from London, bound to New York; nothing occurred worthy of notice until the morning of the 6th of April, 1805, when in lat. 43° N. lon. 49° W. they fell in with numerous icebergs. They were compelled to make their way among them the best way they could, tacking for one and keeping

away for another, until obliged to shorten sail, and steer wherever they could find an open passage through the broken ice. During the whole day Captain Law never left the deck, and by great vigilance managed through the day to preserve the ship from injury. At nightfall their situation was truly appalling; large masses of ice were floating, and dashing against their ill-fated vessel, until a blow from a block of ice penetrated the starboard bow, and fixed the doomed ship. Both pumps were rigged, but the water rushed in so fast that it was soon found the ship was sinking, and their only resource was to take to their boats with as little noise as possible, so as not to alarm the passengers below. Accordingly thirty-eight men, women, and children, embarked in the long-boat, which was then given in charge to the second mate. The captain, chief mate, one seaman, and five cabin and steerage passengers got into the jolly-boat, and pushed off to avoid being carried down with the ship; one young man who had a mother and sister in the cabin, nobly refused to go into the boat, preferring to die with his friends rather than survive them.

Twenty-seven passengers were asleep below, and as the boats were already full, they wisely judged it best to let them remain ignorant of their fate. In their haste to leave the ship, they had only time to take a bottle of water and a few trifling eatables. In half an hour after the boats left, the waters closed over the unfortunate ship and every soul on board.

The long-boat took the yawl in tow, during all that night and a part of the next day, during which time they were struggling through the ice, and suffering intensely from hunger and cold. After getting into clear water, the jolly-boat was cut loose, when they separated, and saw no more of each other. On the 9th, three days after leaving the ship, Captain Law and his fellow-sufferers were picked up by the fishing schooner Joanna, Capt. Henry Quiner, and carried to Marblehead. It was long before any intelligence was received from those in the long-boat; they were, however, taken up on the 9th of April (the same day on which Captain Law and his party were rescued by the Joanna) by an outward-bound ship, and carried to London.

From this period to our making the Island of Rona, off the N. W. coast of Scotland, on the 10th of April, we had nothing but severe gales and stormy weather; in fact, it was the most boisterous passage I had ever experienced up to this time. The next day after making Rona, I saw the north coast of Scotland about Cape Wrath. Here I spoke the ship *Pilgrim*, Captain Littlefield, last from St. Sebastian, bound to Tonnigen; the *Pilgrim* had been a long time at sea, and was short of provisions, particularly bread. The captain said he had lost his stern-boat, and that his long-boat would not float; he therefore requested me to send mine on board, and supply him with some necessary stores. I accordingly sent my boat to ascertain what he most wanted; she soon returned with a polite note from the supercargo, Mr. Depeyster, stating that the *Pilgrim* had been nearly four months from New York, and was in great want of almost every necessary of life. I then put into the boat three barrels of pilot bread, some hams, and a few bottles of Holland gin, and ordered the officer of the boat not to go alongside of the ship, but to go astern, and let them haul the bread and other articles on board over the taffrail, the sea being so high that I deemed it unsafe to go alongside. This order was promptly executed, when the boat returned and was hoisted in without accident.

The *Pilgrim* was an eastern ship, I think from Portland or Portsmouth, and chartered in New York, from whence she sailed. She touched off St. Sebastian, and after communicating with that place, was afraid to enter for fear of seizure, as Bonaparte had already laid his iron grasp upon several American ships and their cargoes, while lying in that port; thus situated, the supercargo concluded to proceed to Tonnigen, and was now on his way thither. I hailed the *Pilgrim* again, and inquired of the captain whether he felt disposed to run for the Pentland Firth; he replied that he was unacquainted with the passage, and dare not attempt it. I told him I had a fine chart of the Firth, and a good book of directions; still he concluded not to venture so dangerous a passage. The wind was now at N. N. E. and N. E., and to beat up to Fair Island passage would, in all probability, be a long and tedious business, and thus, after mutual good wishes, we separated. I immediately

filled away with a free wind for the Pentland Firth, and he continued to beat up for Fair Island.

The next morning, April the 11th, I got down into the neighborhood of the passage. The wind being light at N. E. and the ebb tide running out of the North Sea against us, I hauled in shore not far to the westward of Duncansby Head, and there ran into a little bay to keep out of the strength of the current, until the change of the tide. Here I was boarded by a boat, with six oarsmen and a Patroon, bound to South Ronaldsha; he inquired whether I wanted a pilot to take me through the Firth, I answered that depended upon the price. From my experience with Heligoland pilots, I was cautious, and fearing extortion, demanded the price to take me through the Firth; he said he would charge but a guinea and a half, I told him to come on board, that I would willingly give him two. I recollect the name of the Patroon or captain of the boat was Pitcairn, a very intelligent, clever fellow, and, like the generality of his countrymen, very candid, honest, and sincere. Soon after, the tide began to make in our favor, when we sailed out into the middle of the passage to have its full benefit; the wind became very light and the current so strong that we had no command of the vessel. At this moment it appeared as though the current was setting the schooner directly on to Duncansby Head, a high, bold, abrupt cape, which in our situation had a most terrific appearance. On my expressing my fears to the pilot, he said there was no kind of danger; that before we got to the head, the current would carry us off again in safety. On the other side of the Firth, are several small islands, called the Pentland Skerries, and after passing Duncansby Head, I began to fear these rocky islands; but here again the pilot assured me that I need be under no apprehension, that the strength of the current would take me directly through the passage, and that it was about time for him to leave us. He then inquired whether I would pay him in rum; I asked what rum was worth a gallon; he said a guinea. I accordingly gave him two gallons, with a quantity of bread, beef, etc., and we parted mutually satisfied.

I have never before or since seen the current run so rapidly as in this passage; at times it roars like distant thunder, and not having on hand any books to refer to on the subject, I am afraid to state its rate of running; but am under the impression that at the full and change of the moon, that is to say, at spring tides, its force is eight or ten miles the hour. After the pilot left us, I made sail with a pleasant breeze from the N. E. and in six days got to Heligoland; there I readily obtained a pilot at a moderate price, say about fifty dollars, and came safe to anchor in the Eider, at the port of Tonningen, on the 17th of April, thirty-seven days from New York. I will here observe that the Pilgrim did not get here until about a month after, and that fears were expressed for her safety. On her arrival, the supercargo told me they had been on short allowance of bread for several days; and both he and the captain expressed a great deal of gratitude for the supply of bread and other things they had received from me.

On my arrival, I wrote to Joshua Moses, Esq., one of the owners of the Eliza, and also to Messrs. Parish & Co., at Hamburg, advising them of my being here, and in a few days got answers from these gentlemen, requesting me to delay entering the schooner at the custom house for some days, as they had not decided whether to dispose of the cargo at Hamburg, or to proceed through the canal to Kiel, or some other port in the Baltic. The markets here were not so good for colonial produce as on my last voyage, which caused Mr. Moses to delay selling for several weeks. On the 11th of May, however, I received a letter from him informing me that he had sold the indigo, deliverable in Tonningen, and appointed Mr. Joachim Lexon, as our commercial agent; that he wished the cargo all landed as soon as possible, and that he had purchased some portion of our return cargo. We accordingly discharged the schooner without delay, and took on board a quantity of iron ballast.

A few days after the schooner was discharged, Mr. Moses arrived here from Hamburg, and politely invited me to return with him to that city, and aid him in the purchase of our return cargo, for the New York market. I knew very little about the

selection of French and German goods, and of course received the invitation to spend a week or ten days in Hamburg as a compliment from Mr. Moses, who was always polite and gentlemanly, and treated me more like a friend and companion, than a hired captain in his employ. He had with him his own post-chaise, and always travelled like a gentleman. We took post-horses on the road, and had a very pleasant jaunt to Hamburg. I had been here on my last voyage, in the ship *Virginia*, and having been absent only about six or eight months, found no difficulty in renewing my former acquaintance with my commercial friends, besides receiving much hospitality from my former consignees, Messrs. Parish & Co. Mr. Moses introduced me to several other mercantile houses, by whom we were politely entertained; and thus I had the pleasure to spend ten days very satisfactorily in this agreeable city. Although the German is the language of this place, still a stranger has no difficulty in communicating with a great portion of the inhabitants. From its extensive commerce all the modern languages are spoken here: all the large dealers and most of the shopkeepers, speak two or three tongues, namely, German, French and English, and frequently Spanish and Italian.

I often dined with merchants and their families, during my stay here, and have been delighted to hear their children converse with several captains and supercargoes of different nations, each in their own language. In all my travels about the world, I have never found a people acquire foreign languages with so much facility as the Germans. After Mr. Moses had made all his purchases, and dispatched his goods to Tonningen, I returned in a post-wagon, by the same road we came, and arrived safe on the 15th of May. The goods purchased in Hamburg consisted of glass-ware, German linens, French silks, etc., etc., and altogether amounted to one hundred and fifty-two bales and packages. A large portion of these goods was very valuable, and very much wanted at this time in the United States. We finished loading our schooner on the 4th, and after waiting about a week for a fair wind, sailed on the 11th of June, bound for New York, making our stay here just fifty-four days. We took the northern route, viz., through Fair Island passage, and met

with nothing worth remarking, until we arrived at New York, on the 23d of July, forty-three days from Tonningen. All our return cargo sold well, and the little schooner made an excellent voyage. Through the advice and assistance of Mr. Moses, I purchased while in Hamburg a quantity of French and German goods, for my own private adventure, which paid a very large profit. The voyage was soon settled, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and I again returned to my native place in Connecticut.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER ELIZA, FROM NEW YORK TO SWEDEN
AND RUSSIA, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1810 AND 1811.

I HAD but a fortnight's leisure with my mother and sister in Milford, before I received a letter from my employers, Messrs. Moses & Co., informing me that they had decided on sending the Eliza on another voyage to the north of Europe, and requesting me to return to New York, and commence loading with as little delay as possible. I therefore lost no time, but forthwith returned, and commenced loading the schooner, for Gottenburg and a market. Our cargo consisted of Havana sugar, coffee, rum, segars, nankeens and a variety of other valuable articles.

I took with me my former mate, Mr. Trowbridge, and also my brother James—the remainder of the crew were strangers.

On the 30th of August we were ready, and sailed the next day, with a light breeze from the N. N. E., with open, cloudy weather. The wind was light during the day, and the ocean uncommonly smooth, so that we did not lose sight of the Highlands of Neversink until dark. We ran off to the E. S. E., and soon got clear of the coast. We were favored with southerly and westerly winds, and generally fine weather, as is usual at this season of the year.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred until the 11th of September, on the eleventh day from New York, when we got soundings in forty fathoms of water, on the grand bank of Newfoundland. After this, we continued to have fair westerly winds, until we reached the longitude 23° west; here the wind shifted to the S. E., and blew violently from that quarter for several

hours. It soon raised a high sea, and then gradually subsided to a calm, when, for want of wind to steady her, our little schooner was terribly tossed about for the space of two hours. After that, the wind suddenly returned to the N. W., and blew a perfect hurricane. We shipped a sea, which washed the binnacle and compasses overboard, and many light things from the deck. I was driven with great force into the lee-waist, and came very near being washed overboard. The wind split our mainsail and jib in pieces, and blew with such violence that we were obliged to lie to for eight hours, under a double-reefed foresail.

We were now nineteen days out, and had thus far made good progress on our passage. The next day it became more moderate, when we again made sail, with the wind at W. and N. W. It continued favorable for four days, when we made the island of Barra, bearing S. S. E., distant about four leagues, twenty-three days from New York. Soon after, we saw Rona Island. Barra and Rona are two high, rocky islands, not far asunder, lying off the N. W. coast of Scotland, in latitude 59° north, and longitude about $6^{\circ} 15'$ west. The next day we saw the light-house on North Ronaldsha, six miles distant. Fair Island bore at this time east about twenty miles. The next day, September the 26th, at noon, passed quite near Fair Island—I should think within a mile of its south shore. Two boats full of men came alongside and supplied us with fish; they were a poor, miserable looking race, and filthy to the last degree. They informed me that there were about three hundred souls on the island, who subsisted by catching fish, now and then gaining a few dollars by piloting ships through the passage, and sometimes selling a few eggs, stockings, &c. It is a very small island—perhaps two miles long and one broad—of a moderate height, in latitude $59^{\circ} 29'$ north; longitude, $1^{\circ} 47'$ west. We had light winds from the southward for two days, when we made the land about Stowenger, in Norway, sixty miles from the Naze, bearing from E. N. E. to S. E., distant eleven or twelve leagues.

On the 1st of October the weather was clear and fine, with light winds from the southward; a fleet of ships and brigs passed us, standing to the eastward; saw the land about the Naze of Norway, bearing N. E. The next day saw the land, about thir-

ty-five miles to the southward and westward of the Skaw Point, in Jutland; at noon this day, the Skaw light-house bore S. W. two leagues distant. The next day, made Wingo Island, bearing E. S. E., two leagues distant; at 6 P. M., took in sail and hauled off shore, it being too late to go into port; stood off and on all night. At 9 A. M., October 4th, we procured a pilot, and at 10 A. M. came to anchor in the port of Gottenburg, about twelve miles from the city. While off this port we found our rudder was out of order, and worked with great difficulty. After coming to anchor we examined it, and discovered that one of the copper pintals was broken. I felt myself fortunate to get into port without its entire loss. We were soon visited by the health-boat, and though all well, were requested to proceed immediately to the quarantine ground, and remain there until further orders. We found the quarantine a small, snug harbor, four fathoms deep, and nearly surrounded with high rocks.

The next day we were again visited by the health-boat and liberated from quarantine, after a day's detention. I now wrote to Mr. Moses, who was at this time residing at Copenhagen, and also to the house of Parish & Co. at Hamburg, advising them of my arrival, and stating that I should wait their orders where to proceed. I concluded to let the schooner remain in this little harbor until I could repair the rudder. For this purpose I unshipped it, and got a new pintal made in Gottenburg. After it was repaired and ready, I took sufficient cargo out of the run and after-part of the vessel and placed it forward, so that I was enabled to ship the rudder without discharging the schooner. When I again returned to the inner port of Gottenburg, six miles from the town, there were lying there several English line of battle ships, frigates and sloops of war. Many merchant ships of different nations were daily arriving at this place of rendezvous to proceed up the Categat and Baltic. The flag-ship at this port was the Victory, Admiral Sir James Soumarez. The merchant vessels had been collecting for several weeks, and as this was the last convoy into the Baltic for the season, a great number of them of all descriptions had assembled—I believe at least six hundred sail. The whole of this vast fleet were nominally neutral ships, sailing under the different flags of nearly all

the petty states of Germany, and their cargoes purporting to be the bona fide property of their respective countries, while in point of fact, the most of them were English property, cloaked or covered by the flags of these different nations by simulated or counterfeit papers. I was told at this period that it was an every day occurrence in London to manufacture false papers and invoices, and that an entire set of simulated papers for a ship, could be procured for 10 guineas, and so adroitly executed that it was difficult to detect them.

On the continent, Bonaparte was striving to carry out his plan to conquer England, by cutting off all their commerce with Europe. He accordingly prohibited the introduction of all British goods, and their colonial productions, and frequently ordered a quantity of English manufactured goods to be burnt on the public squares in the different towns and cities on the continent. He said they were a nation of money-loving shopkeepers, devoid of honor or integrity, and the most effectual way to subdue them, was to annihilate their trade and commerce and thus create a revolution in England, so that they should destroy themselves by civil war. In England the government was compelled to sustain the manufactures to keep the working classes from idleness, riot and rebellion. The difficulty and risk of disposing of their manufactured articles on the continent of Europe, and the fear of seizure, compelled them to resort to every stratagem that human ingenuity could invent; and yet, notwithstanding all these indirect expedients, their manufactured goods were constantly accumulating, and sales daily made at ruinous prices.

A few days before we sailed from Gottenburg, an order was given for the captains of all neutral vessels to repair on board the flag-ship, for sailing orders or instructions how to sail in the fleet. Signals were given them to enable each one to comply with the order of sailing; and, among others, several American captains went for written instructions. On applying to the first lieutenant, and telling him they were Americans, he discourteously said—You certainly have a great deal of assurance to call on us for protection, when your country and government treat the British nation with offensive barbarity—prohibiting us the

use of your harbors, and often refusing our ships-of-war water and fresh provisions. After this tirade, he gave them their sailing orders, and left them to repair on board, without the usual ceremony of seeing them leave the ship.

When I heard this statement from my countrymen, I resolved to ask for no orders. As mine was a fast-sailing schooner, I knew I could choose my own position in the fleet, and could not believe them such barbarians as to drive me away from it. I therefore took the responsibility, and sailed with the rest, without a scrap of paper.

None but those engaged in commerce at this period can at all realize the annoying persecutions neutral nations and their ships and commerce experienced from the English and French governments and their satellites. Although I suffered, in many instances, much ill treatment and vexatious detention, still I do not wish to exaggerate or amplify the subject; all I desire is, to impress upon the minds of the present generation what their fathers have suffered, that they may know by comparison how to prize the privileges they so richly enjoy, namely, wealth, power, peace and prosperity.

About ten days after my arrival, Mr. J. Moses came on here from Hamburg, and appointed Messrs. Martin, Hatterman & Sons, of this place, as my commercial agents, to advance me all necessary funds, and assist me as business friends. Mr. M. advised me to proceed with the convoy through the Great Belt, then leave it, and push on for Carlsham in Sweden, where I would find letters directing me where to go from thence. Mr. M. then left Gottenburg for Kiel, to ascertain the state of the markets in Prussia, and whether American ships and goods would be free from seizure by the French, in the Baltic ports along the Prussian coast. He finally came to the conclusion that no American property was safe on the Prussian side of the Baltic; and although very late in the season, under all the circumstances of the case he thought it best for me to push on for some port in Russia.

Gottenburg is too well known to require any particular description from me. I will therefore only make a few general remarks on the subject. In point of size, it is the second city

in the kingdom of Sweden, and contains about thirty thousand inhabitants; it has a spacious harbor, and lies in latitude $57^{\circ} 42'$ N., longitude $11^{\circ} 58'$ E. of London, and about two hundred and sixty miles S. W. of Stockholm. The land about the harbor and in the vicinity of the city appears rocky, rough and barren, still the valleys must be very fertile. I observed, while lying here, that besides supplying their city, and a large number of their own ships and vessels, there were in this port a numerous fleet of English men-of-war, and some eight hundred sail of merchant ships, to be daily supplied with fresh provisions and vegetables, and still there was enough, and at very reasonable prices, besides fish in great abundance.

We sailed on the morning of the 24th of October, bound to Carlsham, by the way of the Great Belt. At this time there was war between England and Denmark, which prevented the English from passing through the sound by Elsineur and Copenhagen; they were therefore compelled to go through the passage between Zealand and Funen, called the Great Belt. This is a rocky and dangerous passage, not wide enough for a large number of ships to beat to windward, so that whenever the wind was contrary, the whole fleet immediately came to anchor, no matter how deep the water might be, or how rocky the bottom. The first day after leaving Gottenburg, we had light winds from the N. E., and clear, pleasant weather. At meridian, Meddengin light bore S. S. E., eight miles distant. The next day, Oct. 25th, the wind continued light, and the weather clear. At 8 A. M., Anholt bore S. S. W., five leagues distant.

The schooner Eliza, being pilot-boat built, sailed remarkably fast, which enabled me to run ahead of the fleet, that is to say, all except the flag-ship St. George, of 74 guns; this vessel led the van; of course, no merchant vessel was allowed to go ahead of the admiral. I used often to amuse myself with speaking the American vessels—some eight or ten in number—and after passing the merchant ships, would then take in all sail, except the foretopsail, and thus, under very little canvas, had no difficulty in keeping up with the fleet. At night, the standing signal was for the headmost ships to shorten sail and close convoy. It sometimes happened that one of the frigates was ordered to

make fast to a dull sailing ship, and tow her up into the midst of the fleet. The ordinary mode of sailing was thus : a line-of-battle-ship ahead to lead the van, one or two frigates astern, and a sloop-of-war, and a brig or two to protect the flanks or outside ships, those nearest the land on both sides of the passage. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the Danish boats would now and then intercept a straggler.

One morning a gun-boat came out of a little port on the Zealand side, and endeavored to cut off a brig that had ventured a little too near the shore. The flag-ship immediately hauled up to protect her. To witness the firing, I ran my little schooner close under the stern of the *St. George*, seventy-four. I was forcibly struck with the daring bravery of the gallant Danes, and to see with what apparent nonchalance they regarded cannon balls. The *St. George* was obliged to fire six or eight shot before the gun-boat could be induced to haul off and give up the chase. To my surprise, although the shot fell all around her, not one took effect. When the seventy-four drew too near, these brave fellows deliberately took to their oars and returned into port. I was often amused to see the merchant ships, at nightfall, huddle together ; they reminded me of a brood of chickens gathering around the parent hen for protection. We used to anchor at night clustered together ; the men-of-war were stationed all around the fleet, to protect us from the privateers and gun-boats from out of the adjacent ports on both sides of the Great Belt.

From the 25th to the 27th the winds continued light from the eastward, with fine weather. We usually anchored at six o'clock in the evening, and lay until daylight, generally in about ten to fifteen fathoms of water—the Jutland shore bearing from N. W. to W. S. W., eight miles distant. From the 27th to the 29th we lay at anchor the greatest part of the time—the wind being ahead. At 6 A. M., on the 29th, all the fleet was ordered to get under way ; it was blowing strong at the time, with a high sea running, and so many ships crowded together that I found it impossible to weigh our anchor, without getting foul of some other vessel ; we were therefore obliged to cut the cable and lose the anchor, with the greater part

of the small bower. A great many vessels were similarly situated, and obliged to slip and cut, and make sail, to keep up with the convoy. I think, without the least exaggeration, I passed more than fifty buoys on anchors and cables that had been thus left. On the 30th we had fresh breezes at north-west, with squalls of hail and snow; at 5 P. M., came to anchor in fifteen fathoms of water, where we lay all night. On the 31st we had light winds from the north-west and clear weather. At noon this day the east end of the Island of Ferneron bore S. W. six miles distant; during the whole day we only made five leagues, when we anchored for the night. On the 1st of November we got through the Belt passage; I then left the fleet, and made sail alone for Carlsham. At 4 P. M. got abreast of Darshead; at 5 it bore S. W. eight miles distant; at 6 P. M. saw Sand Hamsur Hills, on the coast of Sweden, bearing N. N. W., distant about eight miles—several sail in sight plying to windward; during the night we had strong gales from the N. E., with much hail and snow, attended with a bad sea. On the 2d we had strong gales from the N. E., with violent squalls of hail, sleet and snow; at 4 P. M. the Island of Bornholm bore south by compass, two leagues distant. Strong gales still at N. E.; handed the topsail, got down the foreyard, and close reefed all the lower sails; violent gales, with snowy, cold weather, with a high cross-sea running through the day. On the 3d we had a continuation of the same N. E. gale with a high sea running. At meridian, saw a bark near us, with her mainmast gone, just above the deck. They showed Swedish colors, and appeared to be in distress. I bore up, and ran under her lee, but could render her no assistance, as it was blowing a severe gale, and a very high sea on. At noon, saw Bornholm, again bearing S. E. by S., three leagues distant.

The 4th commenced with a continuation of the same N. E. gale, and cold, snowy weather. Towards night it moderated, and shifted to the S. S. E., when we made sail and stood in for the Swedish coast. On the 5th it became more moderate; wind at S. W., but still cloudy and dark. At noon, spoke the

ship Lyon, of Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge,* from St. Petersburg, bound to New York. At 2 P. M. saw Bornholm again bearing E. by S., five leagues distant. On the 6th we had light winds and hazy weather. At six in the morning saw the Island of Hano, bearing N. N. W.; here we got a pilot, and at 2 P. M. came to anchor at Matwick Bay, in six fathoms of water. This is a snug little harbor, sheltered by high rocks on almost every side—a sort of outer port for the town of Carlsham. In an adjacent one, a mile or two from where we lay, I saw lying at anchor an English seventy-four and two frigates.

The newly appointed King of Sweden, Bernadotte, was daily expected at Stockholm. As it was uncertain what course of policy he would pursue in the great contest between England and France, this circumstance had created some difficulty between England and Sweden, and though not absolutely at war, neither were they exactly at peace; the English ships of war were then lying in the outer ports of Sweden, and had but little open intercourse with the towns and cities. While we lay here the officers of the English men-of-war frequently went on shore in plain dress, and passed themselves off as American captains and supercargoes.

Carlsham is a small town of about 4000 inhabitants; it has two churches, a hospital, and several manufactories of canvas and woollen goods; its principal exports are timber, pine boards, pitch and tar. In the afternoon of the day of my arrival, on the sixth of November, I went to Carlsham in a shore boat, delivered my letter of introduction to Messrs. William Schmid and Co., one of the principal mercantile houses at this place, and inquired for letters from Mr. Moses, but found none. I also endeavored to obtain a cable and anchor for the Eliza, but could find none of a suitable size in the town. On my return in the evening of the same day, I found all the crew of my vessel, except the mate and steward, had been taken out of the

* Captain William Bainbridge, of the United States Navy, afterwards Commodore Bainbridge, who so gallantly distinguished himself about three years after this period, by the capture and destruction of the British frigate Java, on the coast of Brazil, on the 29th of December, 1813.

schooner and sent on board the English seventy-four. This ship had sent a midshipman and ten men and had taken possession of my schooner. They had also seized my log-book, and all the papers they could find, and said they expected the vessel and cargo would prove a good prize to their ship. I of course was very much excited and vexed at such arbitrary proceedings, and expressed my anger very freely to the midshipman, who happened to be a fine young gentleman. He was mild and collected, and said he hoped I would not blame *him*, that it was no fault of his; he was only acting in the line of his duty in obeying his superior officer. I saw he was right, and immediately apologized for what I had so hastily uttered. After we finally understood each other, he said it was too late to see the captain that night, it being then eight o'clock; that he had gone on board one of the frigates to a card party, and that I had better delay going to see him until morning.

Accordingly at nine o'clock the next morning, I repaired on board the seventy-four, and was told the captain was at breakfast; I waited an hour, and then sent another message desiring to speak a few words with him; the answer was, that he was making his toilet and could not be seen. At eleven I saw this bashaw coming out of his cabin; he appeared to be going forward without noticing any body on his way. I was determined to speak to him, and advanced for that purpose; without ceremony I told him that my vessel had been taken by his order, and I would thank him if he would have the goodness to explain the reason of my capture. He said, then you are, I suppose, the master of the schooner that came into this port yesterday. On my answering in the affirmative he said, I have not time to attend to the cause of your capture myself, but have appointed two of my officers to investigate your business. He then walked away forward, leaving me to look after the two gentlemen appointed to inquire into the legality of my voyage. After waiting on deck about an hour, I was requested to go below into the wardroom, where I found the purser and one of the lieutenants looking over my log-book, and examining and cross-questioning my sailors about the voyage from the time of our leaving New York until we arrived at Carlsham.

After getting through with the seamen, they then commenced with me. I told them my story was a short one, and required no lawyer to state it; that I was an American, that my vessel and cargo were American property, that I came under convoy of an English fleet from Gottenburg through the Belt passage, had there left it, and put into Carlsham for letters, and furthermore that my cargo was a valuable one, and from the lateness of the season I was extremely anxious to sail on the morrow, and should do so the moment they released my vessel and cargo from seizure. On the contrary, if they did not at once give me back my schooner, I would abandon the vessel and cargo to my captors, forthwith repair with my mate to Carlsham, and there protest against their unlawful proceedings. The two grave inquisitors then retired into the cabin, and after a long consultation returned and said their captain had decided to release my vessel, and gave an order to recall the midshipman and seamen, and allow me to sail when I thought proper. Thus after having been detained a night and a day without the slightest cause, I was graciously permitted to proceed on my voyage. I deem it unnecessary to comment much on the treatment I received at the hands of the captain of this seventy-four gun ship, who being clothed with a little brief authority, rendered it necessary for us, poor merchant captains, to submit at this time to almost every kind of indignity, without any possible means of redress. I have merely given a simple statement of facts, and will leave my countrymen and all other neutral nations to judge for themselves, of the propriety of such arbitrary proceedings.

Being liberated from seizure in the afternoon of November the 7th, I returned to Carlsham, where I found letters from Mr. Moses, then at Copenhagen, advising me to make the best of my way to Riga, and that he would meet me at that place.

The next day, I bought a quantity of fresh provisions, sea stores, &c., while my crew were employed repairing sails and making other necessary preparations; the winter season was fast approaching, and I was very anxious to sail. On the 9th I came on board and got ready for sea. I had a poor, inefficient crew, and was destined to encounter a cold, stormy passage up

the Baltic, a voyage which should never be undertaken at this late season of the year except from dire necessity.

The next day, at ten in the morning we got under way, with a light air from the eastward, and stood out to sea.

On the 11th, the wind continued light from the E. S. E., with dark, cloudy weather; at 4 P. M., the island of Hano bore west, two miles distant, several sail in sight standing down the Baltic. Towards night the wind increased to a fresh breeze from the eastward. Still plying to windward; at six in the evening, saw the Clipper Rocks, bearing E. by N. at a distance of six miles. I find here about one point and a half westerly variation of the compass. During the night the wind continued at E. and E. N. E., with a bad head sea running. On the 12th, the wind blew a fresh gale from the same quarter, with dark, gloomy weather, with sleet and snow; double reefed the sails and continued to ply to windward; at noon, saw the Clipper Rocks again, bearing N. by E. two leagues off; during the latter part of the day and throughout the night, we had strong gales from the eastward, with heavy squalls of rain and hail. On the 13th, we had a continuation of the same winds, but with more sea and worse weather. Still plying to the eastward under a three-reefed mainsail and foresail, violent squalls of hail and snow, with a high sea. At noon, the wind shifted to the northward, when it cleared up a little, and we saw the Prussian coast bearing E. S. E. five leagues distant; during the remainder of this day and through the night the winds were variable, and the weather cold and stormy with considerable snow. My sailors were so worn down with fatigue and exhaustion, that I removed the few that were able to perform their duty into the cabin, and allowed the sick and disabled ones to remain shut up in the forecastle during the remainder of the passage. I daily supplied them with such food and nourishment as I could procure, under the circumstances in which we were placed.

The 14th commenced with strong gales from the N. E. and much sea; in the afternoon of this day saw the Prussian coast again, bearing S. S. E. about twelve miles distant; the wind a little more moderate, but the weather dark and cold, with

squalls of snow; found it necessary to take the main and flying jibs into the cabin to repair. About midnight the wind shifted to the N. N. W.

On the 15th and 16th instants, we had a continuation of gales from almost every point of the compass, with cold, snowy weather. I continued to beat to the eastward to get into the Gulf of Livonia; at noon on the 16th, made Windau Church, bearing N. E. twelve miles distant, when the weather cleared up so as to enable me to get an observation of the sun. I found our latitude to be $57^{\circ} 16'$ north, and the longitude $22^{\circ} 30'$ east of London.

This was the first time I had been able to get the sun's altitude at noon, since we left Carlsham. On the 17th, the weather was a little better; the wind being at S. E. it became clear and comparatively pleasant. At 1 P. M. got abreast of Windau; at 4 ditto Lyseret bore south six miles distant. At six P. M. Dagerot light bore N. N. E. nine miles distant. I still kept plying to windward to get into the Gulf of Livonia, tacking every two or three hours as we found it necessary. Towards night the weather became dark and gloomy, with strong gales at E. S. E.; double-reefed the lower sails and handed the topsail. At 6 P. M. sounded in five fathoms of water; strong gales at E. S. E. during the night with very thick weather. The 18th commenced with a continuation of the same easterly gales and snow-squalls, with a short, bad sea running. At 2 P. M. Domeness lights bore S. E. by S. four miles distant. I saw a brig and a galliot lying at anchor under the lee of Domeness Point; we still continued to ply to windward, tacking every two hours. At 8 P. M., Domeness light bore S. W. eight miles distant. During the night we had strong gales at E. S. E. with sleet and snow.

The 19th commenced with fresh gales at S. E. with snowy weather; at 6 in the afternoon, we made Runo light, bearing S. E. three miles distant; sounded in four fathoms of water. During the night we had light winds from the southward, and very cold weather; at this time we had much ice on deck and about the sails and rigging. At 2 A. M. we came to anchor in seven fathoms of water, where we lay until daylight, namely, at 7 o'clock. We then weighed anchor and made sail with a light breeze from the S. S. E., and commenced beating up the

Gulf to gain our port of destination. November the 20th, the first part of this day we had fresh breezes from the S. S. W., and foggy weather with a little rain. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon got off the mouth of the river Dwina; here we took a pilot, and in half an hour afterwards came to anchor at the Boldera, after a passage of nine days from Carlsham, and certainly one of the most boisterous and disagreeable I ever made. Two days after I arrived here, the harbor at the Boldera was entirely closed, so much so, that I walked around my vessel on the ice with perfect safety. In our case, a kind Providence seemed to guide and protect us during the whole of this long and arduous voyage. Had I been two days later, I could not have entered the river Dwina, but should have inevitably been frozen up for the winter, in the Gulf of Livonia.

All the papers appertaining to the schooner Eliza and her cargo, were forthwith sent up to St. Petersburg, for investigation. I found lying in this port eight American vessels; the most of them had arrived here in September and October; their papers had all been sent up to St. Petersburg for examination. In fact I may say we were all under a kind of sequestration, and unable to discharge or dispose of our cargoes. I learned that a great many American ships had been taken and sent into different places, some to Stralsund and Callemburg and others into ports higher up the Baltic. The ship Atlantic, of New York, left Gottenburg under the same convoy with myself, and after getting through the Belt was captured by a French privateer and sent into Dantzic. There were also several other American vessels sent into the same port. The petty officers and crews of these vessels, I was told, were lashed two and two and marched on foot by the French to Antwerp. The captains and supercargoes alone, were allowed to remain behind; so much for French clemency towards neutral nations in 1810, under the iron rule of "Le grand Empereur," and his pretorians.

The whole number of American vessels that wintered in Russia in the winter of 1810, was twenty-three. One in Libau, eight in Riga, and fourteen in Revel, and other ports in the Gulf of Finland. Thus after Bonaparte, with his

continental system, had driven trade and commerce in a great measure from almost all Europe, he appeared determined to force Russia into the same political policy; and when the property of neutral nations was no longer respected in Southern and Western Europe, but on the contrary was seized and condemned with impunity, it became necessary to go as far as possible from the grasp of his military power, and seek a market in the high northern regions. Even here, among the ice and snow, we did not feel quite safe from his powerful influence; it therefore became necessary for the Emperor of Russia to disguise his intentions and keep up a show of compliance to the views of France, while preparing for the grand struggle to resist the mighty power of his adversary. These considerations in my mind were sufficient to allay any unpleasant feelings growing out of the long delay of getting our papers from St. Petersburg. Here, it was easy to see that a great storm was gathering in the political atmosphere. All this winter, the Russians were sledging down cannon from the interior to the frontier towns, and making every preparation for the conflict, with as little noise and bustle as possible.

When I reflect on the character and conduct of Bonaparte at this period, it forcibly reminds me of Haman of old, when he exclaimed, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate." Bonaparte probably said to himself, What advantage have I gained in the conquest of Europe, except I can compel Alexander to comply with my measures and policy, and be subject to my dictation; I will therefore convince him that my armies are invincible, and will soon humble his pride; but before I strike the final blow, I will endeavor to delude him by my adroit diplomacy. This he forthwith tried to accomplish. He sent to the court of St. Petersburg one of his most talented and cunning diplomatic men, in the person of Marshal Caulaincourt, to deceive and throw him off his guard with respect to his real intentions. He also sent to beguile and amuse him the best dramatic actors and actresses in France, and when he found that stratagem and intrigue did not accomplish his purpose, he decided on taking such a powerful army as should enable him to crush his enemy

in one campaign. But now mark the signal failure of the plans of this ambitious man, this spoiled child of Fortune, who would not take the advice of his old marshals and true friends to winter in Poland, and then open the campaign early in the spring. No, his haughty ambition and thirst for conquest impelled him to rush blindly on to his own ruin.

We Americans, had every reason to rejoice that we had at this time the talented and accomplished John Quincy Adams, for our ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. He was always watchful for the interest and honor of his country, and ever ready to assist his countrymen at home and abroad. I have no doubt he was essentially useful in our commercial relations with Russia at this trying period. I felt grateful to him during his life, and will, so long as I live, cherish and revere his memory.

Boldera is a small town about eight or nine miles below Riga, near the mouth of the Dwina, and is in fact the port of Riga. At this place there were many cheap houses, built expressly to rent to the ship-masters who winter here, to shelter their mates and crews from the severity of this climate, it being always too cold to live on shipboard. These houses were in a line at a convenient distance from each other; and each American captain in port hired one for his mates and seamen, at a rent of ten dollars per month. They were tolerably well built, and as firewood was plenty and cheap, were comfortable residences for the winter. We unbent our sails, stripped the masts of all the rigging, and in a warm and comfortable room by the side of a large fire, my mate and sailors overhauled the rigging, repaired all the old, and made an entire new suit of sails during the winter. The sailors gave names to these houses according to their own fancy, sometimes after their ship or vessel; others were called New York, Boston, or Salem, corresponding to the places where they belonged. After the labor of the day, they would visit their respective neighbors at New York, Boston or Salem, and as there was no want of female society among the lower classes, balls and dances were very frequent. The mates and petty officers also enjoyed the society of each other, and in this manner contrived to spend their time pleasantly during the

long, cold evenings in this dreary climate. During the winter, provisions and breadstuffs were very cheap, so that we were able to support our crews at a very moderate expense. The peasants brought to this city in sledges, from Livonia and Poland, all kinds of wild game and slaughtered domestic animals, frozen to such a degree, that if necessary they could be kept for months. The most of these articles were, of course, badly dressed, and had sometimes a disgusting appearance, having been killed and brought to market by these rude and half savage people—for example, the hogs had their throats cut and the hair partly singed off, but when our sailors had scalded and redressed them, they were good and wholesome food. The captains and supercargoes resided in Riga. I hired very comfortable apartments in company with Captain William Colwell, of the ship *Venus* of Boston, at a reasonable rate. We also hired a man with a horse and sleigh to attend us by night and day, at the low rate of eight dollars per month; and as the river was frozen some two or three feet thick, there was an excellent road for sleighs on the ice from the town to the ships at the Boldera, so that in a very short time we could visit our vessels whenever it became necessary.

About the first of December, Mr. Moses arrived here from Copenhagen, and appointed as our commission house or commercial agents, Messrs. Joach, Ebel, Schmidt & Co. He then proceeded to St. Petersburg to get the vessel and cargo clear of sequestration, and also to dispose of our merchandise. After a delay of seven or eight weeks, the government at St. Petersburg allowed us to discharge. All our goods were taken from the vessel into one-horse sledges, transported directly to the custom-house, and from there, after being inspected, forwarded to St. Petersburg and other large towns in the interior. The sugars and other articles composing our cargo, were sold at the capital at very high prices.

The expense for transporting goods over this extensive empire in the winter season, was extremely low; I will not quote prices, for fear of making some mistake, but will state the common mode of conveying goods to and from this city to St. Petersburg and Moscow. Thus, twenty or thirty one-horse sledges

are loaded and secured, when one man and a boy take charge of the whole caravan; the man rides and drives the leading horse, all the others follow in a direct line, while the boy brings up the rear. They follow one another by night and day; the drivers clothed in sheepskins and nestled in straw. They traverse the wide and wild regions of this vast empire with perfect safety; the price of horned cattle and horses is extremely low, while the wages of the peasants and working classes are merely nominal; consequently, the transportation of goods from place to place, even at a great distance, must be very reasonable. Riga is the capital city of the province of Livonia, and lies on the right bank of the river Dwina, about nine miles from its mouth, in lat. $56^{\circ} 57' N.$, long. $24^{\circ} 4' E.$ It contains about 50,000 inhabitants including the garrison, which generally numbers about eight or ten thousand. It is a very ancient town, and was formerly strongly fortified. The walls around the old city are still in good repair, but its inhabitants have so increased and spread around, that the suburbs are more extensive and contain more souls than the city itself. It is a great place for trade and commerce. There are from 1,000 to 1,500 ships entered and cleared at this place annually; their principal exports are manufactured goods from Moscow; wheat, flax, tallow, flaxseed, hemp and iron, besides timber, masts, deal boards and hides, brought down the river from Poland.

Its public buildings are many of them large and well constructed; the cathedral is very ancient, its tower is four hundred and forty feet in height, from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The town house, exchange and arsenal are built of massive stone, and are substantial, and well adapted to this climate. There is also a tolerable theatre, which, in the winter, is very well supported. The principal merchants are Germans; the shopkeepers and petty dealers generally Russians, and though the language of the country is Russ, still, German, English, and French are spoken by all the upper or educated classes. The Rigarians may be justly called a gay, social people; during the winter months they have frequent supper parties, masked and fancy balls; and contrive in this way to beguile their long and dreary winters.

Although the cold is intense, there appears to be little or no suffering; their houses are well adapted to the climate, being thick and strong, with double windows, to keep out the frost. Firewood is abundant and cheap in this part of Russia, so that all are enabled to partake of this blessing in a greater or less degree. An individual in this country is generally recognized, that is to say, his rank and standing in society acknowledged, by the fineness of his furs; for example, the emperor and the higher order of nobility are wrapped in sable, ermine, and other costly furs, and so the quality and price gradually descend through all classes, even down to the poor serf or common peasant, who is clothed in sheepskin. In Holland, a person is known by the size of his pipe; for instance, a burgomaster has a large silver-mounted pipe, while the poorer classes are contented with small ones of less value.

The winters in this part of Russia are altogether different from those in New York and the northern States, where they are extremely variable, sometimes very cold, and others comparatively mild—subject to violent storms, and inconstant, changeable weather; thus, to-day the sleighing may be very good, and to-morrow the snow all melted, so that the weather is ever varying. Not so in this region. When the winter fairly sets in, which is generally about the middle of November, the ground is soon covered with snow to the depth of two or three feet, and though the air is clear, cold and bracing, it is still easy to respire.

The Fahrenheit thermometer is generally down to zero, and often falls eighteen or twenty degrees below it; the rivers are frozen to the thickness of three or four feet, and remain so during the whole of the winter. There are no storms or violent gales, the sky is clear, and the heavenly bodies are bright and dazzling. The days are short, and generally whirled away in business or pleasure, and in preparing for more active employment at the opening of the spring. I was told that it was a standing order of the government to remove the sentries from all military posts, when the thermometer was as low as eighteen degrees; anterior to this regulation, sentinels were sometimes found frozen to death, standing bolt upright at their posts.

To strangers and people of distinction, the *élite* of Riga are very hospitable. During the greater part of the winter, there were here eight or ten American captains and supercargoes. We were generally social and friendly, giving occasionally supper and whist parties; these were pleasant and not expensive meetings. Some few, however, of the supercargoes, preferred visiting the families of the rich merchants, where, I am sorry to say, in some of them gambling was introduced, and sometimes the parties would play very deep, and even the ladies would not refuse to join in this dangerous practice, so destructive to good morals. One of our number, the supercargo of the ship *V.*, a handsome young gentleman of about twenty-two years of age, became very fond of betting and playing, and for several evenings was very successful, often boasting how many thousand rubles he had gained the last night, and appeared very much elated with his success. I frequently remonstrated with him on the subject, and told him of his youth, inexperience, and of the sad consequences of this alluring passion, which had ruined thousands older than himself; his reply was, "Although I am young, I still know how to govern and take care of myself." Some weeks after this the young man became sullen and very low-spirited, and would often remark that life was not worth possessing, and that he had rather die than live. I feared that all was not right with him, and endeavored to divert his mind from dwelling on the dark side of life, but all to no purpose; he grew more discontented with himself, and every body else, and finally shut himself up in his own room, and with a pistol blew out his brains. After this melancholy catastrophe, it was found that he had gambled away the greater part of the cargo intrusted to his management. I have entered minutely into this sad story, in hopes that if it should ever meet the eyes of young gentlemen, it may serve as a warning to them to avoid the baneful practice of gaming.

In the course of the winter there was a similar case of suicide in this city. A young German gentleman, cashier to one of the principal mercantile houses, had taken a considerable sum of his employer's money; the merchant, though defrauded by the young man, was persuaded, through the anxious sollicita-

tions of his mother, to retain him in his counting office. Though he could no longer trust him in charge of the cash, still, to gratify her, he was willing to retain him in his employ in a less responsible situation. The young gentleman remained a few weeks in a subordinate capacity, but was so wounded and mortified at the loss of reputation, that he soon put an end to his heretofore valuable life. I knew him personally, and record with deep regret his untimely end, caused by the abominable vice of gambling. He was an amiable young man, and had a mother and two sisters almost entirely dependent upon him for support. He had many influential friends, and bore an excellent character, until led imperceptibly into the habit of gambling, not indeed at gaming-houses, among the low and abandoned, but with gentlemen and ladies. I wish not to be too severe against the élite of this hospitable city, and if I have been wrongly informed on the subject, I hope it will not be attributed to any ill-will or pique against them; but if I am right, I trust, ere this, there has been a radical reform, and that the respectable part of the community have set their faces against that terrible vice, which leads to every moral and religious delinquency. I believe that, with the exception of the field of battle, there is nothing so exciting or seducing as the gaming-table.

Towards the latter part of February we began to ballast the Eliza with a quantity of iron in bars, and eighty casks of tallow, each containing about nine hundred pounds, net weight; we also took on board some few tons of hemp, and got ready to receive the manufactured goods whenever they should arrive from St. Petersburg. During my stay here, I disposed of all my private adventure in this city, except about forty boxes of Havana segars, which I sent by land to Libau, where they were sold at a great profit. I had much leisure time, and was enabled to select and purchase manufactured articles, such as linens, duck, etc., etc., at very reasonable prices. The amount thus invested in goods of different descriptions, at sailing, was fifteen hundred dollars. My friend, Mr. J. M., remained at St. Petersburg nearly all the winter, where he purchased the greater part of our return cargo, which consisted principally of

sheetings, drillings, diapers, canvas, ravens duck, etc., etc., all packed up in bales with many coverings of cloth and mats to secure them against damage from exposure on the road. Through the months of March and April, as the goods arrived, they were sent on board and stowed away. The river began to break up about the 10th of April, and several ships arrived on the 24th. I was informed by the inhabitants of Riga, that the river and harbor at Boldera were open much earlier than usual; commonly there were no arrivals until the middle of May, and often as late as the first of June.

We finished loading the Eliza on the fifteenth of May, settled all our bills, and got ready for sea. Our little schooner was in fine order, with an abundance of new rigging, and an entire new suit of sails. I understood from Mr. Moses, that the whole cost of our return cargo was \$45,000. After lying in this port six months and four days, we sailed out of the Dwina on the morning of the 25th of May, 1811, bound to New York. We soon discharged our pilot and stood off shore, with light, variable winds and clear, pleasant weather.

Latitude by observation at meridian, $57^{\circ} 21'$ north.

In two days after leaving Riga, I got out of the Gulf of Livonia and steered down the Baltic, with light, variable winds and very fine weather. It is delightful to navigate this sea in the long days of summer, when the sun does not leave the horizon until after nine o'clock, and when the twilight continues so long and bright, that it is not difficult to read a book of ordinary sized type at midnight. Strong gales at this season of the year are of rare occurrence, consequently the sea is generally smooth and tranquil.

After getting out of the Gulf of Livonia, I ran over to the Swedish coast, to avoid meeting French or Danish privateers, that had in some instances ventured out and made short cruises from Dantzic, and other ports in Prussia.

On the 31st of May, I passed near a fleet of about fifty sail of merchant ships, standing up the Baltic, under convoy of a British frigate and two sloops-of-war.

June 1st, at noon, came to anchor at Hano, in eleven fathoms of water, after a pleasant passage of five days from Riga. Hano

is a small island on the coast of Sweden, in the neighborhood of Carlsham; between it and the main land there is good, safe anchorage—the entrance being open and of easy access. These circumstances, and its favorable position, make it a great rendezvous for the English men-of-war; here they lie until a sufficient number of merchant ships have collected, when the admiral sends a frigate or two to convoy them through the Belt and Cattegat to Gottenburg. When I arrived, I found about twenty sail waiting convoy, and after lying here eight days, the number had augmented to about fifty. On the 9th of June we left Hano, under the protection of a frigate and two sloops-of-war, and soon got into the Great Belt, where we saw lying at anchor the *Vigo* seventy-four, Admiral Dixon, and several frigates and sloops-of-war. At this season of the year, men-of-war can anchor with perfect safety in almost any part of this passage.

On the 10th of June an American captain gave me a list of twenty sail of American ships and vessels lying in Gottenburg and the Great Belt, all bound to St. Petersburg and other parts of the Gulf of Finland. On the 10th, in the afternoon, the wind being light, we came to anchor in the Belt, where I was boarded by the boats of the *Vigo*. I sold to the officers of this ship a quantity of Russian linen, diaper, etc. They were gentlemanly men, and paid liberally for all they purchased. At three o'clock in the morning a light breeze sprung up from the southward, and we got under way. We met with light winds and calms for several days, and made but slow progress, lying by at night, when the winds were contrary, and were thus detained until the 17th of June, when we arrived at the outer harbor of Gottenburg, after a passage of eight days. Here we filled up our water-casks, replenished our sea-stores, firewood, etc., and after waiting three days for a fair wind, left this port on the 21st for home. On the 23d, at five A. M., saw the *Naze* of Norway, bearing north twelve leagues distant—several sail in sight; light winds from the S. E., and fine weather. Latitude, by observation at noon, $57^{\circ} 42' N$.

On the 25th, at six o'clock in the morning, made North Ronaldsha, one of the Orkney Islands, bearing N. N. W. four miles distant; at the same time saw the light-house on Sanda Island,

bearing S. W. one league. At meridian, Mouldhead on Papa Westra Island, bore south thirteen miles distant. Latitude by observation $59^{\circ} 34'$ north; here the variation of the compass is about two and three-fourths points westerly. We were now only three days from Gottenburg, and had made good progress on our passage; before night we got to the westward of these islands, and were once more on the broad Atlantic. Nothing remarkable occurred during a period of nine days; from this date we had light winds and fine weather until the 4th of July, when we had a strong gale from the S. W. At two A. M. hove to under a three-reefed foresail; at four A. M. pitched away the jib-boom in the wake of the cap; strong gales with a high sea running during the day. We had unbent the main-jib to repair it; at ten in the morning the wind moderated a little, and the sea was not quite so high as it had been during the night.

At this time the mate and two men were bending the main-jib, when the vessel gave a violent pitch and washed one of them off the bowsprit; he was an ordinary seaman by the name of Thomas Chatterton; instantly a coil of rope was thrown over his head, but to no purpose, he was unable to grasp it. We immediately got out the boat though a high sea was running, and the poor fellow was not twenty yards from the bows of the schooner; still he sunk to rise no more before the boat could reach him. It was indeed a painful sight to see a fellow-creature perish so near the vessel, without being able to save him. Here is a striking proof of the necessity of learning to swim in early life; had this man been able to swim, he would in all human probability have been saved. This accident occurred in latitude $56^{\circ} 2' N.$, longitude $23^{\circ} 40' W.$

On the 14th of July, at midnight, while blowing a strong gale at N. N. W., we passed through a fleet of ships standing to the eastward; from this day until the 30th instant, we generally had contrary winds, and made but slow progress getting to the westward. At six o'clock in the morning, on the 30th of July, we fell in with a fleet of eighty sail of merchant ships from Jamaica bound to England, under convoy of two men-of-war brigs; from one of them a boat was sent on board our vessel for information from Europe. From this period nothing occurred

worthy of remark until we arrived at New York, on the 9th of August, after a passage of forty-nine days from Gottenburg. I was attached to the schooner Eliza on this voyage to Russia, from the 9th of August, 1810, to the 15th of August, 1811, being a period of twelve months and six days. I made a very good voyage for my owners, and we settled all our accounts to our mutual satisfaction. I am happy to add that I always found Messrs. Isaac Moses & Sons, honest, honorable merchants, and during a period of eighteen months, that I sailed in their employment, we never had the slightest misunderstanding. After the schooner Eliza was discharged, she was sold to Messrs. G. G. & S. Howland. These gentlemen, through my recommendation, gave the command of her to Mr. Stephen Trowbridge, who had been my mate for the last two years. She was soon loaded and dispatched to some port in Brazil. I returned home to my native place, where I found my good mother and sister well, and was rejoiced to meet them again after so long an absence. I had now acquired a fair competency, and was enabled to support them comfortably, and keep my younger brothers at the best school in the town.

Here I remained a few weeks with my family, when my friend and former employer, Archibald Gracie, Esq., wrote for me to return to New York. He informed me he was about purchasing a new ship in Philadelphia, and if agreeable to my wishes, would give me the command of her on a voyage to Lisbon. I thanked him for the offer, and forthwith the business was settled. I knew him too well to say a single word on the subject of wages or emolument; I preferred leaving the terms with him, for he always allowed me better pay than I should have dared to ask. I am now happy to speak of this excellent man as I have ever found him, and to give my feeble testimony to his generous and noble qualities. A more honest, kind and benevolent man, never drew the breath of life; open-heartedness and candor were the leading traits of his character. As a merchant, he had but few equals; he despised all cunning and duplicity, and was in every sense a just and good man. For many years his house was the seat of a generous hospitality, and the poor never went away empty from his door. He was in-

deed a father to me, for when a mere boy I was mate of his vessels, and when old enough to command, he gave me charge of his ship *Virginia*, and was now about to intrust me with a valuable new ship and cargo.

I have, from time to time, in my narrative spoken of the treatment of neutral nations by England and France, and of the difficulty of prosecuting a voyage from the United States to any part of the world without molestation and frequent capture. On the one hand, Bonaparte was overrunning the continent of Europe, and on the other, England claiming the dominion of the sea; in fine, both these great powers appeared determined to destroy all neutral rights, and force the other nations of the earth to take part in their quarrels. With respect to the United States, there was no doubt of the injuries and persecutions we had received from both of these belligerent powers; the only question was, which of the two has done us the greatest wrong, and treated us with the greatest indignity and contempt? The French robbed us, but still treated us politely, while the English affected to despise us, and some of their impudent newspapers asserted that one discharge of gunpowder in anger, would drive us all off the ocean. We had borne persecution and insult so long, that in Europe it was generally said, and became almost a by-word, that the Americans had no national pride or character, and for the sake of gain, would sacrifice every principle of honor. The peculiar position in which we were placed with regard to England and France, engendered a malignant and bitter party feeling throughout the whole of the United States. The New Englanders accused the South and West of being partial to France, while the South called their political opponents partisans of England. Thus by these feuds and civil dissensions, the power of the government was in a measure paralyzed; still, something must be done, and finally it was narrowed down to this simple question: "Shall we destroy our ships and stay at home, like the Chinese, or assert our rights at the cannon's mouth?" It was, therefore, evident to every intelligent mind, that war was unavoidable, and must soon come.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIRST VOYAGE IN THE SHIP AMERICA, FROM PHILADELPHIA TO LISBON,
AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1811 AND 1812.

I LEFT New York for Philadelphia, on the 29th of September. At this time there was no public conveyance, all the way by land, except the stage-coach. I recollect the fare was eight dollars and a half, and the charge for two meals on the road, brought the expense of going from New York to Philadelphia, to about ten dollars. On my arrival at that city, I called, agreeably to my instructions, on Messrs. Welling & Francis, the friends and agents of Messrs. Archibald Gracie & Sons. They immediately placed me in command of the *America*. I found her an excellently built ship, burden 525 tons, quite new, but requiring new sails, boats, running rigging, etc., etc.; and as she had been laid up from the time she was launched, of course required a thorough calking. She was built of the best materials, and considered at this time as good a ship as belonged to the port of Philadelphia. I lost no time in ordering new sails, boats, etc. I employed carpenters and calkers, and in the course of eight or ten days commenced loading, and on the 23d of October we finished. Our cargo consisted of 5,382 barrels of flour, with white-oak staves for dunnage. The cargo of the *America* at this period was considered enormously large. Our crew was composed of two mates, a carpenter, cook, and steward, with sixteen men and boys before the mast, exclusive of myself and the supercargo—the whole number being twenty-two souls.

We had much trouble in getting the seamen on board. Many of them being intoxicated, and maddened with liquor, they were very riotous and abusive to the officers, and also to the pilot, who, agreeably to my orders, took charge of the ship on the 1st of November, to proceed down to Reedy Island. On their way down, one of the men jumped overboard, and would inevitably have been lost, but for the noble conduct of the second mate, who leaped into the river and saved him from drowning. After much trouble and difficulty, they finally got safe down to the island. The next day, Mr. Augustus Fleming (the supercargo) and myself, went by land to Reedy Island, and there joined the ship. We found the crew in a very mutinous state; they had refused to obey the officers, and swore they would not weigh the anchor without more men. I consulted with my supercargo and officers for a few moments, and asked them whether they would stand by me, and support my authority. They all agreed to do so, and commenced arming themselves, Mr. Fleming and myself with pistols, the carpenter (a powerful man) with a huge broad-axe, the mates, pilot, steward and boys with crowbars, clubs, etc., and thus the quarter-deck was arrayed against the forecastle. We marched forward, myself at the head; we found them all seated on the forecastle and windlass, when I addressed the two ringleaders, and asked them the cause of their disobedience; they said we were two men short, and that was the reason of their refusing to obey. I told them that I was the best judge of the number of men the ship required, and instantly ordered them to take the handspikes and heave up the anchor. It was now evident that one or the other party must yield, or an immediate conflict would ensue. They waited about a minute for a reply, when looking upon us, and then upon themselves, the ringleader exclaimed, "Come, boys, let us give three cheers for the America and her captain, and then go to work." This was done with enthusiasm; they then manned the windlass, hove up the anchor with alacrity, and made sail on the ship in good earnest.

After she was fairly under way, I ordered the mates to go down into the forecastle and throw overboard all the liquor they

could find. This was done without any resistance, and after these men became sober, they proved to be an excellent crew, and gave me no further trouble during the whole voyage. This case and many similar ones have convinced me that alcohol is the bane of all peace and concord, and should, if possible, be banished from the earth, as the most deadly enemy of the human race. We ran down the bay in company with the ships *Rebecca Sims* and *China Packet*, the former bound to Lisbon, and the latter to Gibraltar, and although the *America* was deep, and drew eighteen and a half feet of water, she outsailed them both. When nearly abreast of Cape Henlopen, on the 4th of November, I imprudently discharged the pilot, and soon after he left us, the ship struck on one of the outer shoals several times, very severely. I immediately took in all the after sails, and as we had a strong breeze from the N. N. W., and the tide was rising, she only grounded for a few minutes, and was soon afloat again. We had a brisk and favorable breeze, and soon lost sight of the land. I have minutely dwelt on my ship's taking the ground, that it may be a warning to all young captains, who may chance to read this narrative, against committing the same error, that is to say, in discharging their pilots too soon.

We generally had favorable winds and good weather until we made the Island of Corvo, on the 17th. From this time until the 8th of December, we had a continuation of boisterous gales and very bad weather until we arrived at Lisbon, on the 9th of the same month, after a long passage of thirty-eight days. I found the ships that left New York and Philadelphia about the time I sailed, had had long passages as well as myself; the new ship *Phoenix* had forty days from Philadelphia, and the *Rebecca Sims* had not yet arrived. We met with an excellent market for our cargo of flour, which cost nine dollars per barrel and brought here fifteen. Mr. Fleming employed H. T. Sampayo, Esq., at this place, to dispose of it, and to transact all the business connected with the ship. Our flour was all landed in good order in about a fortnight. I will here take occasion to say, that my supercargo, Augustus Fleming, Esq., of New York, was an excellent young man. He was brave, generous, intelligent and confiding, and when he an-

nounced his intention to remain in Europe, and not return in the ship, I received the intelligence with sincere regret, for I felt confident that we could have sailed around the world together, without the slightest disagreement.

We soon ballasted the ship with sand, and sailed from Lisbon on the 8th of January, bound for New York. I ran off the coast of Portugal with a fine fair wind and good weather, and met with nothing worth recording during this passage. We arrived at New York on the 10th of February, 1812, thirty-three days from Lisbon, thus making the entire voyage from Philadelphia to Lisbon and back to New York, in three and a half months, and I am happy to add, to the satisfaction of my owners and all others interested in the voyage. I was also successful, my employers having allowed me the privilege of one hundred barrels of flour, liberal wages and other perquisites.

CHAPTER XIX.

SECOND VOYAGE IN THE SHIP AMERICA, FROM NEW YORK TO LISBON, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1812.

I HAD made the last voyage in this ship on a single bottom, she being quite new. It was the desire of the owners to have her coppered and dispatched on another voyage to Lisbon, as soon as possible. No time was therefore lost in discharging the ballast and coppering the ship. My presence was necessary, to superintend the fitting and loading of the *America*; consequently I had no leisure to visit my home in Connecticut. After the necessary repairs were completed, we took on board an entire cargo of 3,000 barrels of flour, and 12,000 bushels of corn. I shipped an entire new crew of officers and seamen. The name of my chief mate was Charles M. Hanstrom; he was a very religious man—a Swede by birth—somewhat advanced in life, but still an efficient, good officer, and bore an excellent character.

Thus manned and equipped, we sailed from New York on the 29th of March—having been in port but forty-six days. We had a pleasant run off the coast, and a fair prospect of making a quick passage; but after getting as far east as the Western Islands, had contrary and baffling winds, which impeded our progress, and made our passage rather long, so that we did not arrive at Lisbon until the 4th of May, thirty-six days from New York. But what in our case was very remarkable, was that our long passage proved of vast advantage to my owners; for had we arrived a fortnight sooner, our cargo would probably have been sold at low prices; but, as it happened, it was disposed of

at an enormous profit, owing to the United States government having laid an embargo on all ships and vessels in the United States, on the 3d of April—three days after we left New York. This act was preparatory to a declaration of war against Great Britain, which occurred on the 18th of June, 1812. This, of course, augmented the price of all kinds of provisions and breadstuffs; so that my entire cargo sold at an immense profit. The flour brought \$20 per barrel, and the Indian corn \$3 the bushel. This is not the first time in my life that my shortsighted ingratitude evinced itself against a beneficent Providence; for, during the passage, I often repined at my hard fate in being so long detained by contrary winds.

After the cargo was discharged, we ballasted the ship, and got ready for sea. Our consignee, H. T. Sampayo, Esq., was at a loss what to do with the ships belonging to Messrs. Gracie & Sons, which were three in number, besides a little schooner called the John and George, Captain Isaacs. This little vessel was dispatched on the 1st of June for New York. By Captain Isaacs I sent a piece of linen, and some other small articles, as presents to my sister, which unfortunately never arrived—Captain I. having been captured by the English on his homeward passage, and sent into Halifax; there his little schooner and every thing on board was condemned. Mr. Sampayo became daily more and more anxious and uneasy about Messrs. Gracie & Sons' ships. To lay them up here upon expense, would be ruinous, and to send them home, was a very responsible measure for him to take upon himself. The last news from the United States was, that our government had laid an embargo on all American ships and vessels. How long it would continue, no one could say, or what would be the next step our government would take. Our situation was therefore surrounded by difficulties on every side; but, after a few weeks' deliberation, it was finally decided to remit all the funds belonging to Messrs. Gracie to London, and send the ships home in ballast the first fair wind. There were many other American ships here, similarly situated; which circumstance created much bustle and anxiety to get away. Many bets were made by the American

captains and supercargoes, on the passages of their respective ships.

Some of my countrymen imagined there would be no war; others thought they would have sufficient time to get home before it would be declared. My own opinion was, however, that it was inevitable. I accordingly decided not to speak any thing, if I could avoid it, and to keep a little out of the general track of homeward-bound ships. At length, on the morning of the 14th of June, we all sailed out of the port of Lisbon, bound to New York: the *Eliza Gracie*, Captain Rodgers; the *Oronoko*, Captain J. Richards; and the *America*, myself master; besides several other American ships, in company with us, all bound to the United States. At the time of sailing, we had a fine, fresh breeze from the N. E., and clear, pleasant weather. During the first day out, there was no material difference in the sailing of our three ships; we all pushed to the westward, taking about the same course. At nightfall, I edged the ship off a couple of points to the southward, in order to get clear of the fleet—wishing to pursue my destiny alone, whether for weal or woe—and at daylight the next morning there was nothing in sight.

In consequence of the great competition to make the shortest passage, I promised each of my officers a handsome present, as an inducement to be watchful and vigilant; to the chief mate a new suit of clothes, if we beat the other ships, and to the second mate a corresponding reward. We had favorable winds for several days, and proceeded rapidly on our course, until we reached latitude $40^{\circ} 10' N.$, longitude $32^{\circ} W.$ —that is to say, a little west of the Western Islands. There we met with light airs and calms, which continued for five consecutive days, and during that time we did not make fifty miles distance. It was a severe trial to me to lie day after day almost in the same position, with the sea as smooth as a mirror, expecting to be beaten by the entire fleet, offend my owners, and perhaps lose my command, on my return to New York. In this anxious state of mind, I used often to exclaim against my hard fate. My pious old mate had always the same mild answer to make to all my complaints—"You may rely upon it, Captain C., that it is all for the best; for I have ever found it so. Do not, therefore,

fret or complain; God orders every thing in wisdom, and it will eventually be for our good." It was, to me, strange philosophy, that it would be for my interest to be beaten by the other ships.

At the expiration of five days, however, we took a fine breeze from the southward, and made good progress to the westward. I now steered for Nantucket south shoal, where I got soundings and a good lunar observation, and thus ascertained the exact position of the ship, and here I also spoke a small schooner, bound to the eastward. The captain of this vessel informed me that war existed between England and the United States, and that it had been declared on the 18th of June. It was now the 15th of July. I therefore decided to run at once for Montauk Point, and pass through Long Island Sound. This was in the morning, and a strong breeze blowing from the S. E. I accordingly got near Montauk Light about midnight, when it became nearly calm, and soon after a light breeze sprung up to the northward, directly off the land. I therefore concluded it would be dangerous to be in this position at daylight; for if there should be any cruisers off the Point, I should inevitably be taken. Consequently, I steered close in with the Southampton beach, in eight or nine fathoms of water, and at daylight saw nothing except a few small craft in shore. I had no cargo or money on board, except two thousand Spanish dollars, belonging to myself—the avails of my own private adventure. This specie I put into small bags, and got one of the boats ready, with a select crew, to start for the shore at a moment's warning. For this service, I appointed Mr. William Fitch, my second mate—a worthy, confidential young man, whom I could trust, with perfect safety, to manage this business. I then pointed out our danger to the officers and men, and also the course I meant to pursue. My plan was, if we met with an English cruiser, and could not avoid capture, to run the ship on shore, set fire to her, and then escape to the land in the two remaining boats.

During the whole of this day we had light, variable winds and fine weather. We steered along shore, in eight or nine fathoms of water, and in the afternoon passed near Fire Island,

where we boarded a sloop, laden with wood, but, to our disappointment, could get no positive information about the war, or whether there were any British cruisers off Sandy Hook. At 10 P. M. we got close in with the Hook, where we took a pilot, and soon learned that nothing had been heard of the Eliza Gracie or the Oronoko. The next morning, July 17th, we got safe up to New York, rejoiced at our good fortune in having escaped the enemy. About a week after our arrival we heard, with regret, that the Oronoko and Eliza Gracie had both been taken by Admiral Sawyer's fleet. They sent the Oronoko into Halifax, and burned the Eliza Gracie.

Mr. Hanstrom, my good old mate, continued to say, that every thing had come right, and that the five days calm weather had saved us from capture. Upon examining the track taken by the Eliza Gracie and Oronoko, it appeared that they passed but about fifty or sixty miles to the northward of us—thus avoiding the calm—and soon fell in with the English fleet.

After paying off the officers and men, I went home to Connecticut for a few weeks, and then returned to New York. The times were bad for commerce; many merchant ships had been taken by the enemy, and great numbers laid up; some of them had been removed up the North River as far as Hudson, and others dismantled and laid up here. Although painful to see our ships rotting alongside the wharves, still, in my opinion, it was better and more patriotic than to submit any longer to tyrannical abuse and oppression. The recent heavy losses experienced by my owners were very discouraging, and on the 30th of July Mr. Gracie gave me orders to transport the America up town, there dismantle and lay her up. I complied with his request, and having appointed a ship-keeper, again returned to the home of my mother. About the twentieth of August, while in Milford, we received the joyful news of the capture and destruction of the British frigate *Guerrière*, Captain Dacres, by the United States frigate *Constitution*, under the command of Captain Isaac Hull. This brilliant action electrified the whole country, and was received as a joyous foreboding of good things to come. This was the commencement of fair and open-handed

combat, and had no mixture of the crouching Leopard in its nature ; it was brilliant, it was glorious !

And here I cannot refrain from giving the following extract from a part of John C. Calhoun's speech, addressed (June 3d, 1812) to Congress :

“ Before I proceed to answer the gentleman from Massachusetts, particularly, let me call the attention of the House to one circumstance ; that is, that almost the whole of his arguments consisted of an enumeration of evils always incident to war, however just and necessary ; and that, if they have any force, it is calculated to produce unqualified submission to every species of insult and injury. I do not feel myself bound to answer arguments of the above description, and if I should touch on them, it will only be incidentally, and not for the purpose of serious refutation. The first argument of the gentleman which I shall notice, is the unprepared state of the country. Whatever weight this argument might have in a question of immediate war, it surely has little in that of preparation for it. If our country is unprepared, let us remedy the evil as soon as possible. Let the gentleman submit his plan ; and, if a reasonable one, I doubt not it will be supported by the House. But, sir, let us admit the fact and the whole force of the argument, I ask whose is the fault ? Who has been a member for many years past, and has seen the defenceless state of his country even near home, under his own eyes, without a single endeavor to remedy so serious an evil ? Let him not say, ‘ I have acted in a minority.’ It is no less the duty of the minority than the majority to endeavor to serve our country. For that purpose we are sent here, and not for that of opposition. We are next told of the expenses of the war, and that the people will not pay taxes. Why not ? Is it a want of capacity ? What ! with one million tons of shipping ; a trade of nearly one hundred million dollars ; manufactures of one hundred and fifty million dollars ; and agriculture of thrice that amount, shall we be told the country wants the capacity to raise and support ten thousand or fifteen thousand additional regulars ? No, it has the ability—that is admitted ; but will it not have the disposition ? Is not the course a just and necessary one ? Shall we then utter this libel on the nation ? Where

will proof be found of a fact so disgraceful? It is said in the history of the country twelve or fifteen years ago, 'The case is not parallel.' The ability of the country has greatly increased since. The object of that tax was unpopular. But on this, so well as my memory and almost infant observation at that time served me, the objection was not to the tax, or its amount, but the mode of collection. The eye of the nation was frightened by the number of officers; its love of liberty shocked with the multiplicity of regulations. We, in the vile spirit of imitation, copied from the most oppressive part of European laws on that subject, and imposed on a young and virtuous nation all the severe provisions made necessary by corruption and long-growing chicane. If taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause, and would be their interest and duty to pay. But it may be, and I believe was said, that the nation will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending; or that the defence will cost more than the profit.

"Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and 'calculating avarice' entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power the nation is ruined. It is too short-sighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government—that its arm is his arms, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our

shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country, before it enters on a war. This is wisdom, the other folly."

For this speech, and also for his conduct as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, where he recommended our government to declare war against Great Britain, he is entitled to my everlasting gratitude, and I hope and trust that every individual who has an American heart will cherish and revere his memory until the latest posterity. If there ever was a just and holy war, it was ours against Great Britain in 1812.

CHAPTER XX.

THIRD VOYAGE IN THE SHIP AMERICA TO LISBON, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1812 AND 1813.

ON the 20th of September we commenced taking in flour for Lisbon, and made all dispatch to sail as soon as possible. After the ship was loaded, I shipped an entire new crew of officers and seamen; the whole amounting to twenty-two souls. The chief mate, Mr. Myrick, had been captain of a ship, and was a capable, efficient officer. The second mate, Mr. Nichols, was a good seaman and a fine fellow. Among the crew were four or five very well educated young gentlemen of good families.

We sailed from New York at daylight on the 13th of October, and at 7 o'clock the same morning passed Sandy Hook, with a fine breeze from the N. W. We had a fine run off the coast, and in seventeen days got within three days' sail of the Rock of Lisbon. After this we had light and variable winds, and did not arrive at Lisbon until the 7th of November, making the passage in twenty-five days, all well. On my arrival I found lying here a great number of American ships and vessels, seventy or eighty sail from different ports of the United States, all of which had brought flour and breadstuffs. At this time Lord Wellington's head-quarters were at Funeda, some distance within the line separating Spain from Portugal, and no one could say whether he would be able to advance, or obliged to fall back within his lines in the neighborhood of this city. Consequently, the market for flour and grain was kept in a very fluctuating state, because if he penetrated far into the interior, he would require a less supply from Lisbon.

This city is so well known that I deem it unnecessary to say much on the subject, and will therefore make but few remarks, just to state its location, etc. It lies on the right bank of the River Tagus, near its mouth, in latitude $38^{\circ} 42' N.$, longitude $9^{\circ} 6' W.$ of London. It is the capital city and principal seaport of Portugal, one hundred and seventy-two miles south of Oporto, two hundred and twenty north-west of Cadiz, and three hundred and twenty west south-west of Madrid. It is admirably situated for commerce, and has a population of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Many of the churches and public buildings are magnificent. When approaching Lisbon from the sea, it appears grand and imposing, but on entering the city the charm is broken. It is filthy to the last degree, its police the worst in Europe, and had it not one of the best and most salubrious climates in the world, its inhabitants would be swept away with plague and pestilence.

Our consignee, Mr. H. T. Sampayo, gave me every facility and dispatch, so that in the course of three weeks after my arrival, the cargo was all landed, the ship ballasted with sand, and ready again for sea. I had the same terms on this, as on my former voyages to this place, namely, forty dollars per month, one hundred barrels of flour, freight free, and other perquisites. My flour sold very well, but not so high as on the preceding voyage.

We left Lisbon for New York on the 1st of December, and had a long, boisterous passage, with almost constant gales from the westward. Sometimes we were favored with a fair wind for a few hours, but generally had head winds and very rough, stormy weather. On the 17th of January, 1813, at 10 P. M. we fell in with the blockading British squadron about twenty miles off Sandy Hook. It being dark and squally, we eluded the fleet, and on the afternoon of the 19th arrived at New York.

As a striking proof that superior talent and enterprise find their level and consequent reward in the United States, I will give a slight historical sketch of one of the young gentlemen who was with me before the mast on this voyage. He was from Connecticut, of a good family, but, like many others from that region of country, was thrown on his own resources in very

early life. The subject of this memoir is the well-known Mr. William W. De Forest. Before joining my ship he had made a sealing voyage to the western coast of South America, thence to Canton, and back to the United States.

During the time he was with me, I ever found him ready and willing to perform all his duties with vigilance and activity, and at this early period it was easy to see that he would become a prominent man, in whatever situation in life he should be placed. When discharged from the *America*, he entered into mercantile pursuits, and from that day to the present time, has been constantly increasing in wealth and commercial influence. For many years he has been one of the leading shipping merchants in New York. He has been the architect of his own fortune, and I am happy to say his wealth is not confined to his own wants. On the contrary, it has been his great delight to build up very many young men who have fallen within the sphere of his influence, and also to be of service to all those connected with him. We frequently find his name among those whose charitable acts contribute to the benefit of humanity and civilization. His success in life will prove to the young men of the present age that, though they may not inherit large estates, by industry and perseverance they can attain to fortune and respectability.

After this sketch, it only remains for me to add, that this gentleman has been one of my personal friends for more than forty years.

CHAPTER XXI.

VOYAGE TO FRANCE, AND A SHORT CRUISE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, IN
THE LETTER-OF-MARQUE SCHOONER "DAVID PORTER," IN THE YEARS
1813 AND 1814.

ALL the ships belonging to Messrs. A. Gracie & Sons being laid up, they had at the time no further occasion for my services, which I did not regret, not from any want of regard for my employers, who were good, just and liberal men, but I was glad to go into some other business. I had serious doubts about the propriety and justice of supplying the British with breadstuffs and provisions while my country was at war with that nation. It is true, I had made the last two voyages to Lisbon in the same business, but was never quite satisfied that it was right, and was glad of an opportunity to leave the trade.

At this period of the war, there were but three ways for captains of merchant ships to find employment in their vocation, namely, to enter the United States Navy as sailing-masters, to go privateering or command letters-of-marque, carry cargoes, as it were force trade, and fight their way or run, as the case might be; and, as an alternative, I chose that of a letter-of-marque. I gave myself some weeks leisure, and then consulted a few friends on the subject of purchasing a pilot-boat schooner, and going into the French trade. After looking about for a suitable vessel, I at length met with a fine schooner of about 200 tons burden, called the "*David Porter*." She was built in my native town, and had made but one voyage, which was from New York to St. Jean de Luz, France, thence to St. Bartholomew, and from that place to Providence, R. I., where she then lay.

She was a fine, fast-sailing vessel, and tolerably well armed, having a long eighteen pounder on a pivot amidships, four six pounders, with muskets, pistols, etc. I purchased one-half of this schooner for \$6000, from the former owners in Milford. They retained the other half for their own account. My New York friends, Messrs. Lawrence and Whitney, and James Lovett, Esq., bought one quarter, and I retained the other.

We decided on a voyage from Providence to Charleston, S. C., and thence to France. I arrived at Providence on the 21st of October, 1813. Here I purchased fifteen hundred bushels of salt at sixty-five cents per bushel, from Messrs. Archibald Gracie & Sons, and after getting it on board, filled up the vessel with sundry articles of Northern produce: the whole cargo amounted to \$3,500. I took with me as first lieutenant, my former mate in the Canton, Mr. Samuel Nichols, Joseph Anthony second, and Charles Coggeshall third lieutenant, with a company of about thirty petty officers and men. My boatswain, carpenter and gunner, with several of the seamen, had just been discharged from the frigate *President*, so that I was fortunate in obtaining a good crew for my schooner, mostly composed of active, young Americans.

I left Providence on the 10th of November, with a fine fresh gale from the N. N. W., and in a few hours ran down to Newport, there to lie a few days, get ready for sea, and wait a favorable time to go out of the harbor. To do that, required a dark night and a north-east snow-storm; for in those days, to evade the vigilance of the enemy, we were obliged to wait for such nights to leave or enter our ports. On the morning of the 14th, I met with a New York friend, Andrew Foster, Esq., and to him I committed what little treasure I had left after getting ready for sea. The whole consisted of thirty guineas, sundry bank-notes and my gold watch. I requested him to stop at Stamford, Connecticut, on his way to New York, and leave them with my sister, Miss H. C. Mr. Foster kindly executed this little commission, for which and many other favors I was truly grateful, and am furthermore happy to add, that he was a gentleman of sterling integrity, and a most worthy, excellent man.

At this time there was a British fleet of a seventy-four gun ship and several frigates cruising off the harbor of Newport, to blockade the port, and watch every movement of the United States frigate *President*, Commodore Rodgers. For during the war the English seemed to dread an American frigate's getting to sea, as they would an unchained lion. Commodore Rodgers had recently returned here after a long cruise off the North Cape, and along the north-west coasts of England and Scotland. After remaining for several weeks and making many prizes in these northern seas, he proceeded down into more southern latitudes, where he greatly distressed the enemy. A few days previous to his arrival, while off Nantucket, he captured by stratagem the British government schooner "*High Flyer*." He safely reached this port with his prize the 26th of September, and to avoid any annoyance from the enemy, he proceeded up to Providence to refit for another cruise.

Towards evening, on the 14th of November, I got under way, with the wind at E. N. E. No vessel was permitted to go to sea without first presenting a clearance to the commanding officer at the outer fort, at the entrance of the harbor. Consequently I ran down near the fort just before dark, and for fear of any mistake or detention, took my papers, went myself to the commanding officer, and got permission to pass by showing a light in the main shrouds for a few minutes. It soon commenced snowing, with a fresh gale at N. E. We ran rapidly out of the harbor, and now had arrived the crisis for me to make my escape through the enemy's fleet. They being large objects, I could plainly see the lights through their ports and cabin-windows. As we showed no lights, we succeeded in passing between them, and thus effected our escape. My greatest fear now was of running on to Block Island, but a kind Providence directed us through these perils, and daylight once more found us on the broad ocean, clear of all land with not a sail in sight.

On the 17th, in lat. $36^{\circ} 4' N.$, long. about $73^{\circ} W.$, we were chased by a man-of-war brig. He being to windward, I bore off, and soon had the pleasure to run him out of sight. On the 24th, off Georgetown, we were chased all day by a man-of-war

brig, with a schooner in company. They being to leeward, I tacked and plied to windward, and made good my retreat before night. I could have got into Georgetown the next day, but fearing that my cargo would not sell as well as at Charleston, I stood on for that port.

Nov. the 26th, at 6 o'clock, daylight, in ten fathoms of water, off Cape Roman, saw a man-of-war brig on our weather quarter, distant about three miles. He soon made sail in chase. I kept wide off to leeward in hopes of drawing him down, so that I could weather him on the opposite tack. This manœuvre did not succeed, as the enemy only kept off about four points. We both therefore maintained our relative positions, and the chase continued for four hours. I had determined not to run to leeward, for fear of coming in contact with another foe, but to hug the wind and run in shore; for, at this period, it was the usual practice with the British ships of war, on our coast, to separate and cruise some thirty or forty miles asunder, one to windward and the other to leeward, so that if our merchant ships ran off to leeward, they were often caught between two fires.

At ten o'clock, A. M., saw Charleston light-house, bearing north, about ten miles distant. I set my ensign, and hauled close to the wind; this brought the enemy on my starboard beam, at long gunshot distance. I then fired my centre gun, but could not quite reach him, the wind being light from the northward. At half-past ten I gave him another shot, and though it did not take effect, with a spy-glass I saw the shot dash the water on his quarter. I suppose the reason he did not fire was, that he could not reach us with his carronades. At 11 ditto, when within five miles of Charleston Bar, I saw two schooners coming over it, and bearing directly down upon the brig, when he squared his yards and ran away to leeward. The man-of-war brig probably knew the determined character of Captain Diron, and the force of his schooner, the Decatur, and when he saw her and two schooners in company, all having their ensigns flying, he no doubt thought that three to one were too many, even though they were but private armed vessels, which at that time the English affected to despise. Be

this as it may, he squared his yards, ran away to leeward, and thus left us unmolested to pursue our respective courses. The two schooners were the famous privateer *Decatur*, of Charleston, with seven guns, and a complement of over a hundred men, and the letter-of-marque *Adeline*, Capt. Craycroft, of Philadelphia, bound to France. The schooners took no notice of the brig, hauled to the eastward, and were quickly out of sight. I soon crossed the bar, got up to Charleston without any further difficulty, and there learned that the man-of-war brig was the *Dotterel*, carrying eighteen guns.

It will doubtless be recollected by all those who are familiar with our late war with England, that the privateer *Decatur*, Capt. D. Diron, captured a few months before this period His B. M. schooner *Dominico*. The following is the official account of the action :

Copy.

CHARLESTON, August 21st, 1813.

SIR :—I have the honor to inform you that the privateer schooner *Decatur*, Capt. Dominique Diron, of this port, arrived here yesterday with His B. M. schooner *Dominico*, her prize. She was captured on the 5th inst., after a most gallant and desperate action of one hour, and carried by boarding ; having all her officers killed or wounded except one midshipman. The *Dominico* mounted fifteen guns, one thirty-two pounder on a pivot, and had a complement of eighty-three men at the commencement of the action, sixty of whom were killed or wounded. She was one of the best equipped and manned vessels of her class I have ever seen. The *Decatur* mounted seven guns, and had a complement of one hundred and three men at the commencement of the action, nineteen of whom were killed and wounded. I have the honor to be, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

JOHN H. DENT.

Hon. WM. JONES, *Secretary of the Navy.*

During the combat, which lasted an hour, the King's

packet-ship *Princess Charlotte* remained a silent spectator of the scene, and as soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other she tacked about and stood to the southward. She had sailed from St. Thomas, bound to England, under convoy of the *Dominico*, to a certain latitude. The loss on board the *Dominico* consisted of killed thirteen, wounded forty-seven, five of whom mortally.

On my arrival at Charleston, I appointed Mr. John Marshall our consignee and commercial agent. We disposed of most of our cargo at a good profit, the salt at \$1 50 per bushel, and the other articles at like good rates.

After disposing of my cargo, I found no difficulty in obtaining a freight for France; but before I could commence taking in my cotton, was obliged to purchase about twenty-five tons of pig-iron at \$65 per ton, and some other small iron ballast. The whole amounted to \$1700; but it was indispensable, for I could not take a cargo of cotton safely without it. My whole cargo consisted of three hundred and thirty-one bales of compressed cotton, and sixteen kegs of potash; two hundred and nine of these bales I took on freight at twenty-six cts. per pound, and five per cent. primage. The whole amount of my freight was \$14,717, exclusive of the one hundred and twenty-two bales belonging to the owners of the vessel. Allowing the owners to pay the same proportion or rate of freight as the other shippers, the schooner would have made a gross freight of about \$23,300, which was certainly a great price for carrying three hundred and thirty-one bales of cotton to France. For the one hundred and twenty-two bales purchased for owners' account, I paid fourteen cents per pound; a more ordinary quality could have been bought for twelve to thirteen cents. About forty bales of the cotton belonging to the owners, I carried on deck. It certainly appears like an enormous freight to make \$23,000 in a small schooner of only two hundred tons; but when the expense of sailing one of these letters-of-marque is taken into consideration, it is not so great as might at first appear. The insurance at this time out of France, was from fifteen to twenty per cent.—seamen's wages \$30 per month—and other expenses in like proportion.

On the 16th of December I finished loading, got all the crew on board, and the next day was ready for sea; but unfortunately the wind blew fresh from the southward, with dark, disagreeable, rainy weather.

The Congress of the United States had lately assembled at Washington, and great fears were entertained by many that an embargo would soon be laid. I was, of course, extremely anxious to get out of port, as such a measure would have been ruinous to myself and the other owners of my vessel. As it was impossible to get over the bar while the wind was blowing strong, directly on shore, I therefore, to avoid being stopped, and keep my men on board, judged it best to drop as low down the harbor as possible, and watch the first favorable moment to proceed to sea. Fortunately it cleared up the next day, and with a favorable breeze and fine weather, I left the port of Charleston on the 20th, bound to Bordeaux. I had a good run off the coast, and met with nothing worth remarking until the 27th, about a week after leaving port, when I fell in with a small English brig from Jamaica, bound to Nova Scotia. As it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and blowing a strong gale from the N. W., with a high sea running, I did not think it safe to board him until the gale should moderate and the sea become smoother. I therefore ordered him to carry as much sail as possible, and follow me on our course to the eastward until better weather. He reluctantly followed, and once before dark I was obliged to hail and give him to understand that if he showed too great a disposition to lag behind, or did not carry all the sail his brig could bear, he would feel the effect of one of my stern guns. This threat had the desired effect, and he followed kindly at a convenient distance until midnight, when it became very dark and squally, and we soon after lost sight of our first prize, which I did not much regret, as I could not conveniently spare men enough to send him into port.

From this time until we got near the European coast, we scarcely saw a sail, and did not meet with a single man-of-war. Thus, while the whole coast of the United States was literally lined with English cruisers, on the broad ocean there were very few to be seen: a clear proof that the risk of capture between

Newport and Charleston, was infinitely greater than in going to France.

At this period we were not obliged to deliver the goods on freight at any particular place, but at any port in France, from St. Jean de Luz to Ostend. My bills of lading were filled up upon this principle, to "Bordeaux or a port in France," so that on the arrival of the goods, the owners or agents were bound to receive them at any place where the vessel was fortunate enough to enter. My object was to get as near Bordeaux as possible; still I did not like to attempt entering the Garonne, as the English generally kept several frigates and smaller vessels stationed directly off the Cordovan Light, which rendered it extremely difficult and hazardous. I therefore decided to run for the harbor of La Teste.

About a week before we got into port, while in the Bay of Biscay, namely on the 19th and 20th of Jan., we encountered one of the most severe gales from the westward that I ever experienced. It commenced early on the morning of the 19th, and blew a perfect hurricane, which soon raised a high cross-sea. At eight o'clock, A. M., I hove the schooner to under a double-reefed foresail, lowered the fore-yard near the deck and got every thing as snug as possible. At twelve, noon, a tremendous sea struck her in the wake of the starboard fore-shrouds.

The force of the sea broke one of the top timbers or stanchions and split open the plank-sheer, so that I could see directly into the hold. The violence of the blow, and the weight of water that came on board, threw the vessel nearly on her beam-ends. Fortunately the foresail was split and the bulwarks torn away by the water, and being thus relieved, she gradually righted. We then threw overboard two of the lee guns, water-casks, &c., and after nailing tarred canvas and leather over the broken plank-sheer, got ready to veer ship, fearing the injury received in the wake of the starboard fore-shrouds would endanger the foremast. We accordingly got ready to hoist a small piece of the mainsail, kept her off before the wind a few minutes, and watched a favorable, smooth time to bring her to the wind on the other tack.

During the time that the schooner ran before the wind, she

appeared literally to leap from one sea to another. We soon, however, brought her up to the wind on the other tack without accident, and thus under a small piece of the mainsail, she lay to pretty well. As the gale continued to rage violently, I feared we might ship another sea, and therefore prepared, as it were, to anchor the vessel head to wind. For this purpose we took a square-sail boom, spanned it at each end with a new four-inch rope, made our small bower cable fast to the bight of the span, and with the other end fastened to the foremast, threw it overboard, and payed out about sixty fathoms of cable; she then rode like a gull on the water, and I was absolutely astonished to see the good effect of this experiment. The spar broke the sea, and kept the schooner nearly head to the wind until the gale subsided.

The next day, in the afternoon, we again made sail, and on the 26th, six days after this tempest, got safe into La Teste, thirty-seven days from Charleston. While we providentially escaped destruction, other ships were less fortunate; many vessels were stranded and wrecked along the coast; five sail of English transports were thrown on shore near La Teste, and most of their crews perished in the same gale. On my arrival, all my papers were sent up to Paris, and although all well, we were compelled by the government to ride quarantine for six days.

La Teste is a poor little village, principally supported by fish and oysters taken in its waters and sold in Bordeaux, from which city it is distant thirty miles, and fifty-four from the mouth of the Garonne. The harbor has a bad sand-bar at its mouth; is fit entrance only for small vessels of a light draft of water; and even for them it is dangerous to approach in bad weather.

I will here insert a copy of the first letter written to my owners.

"Messrs. Lawrence and Whitney, Strong and Miles, and James Lovett, Esq.

"GENTLEMEN:—I arrived here on the 20th of last month, after a rough passage of thirty-seven days. No sale at all can be had for cotton and no security for any thing; the agents and



A. Weingartner & Lith: N.Y.

SCHOONER DAVID PORTER,
Lying to in the Bay of Biscay Jan. 20th 1814.

owners of the cotton are unwilling to receive it, and one and all refuse to pay the freight. As soon as I can obtain permission, I shall discharge the vessel, forward all the cargo up to Bordeaux by land, and endeavor by law to force the consignees of the cotton to receive it. In fine, I shall be happy if they do not throw the cotton on my hands for the freight.

"No merchant in Bordeaux is willing to advance me half the amount of the freight due, and retain it as security. In short, it is with the greatest difficulty I can obtain sufficient money from my consignees, Messrs. Brun frères, to pay the necessary disbursements on my vessel. It is therefore at present impossible for me to say what I shall do. If I could collect my freight, I could remit the amount to the United States through England, and gain on the exchange from seventeen to twenty per cent.; or if I could get enough advanced on my cotton to purchase part of a cargo of wine and brandy, and return to some port in the United States or the West Indies, I could perhaps pick up the residue of a cargo from the enemy on the broad ocean.

"As I am now situated, I know not what to do. Should I send my vessel home by my first officer, and he be captured on the way, you would perhaps blame me, and say, 'Why did he not come home in the vessel himself?' To leave the freight and cargo here in the hands of strangers, I cannot; dispose of the cotton at a ruinous sacrifice, I will not; and on the other hand, to keep the vessel here upon expense is very painful. As you will perceive the whole business is beset with difficulties, and hedged in on every side. You may, however, rely upon my best exertions to promote your interest; and come what will, you may rest assured, gentlemen, that I shall act from pure motives and strive to do justice to the utmost of my abilities."

After performing six days' quarantine, I proceeded on horseback to Bordeaux. The road being intricate and somewhat difficult, I hired a guide to accompany me the greater part of the way. We often had to pass over barren sands and through pine forests. My guide was a merry fellow. He was mounted

on stilts about two feet high, and with a long balance-pole and a musket slung over his shoulder, had no difficulty in keeping up with my horse, travelling at the rate of five or six miles an hour. We passed through several small towns and villages on the way, but none of much note. I found the inhabitants civil and kind, but poor and ignorant. The inns and stopping-places were dirty and comfortless. After an unpleasant ride of six hours we arrived at Bordeaux. Here I made an arrangement with the house of Messrs. Brun frères, to transact my business in this place, and direct me how to proceed with respect to landing my cargo at La Teste. I remained at Bordeaux two days, and having settled on a plan with respect to landing and storing my cargo, returned to La Teste. There being no public conveyance, I was compelled to return on horseback.

From Messrs. Brun frères I took a letter to Madame Caupos, a widow lady, whose husband had been a merchant, and after his death she continued to transact nearly all the commercial business of the place. She was polite, well educated, and a person of excellent character. To this lady I consigned my vessel and cargo so far as it respected La Teste, and agreed with her to attend to the landing, weighing, storing and forwarding of my cotton to Bordeaux. She owned two large warehouses, had every facility and convenience for storing my whole cargo, and, with one young man as clerk, performed the whole business to my entire satisfaction. In fact she was the only person in the town capable of receiving and forwarding my cargo to Bordeaux.

Though La Teste was a poor little town without much trade, yet there were there several polite, agreeable and well-bred families; and although the port was difficult of ingress and egress on account of a dangerous bar, within the harbor it was quite safe from all winds.

After several days' detention, waiting permits from Bordeaux, bad weather, etc., I at length finished discharging my cargo, and had it all safely stored on the 15th of February; but on account of the bad state of the roads, and the difficulty of obtaining carts, I was unable to get the cotton up to Bordeaux. France was now in a very unsettled state, threatened

by its enemies on every side. It was reported, while I was there, that a part of the Russian and Austrian armies were within thirty leagues of Paris, that Lord Wellington with his army was in the Landes in pursuit of Marshal Soult, who was on his way to Toulouse, and great fears were entertained that a part of the English army would soon be in Bordeaux. I was therefore extremely anxious to get away at all hazards, not knowing whether the English would respect private persons and private property.

In this state of things I wrote to my owners on the 7th of March. The following is an extract from my letter:—

“I have this day returned from La Teste, where I have been staying the last week, getting my vessel ready for sea. I have at length prevailed on Messrs. Brun frères to advance me money enough to pay my disbursements, and also to furnish me with sufficient means to purchase one hundred casks of wine, and fifty pipes of brandy. I have chartered a small vessel to transport the wine and brandy from this place to La Teste, and got it insured here against all risks for seven per cent. premium. I hope the *chasse-marée*, with the wine and brandy, will arrive safe at La Teste the day after to-morrow, when I shall return to that place and send the schooner off to New York, as soon as possible, under command of my first officer, Mr. Samuel Nichols.

“We are all in hubbub and confusion here, and threatened on all sides by the enemy. All my cargo is still lying in store at La Teste, except about twenty bales of cotton, which are here in the hands of Messrs. Brun frères. I have had much trouble and anxiety since I arrived, have been obliged to make frequent journeys on horseback between this place and La Teste, and sometimes compelled to ride half the night, and take shelter where I could best find it on the road.

“All the American vessels have left this place, for fear of the English, and gone down near the mouth of the Garonne. Some are bound home to America, others will strive to get to La Rochelle, as that is a strongly fortified town, and will probably hold out longer than this place. Every day brings us worse news from Paris and other quarters, and, from present appearances, this country cannot hold out much longer.”

The large tract of country lying between Bayonne and Bordeaux is familiarly called the Landes. It is bounded on the west by the Bay of Biscay, extends about twenty-five leagues east into the interior, and is, I think, the poorest part of France. The face of the country is generally low, flat, sandy and barren. Its forests consist principally of pine or fir trees, and the land is, for the most part, miserably cultivated. The peasantry are wretchedly poor, and chiefly clothed in sheepskins. The Basque is the language of the country, and it is only the upper classes or educated people, who speak French. In the summer season the sands are extremely hot, and in the spring and fall months the country, being low, is often wet and muddy; which, I suppose, is the cause of so many of the country people, particularly the peasants and shepherds, walking on stilts, a foot or two above the ground, with long balance-poles to support them and regulate their movements. I have seen them in the morning at a distance, when the weather was a little foggy; they absolutely appeared like giants, walking over the tall grass and small trees. I used frequently to ask them why they preferred walking on stilts. Their answer generally was, to keep their feet dry, remarking also, that they could travel much faster, and with more ease than with their feet on the ground.

This region is very unlike the other parts of France; and should a stranger visit the Landes, without seeing any other portion of the kingdom, he would naturally conclude that the French nation was only about half civilized. I recollect the first time I landed at La Teste, I was forcibly struck with what I there witnessed.

The pilot who took my vessel into port, came off in a boat rowed (I had almost said manned) by four females. After the schooner came to anchor, I took one of my sailors with me, and returned to the shore in the pilot's boat. We struck on the sand, where the water was too shallow for the boat to come to the beach; when one of the women immediately jumped into the water, took the huge pilot on her back, and carried him some distance to the dry land. Another female offered to carry me in the same way; to this I would not consent. The sailor,

like myself, appeared ashamed to see a female carry a man on her back through the surf, and instantly jumped out and took me on his back to the dry beach. It is true, these women were coarse and rough, but still they were females, and it was therefore impossible for either my sailor or myself so to degrade them. All along the road, from La Teste to Bordeaux, I rarely saw a man at work in the fields; nearly all the labor of cultivating the lands, at that time, was performed by females. Now and then, it is true, I saw an old man, and perhaps a boy, but this did not often occur. All the men, from sixteen to sixty, were pressed into the military service. It was often a melancholy sight, when passing through the towns and villages, to see mere boys forced from their parents, taken to some military depot, there to be drilled a few weeks, and then sent to some of the numerous armies, to be slaughtered like so many sheep and cattle.

Although at this period the Austrian and Russian armies were in the neighborhood of Paris, and Lord Wellington at the head of his victorious army was overrunning the south of France, it was astonishing to see how little was known to the country people of this region, about the military state of the Empire. Perhaps not a man in a thousand knew that there was a Russian or an English soldier within a hundred leagues of France. One day, in passing through a small village, I stopped at a house to get some water, and found a poor woman wringing her hands and weeping, as if her heart would break. On inquiring the cause of her grief, she said, "Sir, they have just taken away my son to join the army, and I have already lost two of my children in the same way. Oh! I shall never see him again!" I offered the poor woman all the consolation I could. I told her I was a stranger, and had no right to interfere with the affairs of another nation, but, at the same time, if she would keep quiet, I could assure her there was no danger of losing her son—that the wars were nearly at an end, and that peace, in all human probability, would be concluded in a few weeks, when her son would be restored to her again. At these words the poor creature was completely overjoyed, and blessed me a thousand times. When I mounted my horse and

rode off, I could not but reflect with indignation on what men call military glory; but, at the next moment, I felt self-reproved, as I, too, commanded an armed vessel, and expected to go out in a few days to distress the enemies of my country. How strange and inconsistent is poor short-sighted man, condemning others when committing the same offence for which he would denounce his neighbor.

I soon saw that the French ladies and the working women are removed an immeasurable distance from each other; almost as much so as though they did not belong to the same species. I often used to spend a social evening at the hospitable mansion of my consignee, Madame Caupos, and saw there assembled some fifteen or twenty young ladies, and generally not more than three or four gentlemen. These were military officers, who had been wounded and disabled in the wars, and were now here attached to the Custom House. This was certainly a sad state of society in a national point of view, when there were no young men to marry the fair daughters of France.

Madame Caupos was an amiable, benevolent lady, and deservedly beloved by the whole town; by way of pleasantry, I used often to call her, "*La Reine du Village*."

The state of affairs in France daily grew worse and worse. Lord Wellington was following Marshal Soult day after day towards Toulouse. We also received bad news from the North, that the Austrians and Prussians were daily advancing on Paris, and were then within twenty leagues of that city.

I received on the 5th a letter from Messrs. Brun frères, which induced me to hurry up to Bordeaux, and endeavor to bring my business to a better and more decided state, as they were disinclined, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, to advance enough for my unavoidable expenses. On the 8th of March I hastened up from La Teste to Bordeaux, to prevent the *chasse-marée* from going round to La Teste, and agreed with the captain and owners of this vessel to proceed with the wine and brandy to La Rochelle, as soon as possible. I then made arrangements with my friends, Messrs. Brun frères, and left Bordeaux at six o'clock the same evening for La Teste. Soon after leaving the town, I overtook a French gentleman going

there also. He was a military officer engaged on public business, and I found him a most agreeable travelling companion. We rode on, picking our way as well as we could, until it became very dark, when we lost our road, and could find no one to put us in the right path again. After wandering about till two o'clock after midnight, we came to a village, where, after knocking at several houses in vain, we at length found one into which we gained admittance. It was a small house with but two rooms, and not one spare bed, but its inmates were civil and kind. We were cold, wet, and hungry, and they gave us the best they had, which consisted of eggs, bread and sour wine. Even this was to us a grateful repast. We warmed and sweetened the wine, of which we drank freely, and then lay down on the floor by the fireside till daylight, when we again started for La Teste. We found we had wandered a great distance from the right road, and had still about a league to go before reaching the end of our journey.

On my arrival at La Teste, I lost no time in preparing for sea. There was no other ship or vessel lying here, and no stone ballast; I was therefore compelled to take in sand in my own boat, fill up our water casks and take them on board in the same way. We had no biscuit on board, and there was but one baker of any consequence in the town. I hastened to this important character, and agreed to take all the bread he could make in two days, and thus, by hurrying and driving, I got ready for sea on the 11th of March. At the end of two days I called on the baker for my supply of bread, when, to my great mortification and disappointment, I could get only loaves enough to fill two bags. This, for a vessel bound to La Rochelle, with a crew of thirty-five in number, was certainly a very small allowance. It is true, I had salt beef and pork enough on board, but no vegetables or rice.

On the 11th in the evening, by letters from Bordeaux, I learned that the day before, the town had surrendered by capitulation to a portion of Lord Wellington's army, that no person had been molested, and that perfect good order was observed throughout the city. All this appeared very well with respect to Bordeaux, but still I was fearful that the English would

come down and take La Teste before I could get to sea. The next day, the wind being from the westward, the pilot would not take my vessel to sea. He said that it was impossible to get out; that there was too great a swell on the bar, &c. On the 13th the weather was clear and the wind fresh at N. N. E. In the morning I prevailed on the pilot to come on board. He told me that the tide would suit at five o'clock in the afternoon, and if there should not be too much sea on the bar at that hour, he would take the vessel out. Accordingly, at four o'clock I requested him to get under way, and be ready to pass the bar at five. I now found he was unwilling to go out at all. He said, "Captain, if we should succeed in getting out, it would be impossible to land me." I then offered him double pilotage, told him I was fearful the English would come down in the morning and make a prize of my vessel, that I would treble his pilotage, and pledge him my honor, that if I waited a week outside, I would land him in safety. At last my patience was exhausted, and I found the more I coaxed and strove to persuade him to go, the more obstinate he became. At length I said, "If you will not go to sea, pilot, just get the schooner under way and go down below the fort, and anchor there within the bar." To this proposition he consented.

While getting under way, I went below, put into my pocket a loaded pistol, and again returned on deck. We soon got below the fort, and it was five o'clock, precisely the hour he had named as the most suitable to pass out over the bar. I then placed the pistol to his ear, told him to proceed to sea or he was a dead man, and that if the schooner took the ground his life should pay the forfeit. The poor fellow was terribly frightened, said he would do his best, and in less than fifteen minutes from the time we filled away, we were fairly over and outside of this formidable bar. I then discharged the pistol, assured the pilot I would do him no harm, and that I would wait a week if it was necessary, for good weather to land him in safety. He now appeared more tranquil and composed, but would not refrain from talking occasionally of his poor wife and children, and seemed to have a lurking fear that I would carry him to America. I stood off and on during the night, and in the morning,

March 14th, the wind was light off shore from the eastward; as the sea was smooth, I stood close in to the beach, and got out our boat ready to land the pilot. I sent by him several letters to my friends, and an order on Madame Caupos for a considerable sum over and above his regular pilotage, notwithstanding I had compelled him to take my vessel to sea. At eight o'clock in the morning, my second officer with four men took Mr. Pilot on shore. I gave the officer of the boat positive orders to back the boat stern on to the shore, and let the pilot jump out whenever he could do so with safety. I took a spyglass, and had the pleasure to see the man land, and scamper up the beach. The boat soon returned and was hoisted on board, when we made sail and stood off in a N. W. direction.

The wind was light from the eastward, the weather fine and clear. During the night we had not much wind, and of course made but little progress. At daylight, March 15th, saw a large ship on our weather quarter. I soon made her out to be a frigate, distant about two miles. We were now in a very unpleasant position, early in the morning, with a frigate dead to windward. I manœuvred for some ten or fifteen minutes in hopes of drawing him down to leeward, so that I should be able to weather him on one tack or the other. This was often done at the commencement of the war with American schooners, for if the pilot-boats could succeed in getting the enemy under their lee, they would laugh at their adversary. This manœuvre however did not succeed; he only kept off four or six points, and I have no doubt, thought it impossible for me to elude his grasp. All this time I was losing ground, and the ship not more than two gun shots to windward.

I held a short consultation with my officers on the subject of attempting to get to windward (which would involve our receiving a broadside), or by running off to leeward. They all thought it best to ply to windward, and receive his fire. I stated that we should have to pass him within pistol shot, and the probability was that he would shoot away some of our spars, in which case we should inevitably be captured. I knew the schooner sailed very fast off the wind, and thought the chance of escape better to run to leeward. I accordingly gave orders

to get the square-sail and studding-sails all ready to run up at the same moment; thus, when every thing was prepared, the helm was put up, and every square-sail set in a moment.

The frigate not dreaming of my running to leeward, was unprepared to chase off the wind, and I should think it was at least five minutes before he had a studding-sail set, so that I gained about a mile at the commencement of the chase. The wind was light from the E. N. E. and the weather very fine. I ordered holes bored in all the water-casks except four, and the water pumped into buckets to wet the sails, also to throw over-board sand-ballast to lighten the schooner. After this was done, we began to draw away from the frigate, so that at noon, I had gained about eight or ten miles on the chase. At four in the afternoon he was nearly out of sight, and appeared like a speck on the water. We had now time to look into our own situation, when to my great regret, in lieu of having four casks of water, the carpenter in the confusion had only left two; and as the wind freshened, I found the schooner so light that it was unsafe to haul upon the wind.

Sea-faring men will appreciate my unfortunate situation. Thus wide off to sea in the Bay of Biscay, in a light vessel, with scarcely ballast enough to stand upon her bottom, with a crew of thirty-five men, and only two casks of fresh water and a few loaves of soft bread.

The wind was light during the night, and towards morning it became almost calm. At daylight, to our unspeakable joy, we were in the midst of a small fleet of merchant ships. They had left England under convoy of a frigate and a sloop-of-war, had separated in a gale of wind a few days before I fell in with them, and were now like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. This little fleet was bound to St. Sebastian, and many of them were loaded with provisions for the British army. The first one I captured was a brig, principally laden with provisions. After taking possession, I agreed with the captain that, if he would assist me with his boats and men to transport his cargo from his vessel to my schooner, I would let him go; otherwise I would take what I wanted and destroy his brig. Of course he was glad to make the best of a bad bargain; and thus with

the boats of both vessels, in two hours we had provisions enough for a three months' cruise. His cabin was filled with bags of hard biscuit, the staff of life, which we took first, then got a fine supply of butter, hams, cheese, potatoes, porter, &c., and last, though not least, six casks of fresh water. After this was done, the captain asked me if I would make him a present of the brig and the residue of the cargo, for his own private account, to which I willingly agreed, in consideration of the assistance I had received from him and his men.

I showed him my commission from the government of the United States, authorizing me to take, burn, sink or destroy our common enemy, and satisfied him that he was a lawful prize to my vessel. I then gave him a certificate, stating that though his brig was a lawful prize, I voluntarily gave her to him as a present. This, of course, was only a piece of foolery, but it pleased the captain and we parted good friends.

This was on the 16th of March, the day after my escape from the British frigate.

I had now got as much water and provisions as I wanted, and made sail for a ship and two brigs, a mile or two off on our lee beam. Although the wind was very light, I soon took all three of them, and made the same agreement with them as with the other captain, that if they would assist me with all their boats and men to load my schooner with such part of their cargo as best suited me, I would let them go, otherwise I would send them into port as prizes, or destroy their vessels. This was a bitter pill, but they had the choice of two evils, and, of course, complied with my request. We soon commenced taking out of these prizes all sorts of stores designed for the British army, viz.: officers' and soldiers' clothing, cocked hats, epaulettes, small arms, instruments of music, etc. Independent of these warlike stores, we also took a considerable quantity of English cloths, and various other articles of merchandise. A fresh breeze sprang up from the S. W., and the weather became dark and rainy, which rendered it difficult to continue transporting any more goods from the prizes to our schooner. At five o'clock in the afternoon, a large ship hove in sight to windward. From aloft, with a spyglass, I clearly made her out to be the same frigate

that had chased me the day before. I recognized her from the circumstance of her having a white jib; all the sails were dark colored except this jib, which was bleached.

We of course cleared the decks and got ready for another trial of speed, but as my schooner was now in good trim, and night coming on, I had no doubt of dodging him in the dark. He came rapidly down within five or six miles of us, when I ran near my prizes, and ordered them all to hoist lanterns. None of them up to this time had seen the frigate, and while the lanterns showed their positions, I hauled off silently in the dark. Very soon after this, I heard the frigate firing at his unfortunate countrymen, while we were partaking of an excellent supper at their expense.

The next day it was dark and rainy, with strong gales from the S. W.; saw nothing. Stood to the northward, under easy sail, waiting for better weather, to complete loading my little schooner with something valuable from another prize.

I would here remark that small guns, six or nine pounders, are of little or no use on board of small vessels; for if the sea is rough, they cannot be used at all. I have found them of no service, but rather in the way. My only dependence was on my eighteen pounder, mounted amidships, on a pivot. This gun I could use in almost any weather. With it, and forty small-arms, I found no difficulty in capturing merchant ships. I selected ten of the largest and strongest men I had on board to work the centre gun. One of them was a huge black man, about six feet six inches in height, and large in proportion. To him I gave the command of the gun. Although so powerful a man, he was the best-natured fellow in the world, and a general favorite, both with officers and men.

March 18th.—Still a continuation of bad weather, with a strong gale from the westward. At four p. m., saw a frigate and a brig-of-war, off my lee-beam, distant about five miles. They made sail in chase, but under my three lower sails, mainsail, foresail, and jib, I had no fear of them. I showed my ensign for a few moments, then plied to windward, making short tacks, and in a few hours they gave up the chase, when I again pursued my course to the northward, under easy sail.

March 20th.—Moderate breezes from the westward, and unpleasant weather. This day I came to the conclusion to land myself somewhere on the coast of France, and to send my vessel home, under the command of my first officer, Mr. Samuel Nichols. On an examination of a chart of the coast, I concluded to run for l'Île Dieu, and land there. Accordingly I shaped my course for the island, and without meeting with any incident worth relating, made the land on the 23d at four o'clock in the afternoon; at six ditto landed on the island in my own boat. It soon became dark, and I was obliged to remain on shore, with my boat's crew, all night.

I took with me my clearance and other papers from Bordeaux, with sundry newspapers, and was well received by the Governor and Commissary of Marine.

March 24th.—At six o'clock in the morning, although the weather was thick and rainy, and a strong breeze from the S. W., I sent my boat on board the schooner with a pilot, with orders to get the vessel into the Roads, near the town, which is situated on the N. E. end of the island. At two in the afternoon, the schooner came directly off the town, close in within the fort, where, with our own boat, we took on board six casks of water, some fresh provisions, and sundry small stores. I then obtained liberty from the public authorities to dispatch my vessel to the United States.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of March 24th, I repaired on board in a shore boat, and after writing a few hasty letters to my friends in the United States, and making a short address to my officers and men, I resigned the command to Mr. Samuel Nichols, and returned on shore with a heavy heart at parting with my little band of brave and faithful followers.

The schooner was soon out of sight, as she stood round the south end of the island. And here I should be doing injustice to the memory of these brave men, did I not give my feeble testimony to their good conduct from the time we left Charleston until parting with them at l'Île Dieu. I never saw one of them intoxicated in the slightest degree, nor did I ever see one of them ill-treat a prisoner, or attempt to plunder the smallest article. In a word, from the first lieutenant to the smallest boy

on board, they were faithful, good, and true men, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, were all born and bred in the United States.

After my schooner sailed, I had leisure to look at the island, which lies in lat. $46^{\circ} 42'$ N. long. $2^{\circ} 27'$ W. It is five leagues from the continent, directly opposite St. Gilles, is of a moderate height, about three miles long and one and a half broad. It numbers about two thousand three hundred souls, and is principally supported by the fishing business. It is defended by a pretty strong fort at the mouth of the harbor, with a garrison of about three hundred men. Its produce is not sufficient for its own support; on the contrary, I was told by several of the most respectable people that it only yields about one quarter part of the breadstuffs that are consumed by its inhabitants. It has a snug little harbor, but only accessible to small vessels of a light draft of water. The principal town is rather pleasant, and many of the houses are commodious and well built.

This little island has become interesting from its historical association.

On the 1st of October, 1795, an English squadron brought here a Bourbon prince and several thousand French emigrants from England, to join the royal party of La Vendée, and after the fleet of men-of-war and transports had remained here until about the 15th of November, the army debarked at St. Gilles, when the fleet returned to England.*

When I landed at l'Île Dieu, I took with me, as one of the boat's crew, the large black man, Philip; I was astonished to see the curiosity expressed here at the sight of a negro. He was followed at every step by a crowd of men, women and children, all desirous to see a black man; and I soon received a pressing message from the Governor's lady to see him. I accordingly took Philip with me, and repaired to the residence of the Governor, where were assembled all the first ladies of the island. They had a great many questions to ask about him, respecting the place of his birth, whether he was kind and good-natured, &c.

* See Thiers' History of the French Revolution.

When their curiosity was gratified, the fellow begged of me as a favor to be allowed to go on board, as he did not like to be exhibited as a show. This request I readily granted, telling the ladies and gentlemen that I had an Indian on board, and that I would send for him. The Indian came directly on shore, but, to my surprise, there appeared but little curiosity on the part of the inhabitants to see the savage. This island had been, as it were, shut out from the rest of the world for twenty-five or thirty years, with little or no commerce or communication with other nations, and it is therefore highly probable that very few of its inhabitants had ever seen a negro, and were of course eager to behold one.

L'Île Dieu, March 25th.—Throughout this day, light winds from the westward, and clear, pleasant weather. I procured a passport from the Commissary of Marine, and was only waiting for a passage to St. Gilles.

March 26th.—Light winds from the southward, with rain during the whole day, still waiting an opportunity to leave the island for the continent.

Throughout the next day we had pleasant breezes from the N. N. E. and fine weather. At seven o'clock in the morning, I embarked on board the *chasse-marée* Mariana, Captain Brumel, and after a pleasant passage of three hours, arrived safe at St. Gilles—a small seaport town on the west coast of France, lying in lat. $46^{\circ} 40' N.$, long. $1^{\circ} 51' W.$ It is an inconsiderable place, and only navigable for small vessels.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, left this place on horseback for Sables d'Olonne, a pleasant little seaport town, about five leagues from St. Gilles. I reached my point of destination at six in the evening, and put up for the night. Here I ordered supper, and as the weather was somewhat chilly, I sat by the kitchen fire, where an omelet and some coffee were being prepared for my repast. These simple, honest-hearted people were waiting for the *malle-poste*, which did not arrive until ten o'clock. While the meal was being made ready, the following conversation took place between us: To what country do you belong? Where are you from, and whither are you going?—I am a North American, lately from Bordeaux and now on my

return to that city. Very soon the mother of the family approached near me, and after examining my complexion, observed to her husband and the children that I was as white as they were, and that she had always thought the Americans were all Indians, and of a copper color. The aubergiste then asked me my religious faith, whether Catholic or Protestant. I replied I was a Protestant, but had no prejudice against the Catholics. He then said that some of his neighbors affirmed that persons of my faith were not as good as the Catholics, but that he did not believe it. He asserted that there was a village not far off where there were a majority of Protestants, and that they were very good people.

I passed a pleasant evening with these simple-hearted people, and after a good night's rest, left with the courier at ten o'clock the next morning for Napoléon, at which place we arrived at three in the afternoon, having travelled seven leagues in a miserable vehicle.

This is a newly built town, with several fine houses and broad streets. I had now got upon the great public road, and after agreeing to pay sixty francs for my passage to La Rochelle, left Napoléon, in the same vehicle, at five o'clock in the afternoon. At eight in the evening we arrived at the small village of Maria, and put up for the night, having travelled about five leagues.

We left Maria at five in the morning, and travelled on the great public road. We passed through Lucan, and several other towns and villages, and arrived at La Rochelle (eighteen leagues from Napoléon), at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Here I put up at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, where I was delighted to meet with many of my countrymen, and once more to hear the sweet sound of my native language. I found lying here four American vessels: the privateer brig *Rattlesnake*, Captain Maffet, of Philadelphia; the letter-of-marque brig *Ida*, Captain Jeremiah Mantor, of Boston; the letter-of-marque schooner *Commodore Decatur*, Captain Brown, of Philadelphia, and also a merchant brig, Captain Smith. Besides the captains of these vessels, there were here several American gentlemen,

supercargoes, waiting for passages to return to the United States. For several days after my arrival at La Rochelle, we were without news from Paris, as all communication had been cut off, and not a diligence was allowed to run on the road between the two cities. The town was placed in a very anxious state of suspense; every body knew that the allied armies were in the neighborhood of Paris, and no one dared to speak a syllable on the subject. At this time the military officers were seen conversing with each other in small groups, and appeared to be the only men that the government could rely upon.

At length, on the 2d of April, news arrived in town that Paris had been taken by the allied armies on the 30th ultimo. The next day official orders arrived from that city, proclaiming the change of government. In the capitulation, Bonaparte was sent to Elba, and Louis XVIII. acknowledged King of France.

In a few minutes some one mounted a white cockade, and very soon after, it became general; and now it was "Vive le Roi," "Vive Louis dix-huit!" Although at that time I was no friend of the Emperor, I was disgusted with several poor devils, who, a few days before this great event, had extolled "Le grand Empereur" up to the skies, and now turned against him, calling him "Le prince des tyrans." This implication does not apply at all to the military, nor to the respectable part of the inhabitants, but to some hotel keepers and other mean-spirited turncoats, such as infest every part of the globe.

The *Rattlesnake* had been lying here some weeks. She put in here after a successful cruise off the coast of Norway, and round the north coast of England. Captain Maffet had taken a great many prizes on his last cruise: some he had manned and sent into port, others he had destroyed, and by his gallant conduct had rendered his country essential service in distressing the enemy. The *Rattlesnake* was a fine brig. She mounted fourteen guns, and was well officered and equipped. Capt. M. told me that he captured a British transport ship with troops, after a smart engagement, that he had not a man killed in the action, and but one wounded; that person was his marine officer, a young man belonging to New York, who was shot in the leg, and here taken to the hospital. He had the best medical aid,

and was tenderly nursed by the Sisters of Charity. He was advised by surgical men to have his leg amputated, and warned of the danger of delay. He would not consent to the operation, giving for reason that it would spoil his dancing. The good Sisters, seeing the young man daily becoming weaker and weaker, were extremely anxious that he should become a Christian, meaning a Catholic. To gratify them he consented (at least in appearance); they were rejoiced, thinking, no doubt, they had been the means of saving the soul of a heretic. The poor fellow lingered a few weeks, and was followed to the grave by all the Americans in this place.

The *chasse-marée* I chartered in Bordeaux to bring to this place one hundred casks of wine and fifty pipes of brandy, I found lying here, waiting orders with respect to its disposition. Capt. Mantor, who was bound to Boston in ballast, offered to take the wine and brandy at a very low freight, viz., at \$45 per ton.

The *Ida* was a fine coppered brig of 272 tons burden, mounting eight long nine and twelve pounders, with a complement of thirty-five men. The cost of the wine and brandy, including the freight and charges for bringing it round to this port, amounted to twenty-five thousand francs, or say about five thousand dollars. We soon struck a bargain, and the next day put it on board his vessel, which, on the morning of the 8th of April, sailed from this port in company with the brig *Rattlesnake*, Capt. Maffet, and the letter-of-marque schooner *Commodore Decatur*, Capt. Brown, both of Philadelphia.

These three vessels ran down on the north side of l'Île de Ré, between the island and the main-land. In this passage they met an English man-of-war brig and a schooner in company, and were all driven back. The *Rattlesnake* and the *Commodore Decatur* returned into port. The *Ida* lay to off the east end of the island long enough to discharge his pilot, and then made a bold dash down the south side of the island, in plain sight of the British fleet lying at anchor in the Roads off La Rochelle.

I will here digress from the thread of my narrative, to insert the two following letters; as they have an intimate connection

with this subject, I think it better to place them here, than to leave them to a later date.

Captain Jeremiah Mantor, formerly of the brig Ida of Boston :

DEAR SIR : Upon the score of old acquaintance, I herewith take the liberty of writing to you on the subject of the scenes through which we passed in our late war with England, in the years 1813 and 1814. I have been for several months re-writing my voyages, namely, from the year 1799 until I retired from the sea, in 1841.

Now, my dear sir, you doubtless recollect that I commanded the letter-of-marque schooner *David Porter*, of New York, and that after I sent my vessel home from off l'Ile Dieu, coast of France, I went on to La Rochelle, where we met on the 29th of March, 1814. You will also recollect that I shipped by you in the brig *Ida*, one hundred casks of wine and fifty pipes of brandy for Boston. I had no insurance on this property, and was of course extremely anxious for your safety. I recollect that you sailed from La Rochelle on the morning of the 8th of April, in company with the privateer-brig *Rattlesnake*, Captain Maffet, and the letter-of-marque schooner *Commodore Decatur*, Captain Brown, both of Philadelphia ; that you all three ran down between l'Ile de Ré and the main-land, and in that passage met an English man-of-war brig with a schooner in company, sent there to guard and block up the passage, and that you were all driven back. The *Rattlesnake* and *Commodore Decatur* returned into port, and off the east end of l'Ile de Ré you squared away, dashed down the south side of the island, and had to pass through the British fleet. At that time there lay at anchor in the Roads off La Rochelle, the *Queen Charlotte*, Admiral Lord Keith, and four ships of the line. I understood that one of these line-of-battle ships slipped her cables and made sail in pursuit of your brig. Although at the time of your sailing I was standing on the quay at La Rochelle, I still have but an imperfect idea of all that passed. And now, my dear sir, you would do me a great favor by giving me a detailed account of all you can recollect of your marvellous escape ; namely, the length of your passage home, the number of shot fired at you

during the chase, whether they threw more than one shot on board of your brig, and any other incident you can call to mind will be gratefully received.

Your bravery and good conduct in evading the close pursuit of so many ships of war, ought to be published to the world. You certainly out-mancœuvred and out-sailed them all, and I am satisfied that your prompt decision and gallant conduct saved the whole of the property intrusted to you.

For this and many other kind favors, I remain your obliged and very grateful friend,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.

NEW YORK, January 5th, 1846.

“WEST TISBURY, MASS., }
MARTHA’S VINEYARD, Jan. 17th, 1846. }

Captain George Coggeshall :

DEAR SIR: I received your letter of the 5th inst., and am happy to hear from one of my old acquaintances. I often think of them and the scenes I have passed through during the years I have spent on the ocean. The voyage you speak of is well remembered, and it would not be possible, after the lapse of so many years, for me to give you a correct account of *all* my voyages during the late war; but I will write you the particulars of that passage home, and you can make what use of them you think proper.

I left La Rochelle in company with the *Rattlesnake* and *Commodore Decatur*, and ran out north of l’Ile de Ré with a fair wind. Saw two men-of-war ahead, hauled our wind, and stood back to the east end of l’Ile de Ré. I saw there was a risk in returning again into port, and might be taken there, so I determined at once to make a bold push; discharged my pilot, and made all sail to pass the south end of the island. I saw in a moment several of the men-of-war under way upon my lee quarter. I was looking out for ships ahead, and as I opened the island, a schooner came down on my starboard side within musket shot; she gave me a broadside and three cheers, shot away my studding-sail boom and main-stay, and some small rigging. I soon passed her, but the men-of-war were coming up under my lee, and the shot flying thick.

I soon saw another ship bearing down upon my starboard side. There was but one way to escape, which was, up helm and bring all astern, or sink; this was quickly done, and we crossed the bows of the head ship so near that I could hear them halloo on board plainly.

The shot went most of it over me: one thirty-two pounder raked my deck and lodged in the bows, one cut my anchor off the bows and cut the chains at the same moment. I cut the cable and let the anchor go. My crew were on the other side of the deck, and in the hold heaving out ballast, which saved many lives.

The vessels continued the chase until eleven at night; after that I saw no more of them. I think there were as many as eight or ten in pursuit of me. I stood out to sea, and at daylight saw two frigates right ahead, and had just time to haul upon the wind, not knowing but that I should upset, as I had lightened the brig so much that night; I had thrown overboard six nine-pounders during the night, and soon found her ready for another chase.

At dark I had gained four or five miles upon them; one was on my lee quarter, and the other astern. I was headed into the bay, and dared not risk to get before the wind.

About nine P. M. the shutter to the binnacle fell, and they saw my light. They made signals one to the other, and that showed me where they were. I immediately bore up before the wind, and at daylight saw them hull down. I now had once more the wide ocean, but my brig was light, which made my passage rather long. I think it was twenty-six days.

Nothing more worth relating took place during our passage. I made two voyages to France, and one to New Orleans in the war, and passed through many scenes which often come to my mind, now I have settled down in my old age to think of the many dangers and escapes that I have passed through.

I shall be happy to hear from you at any time.

Yours with respect,

JEREMIAH MANTOR.

I will now continue my narrative, and return to the 9th of

April, 1814. After the *Ida* had made her escape, and the *Rattlesnake* and *Commodore Decatur* returned into port, these two vessels were watched and blockaded with more vigilance than ever. The English men-of-war anchored nearer the port, while a brig and a schooner were almost constantly within gunshot of the harbor. Tranquillity having been restored in Paris, all the wheels of government began to move in a more regular train; the mails and diligences commenced running throughout the kingdom as formerly.

In a few days I settled all my business, and left this place in the diligence for Bordeaux, on the 12th of April, passing through Rochefort and several other towns lying on the great public road; and on the 14th, I once more had the pleasure to return in safety to Bordeaux. Here I found every thing tranquil, and although the city was in the hands of the English, there was no noise or confusion. The theatres were all open as usual, and well supported. In lieu of seeing French troops and sentinels about the town, there were English and Portuguese soldiers stationed at every military post.

I found my business had been well managed by my good friends Messrs. Brun frères; a portion of my freight had been collected, and every thing was in a successful train. The English had thus far respected private persons and private property.

There were no American vessels here; nearly all of them had left this country. There were a few however in the northern ports, namely, three blockaded at La Rochelle as before stated. The letter-of-marque schooner *Kemp*, Captain Jacobs, of Baltimore, was lying at Nantes, and the schooners *Lion* and *Spencer* at L'Orient. These were about all the American vessels left in the western ports of France. There were several American gentlemen, supercargoes, at Bordeaux and La Rochelle, waiting an opportunity to return home to the United States. Nearly all the American captains and supercargoes at this time in France were well known to each other, and upon very friendly terms. I found here, as in all parts of the world, that mutual interest and mutual sympathy draw men closely together.* We were all devising means to get

* For note, see page 199.

home, some going to Amelia Island in neutral vessels, others taking passage in letters-of-marque, and some few in ships of war.

A few days before I arrived at Bordeaux, on the 10th of April, there was a terrible battle fought between the French and English armies at Toulouse. The French army was commanded by Marshal Soult, and the English by Lord Wellington. This was a most sanguinary conflict. Although the English were victorious, they lost, in killed and wounded, about five thousand men, and the French about three thousand. I saw great numbers of English officers, who were brought down to Bordeaux, sadly maimed; some with the loss of their limbs; others cut and mutilated in a frightful manner. These sights and scenes were enough to sicken one with war and all its vain glory.

The remnant of this victorious army, which had been so long campaigning in the Peninsula, under the command of Marshal Beresford and Lord Wellington, and gained so many victories over the French in Portugal and Spain, had now arrived at this place to recruit and repose for a brief space on their laurels. As a general peace with the nations of Europe was established, the services of these veterans were no longer required in this quarter of the world. The British Government therefore decided that a large portion of this victorious army should be sent to New Orleans to humble the Americans. For this purpose, they here embarked on board of transports and British ships of war, for the island of Jamaica, at which place they arrived safely; were there reorganized, and again embarked on board of British ships of war and transports for New Orleans. The whole number of ships and vessels employed on this expedition amounted to forty sail, of various sizes. The land forces were commanded by Sir Edward Packenham, one of Lord Wellington's favorite generals; this force amounted to six or seven thousand soldiers, besides a great number of seamen and marines. In the early part of December, 1814, they landed on and about the shores of the Mississippi, and finally encamped on its banks, about eight miles below New Orleans. These warriors, in all human

probability, never dreamed they should have much fighting to do, but that British discipline and British valor would overcome and vanquish all their adversaries at a blow; but, unfortunately for them, they there met Americans, under the command of General Jackson. As all the world knows the result, and as it has become a matter of history, it is unnecessary for me to add another word on the subject.

I had now so far arranged all my commercial affairs in Bordeaux, with my friends Messrs. Brun frères, that I thought seriously of returning to the United States by the first good opportunity. Thus, after staying in this city six days, I left it on the 21st of April, to return to La Rochelle in search of a passage home. I took the diligence, travelled on the great public road along the sea-coast, and arrived in two days at La Rochelle. Here I found the *Rattlesnake* and *Commodore Decatur* still blockaded, and, as it appeared altogether uncertain when they would be able to get to sea, after remaining here about a fortnight, I concluded to proceed to Nantes. I accordingly left La Rochelle on the 10th, travelled on the grand route, and passing through Morcilles, Napoléon, and several towns and villages, arrived at Nantes on the 11th of May. The distance from La Rochelle to this place is one hundred miles. I stopped at the Hôtel de France for a few days, and then took private lodgings with Captain Jacobs, of the letter-of-marque schooner *Kemp*, of Baltimore. This schooner was anchored at Paimbœuf, near the mouth of the river Loire, about thirty miles below Nantes. I made frequent excursions with Captain Jacobs down to Paimbœuf, and found the river very shallow, full of flats and sand-bars, and difficult to ascend except for small vessels. There is, however, water enough at the port of Paimbœuf, and the anchorage is good and safe. The shores and meadows along the river in the summer season are beautiful. The grounds are highly cultivated, and the houses and cottages neat and pretty.

Nantes is a fine old city, lying in lat. $47^{\circ} 13' N.$, long. $1^{\circ} 33' W.$, about two hundred and ten miles in a direct line S. W. of Paris. By Orleans, Blois, Tours, and other towns on the Loire, the distance is about three hundred miles. It is gener-

ally well built, and has a great many public squares. The quays along the river are very fine, and shaded by rows of large elm-trees, which render them delightful promenades. Nantes was formerly one of, if not the largest, commercial town in France, and is still a place of considerable importance in a commercial point of view. It numbers from one hundred and eighty to two hundred thousand inhabitants, and is, in my opinion, the most moral town of its size in the kingdom. Provisions are cheap, and, taking every thing into consideration, it is a very desirable residence. Strangers in pursuit of health and reasonable living will find themselves quiet and comfortable in this highly favored place. At the time I visited this town, there appeared to be about three women to one man. The male population having been taken away in great numbers for the last twenty years, to fill up the armies of France, of course, left a very large proportion of females.

I have before said I came on here for the purpose of obtaining a passage to the United States; but in this I was disappointed: there were no American vessels here but the *Kemp*, and she was preparing to return home as a cruising vessel,—that is to say, to pick up a cargo from the enemy on the ocean, if possible, and, perhaps, man and send into port a fast-sailing, rich prize or two, if fortunate enough to meet with such. This mode of cruising, though pleasant enough as captain, did not meet my views as a passenger or a volunteer. I therefore concluded to go to Bordeaux, and wait a more favorable opportunity to return home. I found Captain J. a pleasant, gentlemanly man, and parted with him with sincere regret. After spending about a month of perfect leisure at Nantes, I left this agreeable place in the diligence for Bordeaux on the 13th of June. The distance between the two cities is two hundred and sixteen miles, and the fare, including the expenses on the way, was ninety-seven francs. We were two days on the road, and arrived on the 15th, without accident. I now had abundance of leisure, not only to look after my commercial affairs in Bordeaux, but to partake of its various amusements, and enjoy its hospitable society.

On the 9th of August I received the account-sales of my

cottons, with a statement of what was due me, and also the balance due for freight, all of which was now settled to my entire satisfaction. I forthwith remitted to my owners in New-York, in sundry bills of exchange, \$8,692, besides leaving a large balance in the hands of my worthy friends, Messrs. Brun frères. I am happy to say, I surmounted one difficulty after another, until things began to wear a brighter aspect; and, as I was unable to obtain a passage from any of the ports on the western coast, I decided to go up to Paris, spend a few weeks, and try to get a passage home from some of the northern ports of France.

Before leaving this place, it would be ungrateful in me not to speak of the kind hospitality I received in this town; even amidst war and confusion, the rites of hospitality are here never forgotten. The kind treatment to strangers by the inhabitants of Bordeaux is proverbial, and needs no repetition from me. Still, I am happy to bear my feeble testimony, and time will never efface from my memory the happy days I have spent in this delightful city.

On the 15th of August I left Bordeaux in the diligence for the capital. We passed through Angoulême, Poitiers, Tours, along the pleasant banks of the Loire to Blois, Orleans, and from thence to Paris. The time occupied in performing this journey was five days, the distance one hundred and thirty post leagues, and the whole expense, including the fees to the conductor, postilion, servants, &c., &c., one hundred and ninety-six francs. I put up at the Hôtel Strasbourg, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. We got into the vicinity of this magnificent city just before the dawn of day. A young American friend was my travelling companion, and we were at daylight on the "qui vive" to catch the first glimpse of this vast metropolis, when, just as the sun was rising, we ascended a hill, and, behold! the famed city of Paris was in full view. Among the many objects of admiration that caught the eye, the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides was the most conspicuous; it had been newly gilded, and when the sun shone upon this splendid object the effect was truly enchanting. I was young and enthusiastic at that time, and shall never forget the impression

made on my mind by this, my first view of this astonishing city.

It was truly like transporting one to another world. I had read its history from my boyish days, and now, for the first time, beheld it in all its magnificence and sublimity. Since that time I have visited many parts of the globe, and even down to this date, 1858, have never met its equal. London certainly covers a greater space, and has almost double the number of inhabitants; still there never was, nor ever will be, but one Paris.

Immediately on my arrival here, I wrote the following letter to the several owners of the *David Porter*:

“PARIS, 20th August, 1814.

“*Messrs. Lawrence and Whitney, Strong and Miles, and James Lovett, Esq.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have this moment arrived from Bordeaux. I came here in hopes of obtaining a passage home in the ship *John Adams*, from Amsterdam, which ship, I am informed, is to sail in about a week from this day for America. I need not tell you my disappointment to learn from several American gentlemen here, that they, with several others in London, have applied to our Minister for a passage in said ship and have been refused, and that it is absolutely impossible to obtain one in the *John Adams** on any terms. How or in what way I shall get home I am not able to say, but assure you I shall embrace the first opportunity. It was not until the 9th instant that I got my business settled with Brun frères. Enclosed I send you one set of bills of exchange, amounting together to \$8,691, all of which, I trust, will be paid without any difficulty; if they are not, the persons from whom I bought them are fully able to pay them, should they be returned. I enclose you also account-sales of our cotton. Independent of what I now remit you, I have left in the hands of Messrs. Brun frères about 40,000 francs. What I now remit, with what I have left in the hands of Brun frères, all belong to the joint concern of the owners of

* This was a cartel ship belonging to the United States Government.

the *David Porter*, when the voyage is settled, except a small sum due to my officers.

The amount of Messrs. Archibald Gracie & Sons' cotton, I have remitted to them in a bill of exchange on a gentleman in Baltimore. At present, the exchange between this country and England is $23\frac{1}{2}$ francs per pound sterling, which is nearly at par, consequently unfavorable to remit to the United States by way of England. As I am unable to obtain any more good bills on the United States, I rather think I shall leave the remainder of the funds with Brun frères, where they will be safe, at the same time gaining four per cent. interest per annum. The enclosed bills I bought at from nine to ten per cent. below par.

As you may suppose, I am very much fatigued after so long a journey; but for fear my letter will not be in time to go by the John Adams, I am obliged to write this in haste, which I hope you will receive as an apology for my not writing more particularly. I trust before long I shall be able to find a passage home some way or other, when I shall have the pleasure to explain every thing to your satisfaction.

As I am too late to write any of my friends by this opportunity, please advise them of the substance of this letter, and oblige

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE COGGESHALL."

After having delivered several letters of introduction from my friends in Bordeaux, I occupied myself for some days attending to commercial business, and among other things, purchased five thousand francs worth of French silks, shawls, silk stockings, etc. These articles were all carefully packed and dispatched to Bordeaux, to be shipped by the first fast-sailing American schooner that should leave that place for the United States. When this was accomplished, I commenced visiting the various museums, libraries, public gardens, palaces, etc. It being a fine season of the year, I also made excursions to St. Cloud, Versailles, St. Germain, St. Denis, and other places in the neighborhood of the metropolis.

There are in this great city so many objects of curiosity, that

a stranger may spend several months with pleasure and profit in visiting them.

The day before I left Paris, I wrote the following letter :

“ PARIS, *September 8th*, 1814.

Messrs. Archibald Gracie & Sons :

GENTLEMEN :—I send you enclosed a bill of exchange for \$991, on James Williams, Esq., of Baltimore. This is the net proceeds of your fifty-one bales of cotton. By the ship John Adams, I forwarded you one set of these bills and account-sales. I also sent one copy to L'Orient, to be forwarded. This I shall send to England, to go by the Cartel, which I am told is now fitting for the United States.

I am extremely sorry, gentlemen, your shipment of cotton has turned out so much to your disadvantage. I, however, hope you will do me the justice to believe I have done the best I could in the business. I came on here for the purpose of getting a passage in the John Adams from Amsterdam, but was disappointed, as they are not allowed to take passengers. I am also informed that the Cartel, which is now fitting away from England, takes none but prisoners. I shall, therefore, leave here to-morrow morning for Bordeaux, and endeavor to get a passage to Amelia Island, or the West Indies, and from thence home, when I hope I shall have the pleasure to explain every thing relating to your shipment to your satisfaction.

I am gentlemen, with respect and regard,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.

P. S. I wrote by the schooner *Commodore Decatur*, brigs *Rattlesnake*, and *Commodore Perry*, which letters I fear you have never received, as it is here reported that all those vessels have been captured.

Yours truly,

G. C.”

At this period there was but a small number of American gentlemen in Paris, consequently they were generally known to each other.

The Ambassador from the United States, residing here, was the Hon. Wm. H. Crawford. He was highly respected and esteemed by the Americans, and seemed to take pleasure in acts of kindness and benevolence to his countrymen. From a turbulent state of war and confusion, Paris had lately become quiet and tranquil. Louis XVIII., and other members of the royal family, used almost daily to show themselves from the balcony of the Tuileries, and I frequently saw the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême riding on horseback in various parts of the city.

The theatres and all public places of amusement were open, and appeared to be well patronized and supported. There were vast numbers of strangers here from different parts of Europe, and everybody seemed to be in pursuit of pleasure.

After having spent twenty days amidst these gay scenes, I left Paris on the 9th of September in the diligence, and returned by the same route by which I came up, passing through Orleans, down along the banks of the Loire and so on to Bordeaux, where I arrived on the 13th, without accident.

I had many kind friends in this city, and returned to it with pleasure, but found those from America were daily diminishing; some returning home in neutral ships, by way of the West Indies and Amelia Island; others going to Holland to take passage from that country. My friend Robert R. Stewart, Esq., of Philadelphia, after waiting several months for a passage to the United States, had left this place for L'Orient, in hopes of getting one from that city with Capt. Blakely in the *Wasp*. This ship, after having captured the British sloop-of-war *Reindeer*, put into L'Orient for supplies, and here Mr. Stewart joined her. They sailed from that place on the 27th of August, 1814, bound on a cruise for several months, and at the expiration of the appointed time intended to return to the United States.

A few days after leaving port she made several prizes, and on the evening of the 1st of Sept., engaged and captured the British sloop-of-war *Avon*, of eighteen guns. A few minutes after this ship had surrendered, the English brig-of-war *Castilian*, of eighteen guns, fired a broadside into the *Wasp*, and then hauled off and escaped in the darkness of the night. There

is scarcely a doubt that the *Wasp* would have taken the *Castilian* also, if they had been favored with daylight. While on board the *Wasp*, Mr. Stewart joined the marine corps as a volunteer, and assisted under the brave Blakely, to vanquish the enemies of his country.

About the middle of September, the *Wasp* took and destroyed two British brigs; and on the 21st of the same month, in lat. 33° 12' N., long. 14° 56' W., captured the British armed brig *Atalanta*. This being a valuable prize, Captain Blakely determined to send her into port. He put on board of her as prize-master, Midshipman Geisinger, and a prize-crew. In this brig, Mr. Stewart went as passenger. She arrived safely at Savannah on the 14th of November. These two gentlemen and the prize-crew are all that escaped from the ever-to-be-lamented *Wasp* and her gallant crew. I take pleasure in stating these facts, that the patriotic conduct of my friend may be known to the world. As I have never seen his name mentioned in connection with the ill-fated *Wasp* (in any official account), I deem it but a matter of common justice to record my knowledge of these facts. There were very many patriotic individuals during our late war with England, who rendered essential service to their country and are entitled to its gratitude, whose acts, I am sorry to say, are almost entirely unknown; for instance, my worthy friends Mantor, of the *Ida*, and Stewart, a volunteer on board the victorious *Wasp*.

While in Bordeaux, I heard the gratifying news of the safe arrival of the schooner *David Porter*, at Gloucester, Cape Ann, and also of the arrival of the brig *Ida*, at Boston. After I left the *David Porter*, at l'Île Dieu, under the command of Mr. Nichols, he captured on his passage home several British prizes, from which vessels he loaded the schooner, and carried with him into port ten prisoners. Soon after his arrival at Cape Ann, he proceeded with the *David Porter* to Boston, at which place the vessel and cargo were consigned to the respectable house of Messrs. Munson & Barnard. These gentlemen sold both vessel and cargo at high prices. They also sold the brandy and wine, by the brig *Ida*, at a very good profit, and closed the whole concern to the entire satisfaction of all parties. I think the

schooner sold for \$10,000, and was soon fitted out as a regular privateer, and I believe was afterwards very successful.

Messrs. Munson & Barnard also received from the government of the United States, \$1,000 as a bounty on the ten prisoners.

The trunk of goods which I purchased in Paris for 5,000 francs, or say \$1,000, was shipped by my friends in Bordeaux, on board the Baltimore schooner *Transit*, Capt. Richardson. This vessel arrived in New York on the 8th of March, 1815, and the goods sold at auction for \$2,075.

BORDEAUX, *October 1st, 1814.*

I had now finished the voyage of the *David Porter*, so far as it devolved upon me, and will here close the subject with a few remarks.

When it is considered how many obstacles we met with, from the commencement on the 14th day of November, 1813, until its conclusion, I think it will be conceded that we triumphed over many difficulties, and ultimately made a good voyage; and I am happy to add, to the entire satisfaction of all the owners of the fortunate little schooner.

I will here insert the following letter to my brother Charles Coggeshall, second lieutenant of the letter-of-marque *David Porter*, at Milford, Connecticut:

"BORDEAUX, *October 21st, 1814.*

DEAR CHARLES:—I am now on the eve of leaving this place for L'Orient, to take command of the elegant American schooner *Leo*. I have been waiting several months to obtain a passage home to the United States, and have consented to take charge of this schooner, to proceed from France to Charleston or some other southern port.

Your cotton netted nine hundred and three francs. The account-sales I have sent to Messrs. Lawrence & Whitney, and desired them to pay you the amount, together with the gain on the exchange, which is about ten per cent.

You may, perhaps, ask why I did not invest the amount in French goods, that you might have gained a larger profit. I

answer, that I did not feel myself authorized to hazard your property without your consent, the risk of capture being in my opinion very great.

I was very happy to hear of your safe arrival in the *David Porter*. Captain Nichols and yourself, in fact, all the officers and men deserve a great deal of praise, and I do assure you I shall never forget your faithful and very friendly conduct during the whole voyage. Yes, Charles, although I sometimes scold a little when we are together, I need not tell you how dear you are to me, and that your faithful and brave conduct has entirely won my heart. I hope you will study navigation, and improve your mind by reading while you remain at home, and thus qualify yourself to command a ship when the war is ended. Should the enemy dare to molest the part of the country where you may be, I hope and trust you will be among the first to drive them into the sea. Our father fought them in 1775, before he was as old as you are, and I hope he has not left a son who would not defend his country, if necessary, with his heart's blood.

We hear nothing from America but degrading defeats and losses of every kind. Washington burnt, beaten here and there, and every thing appears to be going to the devil. If things go on no better, I shall be ashamed to acknowledge myself an American.

I shall write to mother and sister by the same vessel that conveys this to you.

Remember me affectionately to our brothers James and Francis, and believe me, my dear Charles,

Your sincere friend and brother,

GEORGE COGGESHALL."

(Note to page 188.)

* For example, a gentleman who witnessed the great earthquake at Caraccas, in March, 1812, told me, that at that time he saw men embrace each other who had not spoken together for years, and that the whole community buried their private animosities in face of the general danger.

CHAPTER XXII.

CRUISE IN THE LETTER-OF-MARQUE SCHOONER "LEO," FROM L'ORIENT TO CHARLESTON, AND HER CAPTURE, IN THE YEARS 1814 AND 1815.

THE *Leo* was a fine Baltimore built schooner of 320 tons, a remarkably fast sailer, and in every respect a superior vessel. She was lying in the harbor of L'Orient on the 1st of November, 1814, and then owned by Thomas Lewis, Esq., an American gentleman residing in Bordeaux. On the 2d of November, she was purchased by an association of American gentlemen (then in France), placed under my command, and her commission, as a letter-of-marque, indorsed over to me under the sanction of the Hon. William H. Crawford, at that time our minister at Paris. It was determined that I should make a short cruise for the purpose of capturing a few prizes from the enemy, then proceed to Charleston for a cargo of cotton, and return as soon as possible to France.

As there were at the time quite a number of American seamen in Bordeaux, Nantes and L'Orient, supported by the government of the United States through the consuls at those ports, it was desirable to take home as many of them as the schooner could conveniently accommodate.

I took with me as first officer, Mr. Pierre G. Depeyster, and left Bordeaux by diligence, for L'Orient. On our way we stopped a day or two at Nantes, where I engaged, with the consent of our consul at that port, forty seamen and two petty officers.

Mr. Azor O. Lewis, a fine young man, brother of the former owner of the *Leo*, was one of my prize-masters, and to him I committed the charge of bringing about forty more seamen from Bordeaux to L'Orient. The residue of the officers and men were

picked up at L'Orient, with the exception of four or five petty officers, who came up from Bordeaux.

Early in November we commenced fitting the schooner for sea. We found her hull in pretty good order, but her sails and rigging in a bad state. I, however, set every thing in motion, as actively as possible, and put in requisition sailmakers, block-makers, blacksmiths, &c., employed the men taking in ballast, filling water-casks, &c., in fine, hurried on as fast as possible, before we should be stopped.

The English had so much influence with the new government of Louis XVIII., that I felt extremely anxious to get out on the broad ocean without delay, and therefore drove on my preparations almost night and day.

After ballasting, I took on board three tons of bread, thirty barrels of beef, fifteen of pork, and other stores to correspond, being enough for fifty days.

I got ready for sea on the 6th of November. My crew, including the officers and marines, numbered about one hundred souls, and a better set of officers and men never left the port of L'Orient. But we were miserably armed; we had, when I first took the command of the schooner, one long brass twelve pounder and four small four pounders, with some fifty or sixty poor muskets. Those concerned in the vessel seemed to think we ought, with so many men, to capture prizes enough, even without guns. With this miserable armament I was now ready for sea, and only waiting for my papers from Paris. But, unfortunately for me, the next day I was ordered by the public authorities to return to the inner port, and disarm the schooner. I immediately waited on the commanding officer, and told him it was a hard case, that I should not be allowed sufficient arms to defend the vessel against boats. He politely told me he was sorry, but that he must obey the orders of the government, and that I must take out all the guns except one. At the same time he laughingly observed, that one gun was enough to take a dozen English ships before I got to Charleston.

I of course kept the long twelve pounder, and in the night smuggled on board some twenty or thirty muskets. In this situation I left the port of L'Orient, on the 8th of November, and

stood out to sea in the hope of capturing a few prizes. After getting to sea we rubbed up the muskets, and, with this feeble armament, steered for the chops of the British Channel. I soon found that when the weather was good and the sea smooth, I could take merchantmen enough by boarding; but in rough weather the travelling twelve pounder was but a poor reliance, and not to be depended upon like the long centre gun that I had on board the "*David Porter*."

It is true my officers and men were always ready to board an enemy of three times our force; but, in a high sea, if one of these delicately built Baltimore vessels should come in contact with a large, strong ship, the schooner would inevitably be crushed and sunk. For this reason, I was compelled to let one large English ship with twelve guns escape, while in the English Channel, because the weather was too rough to board her.

On the 9th, boarded the French ship "*Le Tartare*," sixty-eight days from St. Domingo, bound to Nantes, also a Dutch galiot from Ostend, bound to La Rochelle: lat. by obs. $46^{\circ} 17'$ N., long. $4^{\circ} 2'$ W.

Nov. 10th.—First part of this day moderate breezes, with cloudy weather and rain. During the remainder, strong gales from the N. N. W., with a high sea running. Lat. $46^{\circ} 9'$ N.

Nov. 11th.—The day commenced with moderate breezes from the N. E., and pleasant weather. At 6 o'clock, A. M., saw a sail bearing W. N. W., made all sail in chase; at 8 spoke the chase; she proved to be a galiot four days from Oberson, with a cargo of salt, bound for Ostend. Lat. by obs. $47^{\circ} 5'$ N.; long. $6^{\circ} 18'$ W.

Nov. 12th.—In the morning, light breezes and cloudy weather. At 5 in the afternoon we spoke the galiot *Topsher*, from Bayonne, bound to Antwerp with a cargo of brandy. The day ended with strong gales at N. N. W., and a high sea running. Lat. $48^{\circ} 49'$ N.; long. $7^{\circ} 40'$ W.

Nov. 13th.—This day commenced with strong breezes and cloudy weather. Spoke a Danish galiot from Malaga bound to Amsterdam, also the French ship *Stanislaus* from Havre bound

to Martinique. At six in the afternoon sounded in sixty-five fathoms of water, the Scilly Islands bearing N. W., fifteen leagues distant. Light winds and variable through the night. At six A. M. saw a brig to windward. At seven ditto she set English colors; gave her a gun, when she struck her flag. She proved to be an English brig from Leghorn, bound up the Channel. It now commenced blowing a strong breeze from the N. W., and soon there was a high sea running. Saw a large ship steering up Channel; left the prize, and made sail in chase of her. At ten A. M. she set English colors, and fired a gun. Had it been smooth, I think we could have carried her by boarding in fifteen minutes, or had I met her at sea, I would have followed her until the weather was better, and the sea smooth; but being now in the English Channel, with a high sea, it would have destroyed my schooner if she had come in contact with this wall-sided ship. She showed six long nines on each side. After exchanging a few shots, I hauled off and returned to our prize.

Nov. 14th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh breezes and cloudy weather. At two P. M. it moderated, when I took out of the English prize brig the captain, mate and crew, and put on board of her a prize-master and seven men, with orders to proceed to a port in the United States. At four P. M. saw a sail to windward, when we made sail in chase. At eight ditto it became dark and squally, and we lost sight of her. At eight A. M. saw our prize ahead. We soon came up with her and supplied the prize-master with two casks of water and a quantity of bread, and left him to proceed on his course to the United States.

Nov. 15th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales from the westward, with a rough sea running. Middle and latter part of the day, the wind continued to blow strong from the westward with a high sea. As it was now the middle of November, with no prospect of much fine weather, and my schooner so badly armed, I concluded to leave this rough cruising ground and run to the southward, in hopes of finding the climate more mild, where I could profit by a superior number of men in making prizes. Lat. 47° 28' N.

Nov. 16th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales at S. W., with a high sea. At midnight, the wind suddenly shifted to the N. W., and blew a strong gale from that quarter; double-reefed the lower sails and stood to the southward. At seven A. M. it moderated; saw a sail to the eastward; made sail in chase; at nine ditto boarded her. She proved to be the Spanish brig *Diligent*, Captain Joseph Antonio De Bard, from Bilboa, bound to London. Put eight English prisoners on board of her, with a tolerable supply of provisions, when he proceeded on his course. At ten A. M. saw two sail to the westward, and made sail in chase. Lat. by obs. $47^{\circ} 10' N.$; long. $8^{\circ} 0' W.$

Nov. 17th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with brisk breezes from the N. N. W., and cloudy weather. At three P. M. boarded the Spanish brig *Alonzo*. She was from Teneriffe, bound to London. On board of this vessel I put the captain, late master of our prize brig. At four ditto spoke a galiot under Hamburg colors, from Bilboa, bound to Bristol, England. Four sail in sight, light airs and fine weather. Made sail in chase of the nearest vessel at noon. She hove to and hoisted Spanish colors. When about to board this brig, we discovered an English man-of-war very near, in full chase of us.

Nov. 18th.—Light winds and fine weather; the man-of-war brig still in chase, about two miles distant. At eight P. M. light breezes from the southward; passed near a brig standing to the eastward; had no time to board her as the man-of-war was still in chase. At midnight the wind became fresh from the W. S. W., with dark, rainy weather. Took in all the light sails, and hauled close upon the wind to the W. N. W. At seven A. M. saw a small sail on our weather bow. At ten ditto came up with and captured her; found it was an English cutter, from Teneriffe, bound to London, with a cargo of wine.

Nov. 19th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with strong gales from the northward, and a high sea running. At meridian took out of the prize twenty quarter casks of wine, together with her sails, cables, rigging, blocks, &c., and after removing the prisoners, scuttled her. At one P. M. she sank. Strong gales from the northward and rainy weather during the night. At seven A. M. saw a sail to windward; tacked ship to get the

weather-gage. At eleven ditto got her on our lee beam, when I made her out to be an English brig-of-war of sixteen guns. I commenced firing my long twelve. At noon, after receiving about thirty or forty shot from the enemy, without any material damage, I hauled off. Some of his shot passed over us, some fell short; and only one hulled us: this shot passed through our bends amidships, and lodged in the hold. I could outsail him with the greatest ease, and if I had had a long, well-mounted centre gun, could have annoyed him without receiving any injury, by keeping just out of reach of his carronades. These twenty-four hours ended with fresh gales from the N. W., with a high sea running. Lat. $47^{\circ} 56'$ N.; long. $11^{\circ} 9'$ W.

Nov. 20th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales and variable, squally weather. Two sail in sight; made sail in chase. At half-past four P. M. spoke one of them, a Hamburg bark from St. Thomas, bound home. At seven ditto boarded a Dutch brig, from Faro, bound to Rotterdam, with a cargo of fruit, and, of course, permitted him to proceed on his course. During the night, we had a continuation of strong gales, and bad weather, with much sea. At eleven A. M. saw a sail to the westward; at meridian came up with and boarded the Dutch brig *Hope*, from Naples, bound to Amsterdam, with a cargo of wine. Lat. by obs. $46^{\circ} 36'$ N.; long. $12^{\circ} 22'$ W.

Nov. 21st.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh winds from the N. N. E., and squally weather. At meridian saw a sail bearing W. S. W., made sail in chase. At four P. M., she being directly to leeward, I ran down to discover her character; I soon made her out to be a frigate. When within three miles' distance, I hoisted an English ensign. The frigate showed Portuguese colors, and resorted to every stratagem in his power to decoy us down within the range of his shot. Finding I could outsail him with ease, I hauled down the English colors, set an American ensign, hauled close upon the wind, and soon lost sight of him. During the night we had fresh gales at E. N. E., and squally weather. At seven A. M. saw a small sail bearing S. S. W.; made sail in chase. I soon came up with and boarded an English schooner from Malaga, bound to Dublin, with a cargo of fruit. Took out the prisoners and a supply

of fruit, then manned her and gave orders to the prize-master to make the best of his way to the United States. Latitude by account $45^{\circ} 33' N.$; long. $12^{\circ} 0' W.$

Nov. 22d.—These twenty-four hours commenced with light airs and fine, pleasant weather. At three p. m. came up with and boarded a Danish galiot; at twelve o'clock, midnight, put ten English prisoners on board of her. I supplied them with provisions and a quarter cask of wine, and the galiot proceeded on her voyage. She was from Marseilles, bound to Hamburg, with a cargo of wine and oil. At eight a. m. saw a sail bearing N. N. E.; gave chase, and at eleven boarded her. She proved to be a Swedish barque from St. Ubes, bound to Stockholm. The day ended with dark, rainy weather, with considerable sea. Lat. by account $45^{\circ} 53' N.$; long. $13^{\circ} 0' W.$

Nov. 23d.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales from the southward, with dark, rainy weather. At one p. m. wore ship to the S. E. in chase of a brig; at three came up with and spoke her. She proved to be a Prussian, from Oporto, bound to Hamburg, with a cargo of wine and fruit. Middle part of the twenty-four hours, strong gales from the N. N. W. At noon discovered two frigates to leeward. They both made sail in chase of me. I plied to windward, tacking every hour, and beat them without much trouble; but, as there were two of them, was not quite at ease until I had got out of their neighborhood. These twenty-four hours ended with strong breezes from the N. W., with showers of rain. Lat. by obs. $45^{\circ} 8' N.$; long. $13^{\circ} 6' W.$

Nov. 24th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales from the N. W., with showers of rain and a high head-sea running; the two frigates still in chase of us. At five p. m. the weathermost frigate was about ten or twelve miles distant to leeward; finding I could beat them with so much ease, I reefed the sails and plied to windward. Towards morning the wind moderated, and at daylight there was nothing in sight. Lat. by obs. $44^{\circ} 34' N.$; long. $15^{\circ} 8' W.$

Nov. 25th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with moderate breezes from the westward, and fine weather. At 3 p. m. discovered a sail bearing about S. E.; made sail and bore away

in chase. At half-past three, made her out to be a frigate, when I hauled upon the wind. At four ditto she fired a gun, and showed American colors. I set an American ensign for a few minutes, then hauled it down and hoisted a large English ensign. She fired three or four shot, but finding they fell short, stopped firing and crowded all sail in chase of me. Night coming on I soon lost sight of her. During the night we had fresh breezes and cloudy weather. At daylight there was nothing in sight; took in sail; during the remainder of these twenty-four hours we had fresh gales from the westward, with dark, thick weather. Lat. by obs. $43^{\circ} 2' N.$

Nov. 26th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with strong gales from the W. N. W., and thick, squally weather. At 1 p. m. discovered a sail to the windward, bearing N. W., made sail in chase, tacking every hour. At five ditto, made him out to be a ship standing upon the wind to the N. E. At half-past nine o'clock, after getting on his weather quarter, ran up alongside, hailed and ordered him to heave to, which order he immediately obeyed. I sent my boat on board, and found him to be an English ship, burden about 200 tons, from Palermo, bound to London, with a cargo of brimstone, rags, mats, &c. He mounted six guns, with a crew of about twenty men. We kept company through the night. The latter part of these twenty-four hours, light winds and fine weather. Lat. by obs. $42^{\circ} 31' N.$; long. $15^{\circ} 46' W.$

Nov. 27th.—Commenced with light breezes from the N. W., and fine, pleasant weather. In the forenoon of this day removed the prisoners from the ship, and put on board a prize-master and a crew of ten men. I also took out the guns, powder, shot and some fruit and then ordered her to proceed to the United States. At 2 p. m. made sail, steered to the S. W., and at five ditto lost sight of the prize. These twenty-four hours ended with light winds from the W. N. W., and cloudy weather. Lat. by obs. $41^{\circ} 3' N.$; long. $15^{\circ} 46' W.$

Nov. 28th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with a continuation of the same wind and weather, nothing in sight. During the night we had light winds with a little rain.

At 8 A. M. boarded a Dutch galiot, four days from Lisbon,

bound to Rotterdam with a cargo of salt. Put the captain of the prize ship, his mate, and three of his crew, on board this galiot and left her to proceed on her voyage.

At noon brought to and boarded the Swedish brig *Johanna*, fourteen days from Dublin, in ballast, bound to Alicant.

The weather being fine, we painted the schooner. Lat. by obs. $39^{\circ} 56' N.$; long. $15^{\circ} 16' W.$

Nov. 29th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with light winds from the N. E. and fine weather: at midnight hove to.

At half-past six A. M., daylight, saw a small sail bearing S. E.; at seven spoke her; she was a small schooner, one day from Lisbon, bound to Oporto. At this time made the Burling Rocks, bearing S. S. E. five leagues distant; several small sail in sight. At meridian the Rock of Lisbon bore S. by E. seven leagues. Fresh breezes from the N. E. and fine weather. Lat. by obs. $39^{\circ} 1' N.$

Nov. 30th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with light winds from the northward, with light squalls of rain. At six P. M. wore ship, stood off shore, and at midnight hove to.

At seven A. M. saw a sail to the eastward. Made sail and soon spoke the chase, which proved to be the French brig *Two Brothers*, one day from Lisbon, bound to Morlaix. At meridian the Rock of Lisbon bore east twelve leagues distant. Moderate breezes and cloudy weather. Lat. by obs. $38^{\circ} 33' N.$

Dec. 1st.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh breezes at N. N. W., with open, cloudy weather.

At one P. M. saw a ship on our weather quarter, coming up with us very fast. I made sail, steering to the westward, to get to windward of the ship, in order to ascertain her character. It was then blowing a strong breeze from the N. N. W., the weather was somewhat squally with a head sea running. About half-past two P. M. the schooner gave a sudden pitch, when, to the astonishment of every person on board, the foremast broke, about one-third below its head, and in a moment after it broke again, close to the deck. While in this situation, I had the mortification to see the ship pass us within pistol shot, without being able to pursue her. She was an English packet, just out of Lisbon, and bound for England; and, I doubt not, if this un-

fortunate accident had not occurred, we should have captured her in less than one hour from the time she was first seen. At this time the packets transported large quantities of specie to England, and this ship would, in all probability, have proved a rich prize to us. I have no doubt the mast was defective, and should have been renewed before leaving port. From this untoward circumstance, resulted all the misfortunes attending the cruise.

I cannot express the disappointment and mortification I now felt, not so much on my own account, as for the loss incurred by the gentlemen who planned and fitted out the expedition. The Rock of Lisbon bore E. S. E., eighty miles distant, and my only hope was to get into Lisbon or St. Ubes before daylight the next morning, and thus escape capture. I accordingly cleared away the wreck, rigged a jury foremast, and bore away. At four P. M., an hour after the accident occurred, we were going at the rate of seven knots an hour, and had the breeze continued through the night, should have got into port by daylight next morning. But, unfortunately, the wind became light during the night, and we made but little progress. At 5 A. M., daylight, made Cape Espartel and the Rock of Lisbon, when it became almost calm. We then commenced sweeping and towing, with boats ahead, until one P. M., when a light air sprung up from the westward, and I had strong hopes of being able to get in, or run the vessel on shore and destroy her, and thus escape capture.

At one P. M., being about four miles from the land I received a Lisbon pilot on board. The ebb-tide now commenced running out of the Tagus, and I had the mortification to see a British frigate coming out with the first of it, with a light breeze from off the land. At two P. M. I was under her guns. She proved to be the *Granicus*, a thirty-eight gun frigate, Captain W. F. Wise. We were all removed to the frigate, and the schooner taken in tow for Gibraltar.

Two days after our capture, on the 3d of December, we arrived at that place. Nearly all my officers and men were distributed and sent to England in different ships; the first and

second lieutenants, with myself, were retained on board the *Granicus* to undergo an examination at the admiralty court.

The next day after our arrival, the frigate left port for Tetuan Bay, Morocco, opposite Gibraltar, to obtain water and to be painted. We were taken on this little voyage, and had I not been a prisoner, should have enjoyed very much the novelty of the excursion, which occupied three or four days. Captain Wise was a fine, gentlemanly man, and always treated me and my officers with respect and kindness. We messed in the ward-room, I had a state-room to myself, and was as comfortable and happy as I could be under the circumstances.

I used to dine with Capt. W. almost daily; he frequently said to me, "Don't feel depressed by captivity, but strive to forget that you are a prisoner, and imagine that you are only a passenger." He also invited my first lieutenant, Mr. Depeyster, occasionally to dine with him, and said he would endeavor to get us paroled, and thus prevent our being sent to England. We stated to him, that we had voluntarily released more than thirty British prisoners notwithstanding the American government gave a bounty (to letters-of-marque and privateers) of one hundred dollars per head for British prisoners brought into the United States. These facts, Captain Wise represented to the governor, and also added that the five English prisoners, found on board the *Leo*, said they had been very kindly treated, and that he hoped his excellency would release me and my two lieutenants upon our parole, and let us return direct to the United States. The governor refused to comply with the kind request of Capt. Wise, and said he had positive orders from the British government to send every American prisoner, brought to that port, to England. When Capt. Wise informed us that he was unable to obtain our liberty on parole, he gave me a letter of introduction to a friend in England, requesting him to use his best interest to get myself and my first and second lieutenants released on parole, and thus enable us to return forthwith to the United States. Mr. Daly, an Irish gentleman, second lieutenant of the *Granicus*, who was connected with several persons of distinction in England, also gave me a letter to a noble lady of great influence at court. I regret I do not

recollect her name, but I well remember the emphatic expression of the kind-hearted and generous Daly when he handed me the letter. "Cause this letter to be presented," said he, "and rely upon it, this lady will never allow you nor your two friends to be sent to prison in England."

Mr. Depeyster was a high-spirited man, and when he learned that we could not obtain our liberty on parole, became extremely vexed and excited, and told the ward-room officers that if it should ever please God to place him in command of a letter-of-marque or privateer, during the war, he would never again release an English prisoner, but would have a place built in the vessel to confine them until he should arrive in the United States; that the bounty of one hundred dollars given by the United States government rendered it an object to carry them into port, but from motives of humanity we had released many of their countrymen; and now they refused to parole three unfortunate men who were in their power. I said but little on the subject, but from that moment resolved to make my escape upon the first opportunity.

The next day after this conversation (December 8th), Capt. Wise said, "Capt. Coggeshall, it is necessary that you and your officers should go on shore to the admiralty office, there to be examined with respect to the condemnation of your schooner, your late cruise, etc., and if you will pledge me your word and honor that you and your officers will not attempt to make your escape, I will permit you and the other two gentlemen to go on shore without a guard. I told him at once that I would give the pledge not to attempt in any way to make my escape, and would also be answerable for Mr. Depeyster and Mr. Allen. This ready compliance on my part resulted from a desire to gain an opportunity to reconnoitre the garrison, or in seamen's phrase, "to see how the land lay," in order to profit by the first chance to make my escape when not on parole.

We accordingly went on shore without a guard, and were conducted to the admiralty office. I was first examined, and was asked a great many questions, the greater part of which were from a printed copy; the answers were written down opposite the questions. It seemed to me to be more a matter

of form than for any special purpose. By the by, many of the inquiries appeared to me very unmeaning and unimportant. When they had finished with me, they commenced with Mr. Depeyster; and, after asking him a few questions, the court of inquiry was adjourned until the next morning at ten o'clock; and, notifying us to be there precisely at the time appointed, we were dismissed. We then took a stroll about the town for an hour or two, returned on board, and reported ourselves to Captain Wise.

Thus far, not a shadow of suspicion had been visible on the countenances of Captain Wise or his officers that we would attempt to make our escape. In the evening I consulted with Messrs. Depeyster and Allen on the subject of giving them the dodge upon the very first opportunity. I told them that if the captain required my parole the next morning I would not give it; neither would I advise them to pledge their word that they would not make their escape. I told them, furthermore, that I was resolved to slip away the first moment I saw a favorable opportunity, and would advise them to do the same, and not, from any motives of delicacy, wait a moment for me.

The next morning, when dressing, I put all the money I had, say about one hundred twenty-franc gold pieces, in a belt that was around my person, and some fifteen or twenty Spanish dollars in my pocket, with some little relics and trifling keepsakes. Thus prepared, I went to breakfast in the ward-room.

About nine o'clock, Captain Wise sent for me, when the following dialogue ensued: "Well, Coggeshall, I understand you and your officers are required at the admiralty office at ten o'clock, and if you will again pledge your honor, as you did yesterday, that none of you will attempt to make your escape, you may go on shore without a guard; otherwise I shall be obliged to send one with you." I watched his countenance closely for a moment, to ascertain his real meaning, and whether he was determined to adhere strictly to the words he had just uttered, and then replied: "Captain Wise, I am surprised that you should think it possible for any one to make his escape from Gibraltar." He instantly saw I was sounding him, when he pleasantly but firmly said, "Come, come, it won't do; you

must either pledge your word and honor that neither you nor your officers will attempt to make your escape, or I shall be compelled to send a guard with you." I felt a little touched, and promptly replied, "You had better send a guard, sir." Accordingly he ordered the third lieutenant to take a sergeant and four marines with him, and conduct us to the admiralty office.

At the hour appointed they recommenced the examination where they had left off the day before with Mr. Depeyster. I was sitting in the court-room, and Mr. Allen standing at the door, when he beckoned to me ; I instantly went to the door, and found the lieutenant had left his post and was not in sight. I then asked the sergeant whether he would go with us a short distance up the street to take a glass of wine. He readily complied with my request, leaving the marines at the door to watch Mr. Depeyster, and walked respectfully at a few paces behind us, up the street. I had been once before at Gibraltar, and understood the town perfectly well. We soon came to a wine shop on a corner, with a door opening on each street. While the soldier was standing at the door, Mr. A. and myself entered, and called for wine ; I drank a glass in haste, but, unfortunately, had no small change, and this circumstance alone prevented my worthy friend from going with me. I hastily told him I would cross the little square in front, turn the first corner, and there wait for him to join me. I then slipped out of the shop, passed quickly over the little park, and turned the corner agreed upon, without being seen by the sergeant, while he was watching at the opposite door. I waited some minutes on the corner for Mr. Allen, and was sadly disappointed that he did not make his appearance. I had now fairly committed myself, and found I had not a moment to spare. I therefore walked with a quick step towards the Land Port Gate, not that leading to the Peninsula, but the gate situated at the N. W. extremity of the town.

My dress was a blue coat, black stock and black cockade, with an eagle in the centre. The eagle I took care to remove, and then it was *tout-à-fait* an English cockade, and I had on the whole very much the appearance of an English naval officer.

I said to myself, when approaching the guard at the gate, "Now is the critical moment, and the most perfect composure and consummate impudence are necessary to a successful result." I gave a stern look at the sentinel, when he returned me a respectful salute, and I was in another moment without the walls of Gibraltar.

I walked deliberately down the mole, or quay, where I was accosted by a great number of watermen offering to convey me on board my vessel. I employed one, and after getting off in the bay, he said: "Captain, which is your vessel?" Here again I was at a loss to decide on an answer; but, after gazing for a few moments on the different ships and the flags of different nations, my eye caught sight of a galiot with a Norwegian ensign flying, and I said to myself, "The Norwegians are a virtuous, honest people, and I am not afraid to trust them." I had been in their country, and understood the character of these hardy, honest-hearted sons of the North. After a moment's hesitation, I replied to the boatman: "That is my vessel," pointing to the friendly galiot, and we were soon alongside. I jumped on board, and inquired for the captain, who soon made his appearance. I told him I had something to communicate to him. He told me to follow him into the cabin. I immediately asked whether he was willing to befriend a man in distress. He said: "Tell me your story, and I will try to serve you." I frankly told him I was the captain of the American letter-of-marque schooner lately sent into port by the frigate *Granicus*, and that I had made my escape from the garrison, and desired to get over to Algeciras as soon as possible; that I had money enough, but still I wanted his friendship, confidence and protection. The good old gentleman scarcely waited to hear my story to the end before he grasped me by the hand, and said, in a kind and feeling manner, "I will be your friend, and will protect you; I was once a prisoner in England, and know what it is to be a prisoner; rest assured, my dear sir, I will do all I can to assist you." I offered him a dollar to pay and discharge the boatman, and remained myself below in the cabin. He said: "Put up your money; I have small change, and will pay him what is just and right." After dispatching the boatman, he

returned below, and said : " Now take off your coat, and put on this large pea-jacket and fur cap." In this costume, and with a large pipe in my mouth, I was, in less than two minutes, transformed into a regular Norwegian. Returning again on deck, I asked my good friend the captain whether I could rely on his mate and sailors not to betray me ; he said : " They are honest and perfectly trustworthy ; you need be under no apprehension on their account." We took a social dinner together, when he observed : " I will now go on shore for an hour or two, and hear all I can about your escape, and will come back, early in the evening, and relate to you all I learn."

In the evening the old captain returned, pleased and delighted. He said he never saw such a hubbub as there was about town ; that the whole garrison seemed to be on the look-out : that the Town Major, with the military and civil police, were searching every hole and corner in Gibraltar for the captain of the American privateer ; that both of my officers were put in confinement, and that the lieutenant of the frigate who had charge of us had been arrested ; in short, there was " the devil to pay," because the captain of the privateer could not be found.

The next morning I stated to my worthy friend how extremely anxious I was to go over to Algeciras, and how mortified I should feel to be taken again on board the *Granicus*. He answered : " Leave that to me ; I am well acquainted with a gang of smugglers who belong to Algeciras, and often sell them gin, tobacco and other articles of trade ; they will be here on board my galiot at nine o'clock this evening, and will probably start for Algeciras about midnight, after they have made all their purchases ; when they come, I will arrange with them to take you as a passenger."

About nine o'clock that evening, a long, fast-rowing boat came silently alongside, filled with men ; and certainly a more desperate, villanous-looking set was never seen. Their leader and several of his men came on board the galiot, and after having purchased sundry articles and taken a glass of gin all round, the old captain inquired of the patroon of the boat what hour he intended to start for Algeciras, and said, that the reason of

his asking the question was, that his brother wanted to go to that place for a few days upon business, and he wished to engage a passage for him, and that he should be glad if his brother could lodge for a few days with his family. He answered that he should return again about midnight, and would willingly take the captain's brother, and that if he could put up with his rough fare, he was welcome to stay at his house as long as he pleased. I accordingly got ready my little bundle, which consisted of a few small articles, such as a shirt or two (for I did not forget to wear three at the time I left the *Granicus*), and stowed it away in my hat. I agreed with my friend the Norwegian, to leave the cap and pea-jacket with the American Consul at Algeciras, to be returned to him by some safe conveyance in the course of a few days. Agreeable to promise, the boat came on board precisely at twelve o'clock, and after my friend the captain had again cautioned the patroon of the boat to take good care of his brother, we started.

The water in the bay was smooth, though the night was dark and favorable to the safe prosecution of the passage. The distance is about eight or ten miles from Gibraltar. After rowing two hours, we arrived near the harbor, when we showed a light in a lantern for a minute or two, and then covered it with a jacket. This signal was repeated two or three times, until answered in the same way from the shore. We approached the port cautiously, and landed in silence. The patroon took me by the arm, and led me through many a dark, winding passage. On our way we passed by several sentinels, and were frequently hailed with the shrill sound of "Quien Viva?" To these salutations some friendly answer was returned, and thus every thing passed smoothly on, until at length we arrived at the humble dwelling of the smuggler.

In Spain, the contrabandists are a desperate class of men, and often spread dread and fear through a wide region of country. In many instances, they are so numerous and strong that they often put the whole power of the government at defiance. The gang that brought me to Algeciras were about twenty in number, all armed to the teeth with long knives, pistols, swords, &c. They had no doubt made their arrangements during the

day with the officers and sentinels who were to mount guard that night. Of course they made them a compensation in some way or other, in order that they should meet with nothing to interfere with or obstruct their nocturnal enterprises.

Early in life I had made several voyages to Spain and its colonies in America, and had acquired a pretty good knowledge of the Spanish character. I had also picked up enough of the language to enable me to make my way among them without difficulty.

There is something about the Spaniard that immediately inspires confidence; so much so, that, although surrounded by this desperate gang of smugglers, I had not the smallest fear for my safety. It was now near three o'clock in the morning, when we entered the small, low cabin of the patroon. The interior consisted of one room of moderate size, with a mat hung up to serve as a partition to separate the different members of the family, which consisted of the patroon Antonio, his wife and two children. The eldest, a girl, was about eight or nine years of age, and the boy, a fine little fellow about six. Antonio was thirty-five or forty years old, and his wife, a good-looking woman, some twenty-eight or thirty.

With this family I was soon placed upon the most friendly and intimate footing. A straw bed was prepared for me behind the mat screen. Before saying good night, Antonio told me he should leave the house very early in the morning to look after his boat and smuggled goods, and should not return until noon the next day. He said his wife and little daughter would provide breakfast for me, and would purchase whatever I wished at any time. After these preliminaries were settled, we all said "Buenas noches," and dropped asleep.

About seven o'clock the next morning I furnished the smuggler's wife with money to purchase bread, butter, eggs and coffee; and when breakfast was prepared, the mother, the two children and myself, ate our social meal together. I then took a stroll about the town of Algeciras in my Norwegian costume, and silently observed what was going on, without conversing with any person; when I entered a coffee house I generally took a newspaper, and as I said nothing, no one appeared to

notice me. I had broken the quarantine laws, and therefore deemed it prudent to keep on my disguise for a few days, and continue to live in perfect seclusion. The next night Antonio was to leave this place for Gibraltar, and by him I sent the following letter to my friend the good Norwegian.

“ALGECIRAS, Dec. 13th, 1814.

Captain of the Galiot :

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND: I am happy to inform you that I landed here last night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning, and have taken up my abode in the family of our friend, the patroon Antonio, and now consider myself in perfect safety; all which I owe to your kind and generous conduct. While I live, my heart will ever beat with gratitude to you, my excellent friend, and if it should never be in my power to reward your disinterested kindness, I sincerely pray that God will reward and bless you and yours to the third and fourth generations. Although I live in an obscure cabin, and am here a stranger in a strange land, still I am more happy than I could possibly be in a palace, deprived of my liberty.

I shall remain here a few days in disguise, and shall be happy to receive a letter from you per Antonio. I am extremely anxious to hear what has become of my officers, and whether they have been sent prisoners to England. You said it was possible you might come over to Algeciras. I hope you will conclude to do so, and then I shall have the happiness to enjoy your society while you remain in this place.

Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me always with esteem,

Your grateful friend,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.”

Antonio was absent almost all the time during the three days I remained in his family. I furnished money, and the good Maria purchased and prepared our frugal meals. When I returned from a stroll about the town, I always took care to provide cakes and *bonbons* for the children; so we soon became very good friends, and all lived very happily together, and upon terms of the most perfect equality.

After remaining here for a period of three days, I began to tire of this mode of life, and was determined to ascertain how I could get to Cadiz, where I knew I should find friends, and be farther removed from the mortifying scenes through which I had so lately passed. Accordingly, on the morning of the fourth day of my landing at Algeciras, I repaired to a café, and inquired of one of the servants whether there was an American Consul residing in the city. The boy seemed intelligent, and instantly replied that Don Horatio Sprague, the former Consul at Gibraltar, was residing here, and that he was "un homme de bien." I asked for his address, when he called a boy to show me the house; so that in fifteen minutes after, I was knocking at Mr. Sprague's door, and was soon admitted into his hospitable mansion.

He was of course surprised to see a man of my appearance walk boldly into his parlor. I soon, however, explained that I was not exactly what I appeared to be; that I was an American in distress, and throwing off my great fur cap and pea-jacket, looked somewhat more like an American. I told my story, and was received and treated like a brother. He was just going to take breakfast, and said, "You will breakfast with us, and then I will send my nephew Mr. Leach with you for your bundle, and you will then return and take up your abode with me during your stay at Algeciras."

After a social breakfast, having doffed my cap and pea-jacket, and being supplied with a hat and other articles of dress to correspond, Mr. Leach kindly accompanied me to the humble dwelling of Maria. To my great surprise, on entering the cabin, the poor woman was very distant, curtseying with profound respect, and appeared altogether like another person. The children were shy, and appeared to avoid me: at first I felt hurt at the alteration, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it was quite natural, and I loved them not the less for their distant behavior: while in my disguise, they looked upon me as one of the family; but now the circumstances were changed, they regarded me in quite another light; and I felt for a moment that the artificial rules of society were chilling to a

generous heart. Maria told Mr. Leach that she always thought I was a gentleman, and that she was quite happy to serve me.

After making the family suitable presents, I took my leave, promising that they should frequently see me while I remained in Algeciras, which promise I took care rigidly to fulfil.

I was now quite at home with one of the best of men, whose greatest pleasure has ever been to make others happy. His excellent nephew, William Leach, Esq., was also a fine young gentleman, and as we were all Americans together, the most perfect confidence reigned throughout this delightful family. During my stay here, I was amused with a little incident that occurred while at dinner at Mr. Sprague's table. A young English friend came over on Sunday to dine with Mr. S. During dinner Mr. Sprague asked him what was said in Gibraltar about the captain of the American letter-of-marque having made his escape from the garrison. He said that it caused a great deal of excitement and speculation: some said the lieutenant that had charge of him was very culpable, and even insinuated that there must have been bribery connected with the business; that it was altogether a very strange affair, that a man should be able in open daylight to make his escape from Gibraltar. After answering many other questions on the subject, he wound up by saying that the captain must be a clever man, and for his part he wished him God speed.

The young man had no suspicion that I was an American or had any connection with the business. During the conversation, whenever I caught the eye of Mr. Leach, it was with the greatest difficulty I could command my countenance. Every thing, however, passed off very well, and we often joked on the subject of the honest simplicity of their young English friend.

I remained from day to day at Algeciras, anxiously waiting to hear from my two lieutenants, Messrs. Depeyster and Allen; in hopes they would by some means be able to make their escape, and not be sent prisoners to England. During the daytime, I used frequently to ride into the country with Mr. Sprague. In the evening we often made up an agreeable whist party, and, among other social enjoyments, my young friend Leach introduced me to two or three respectable and very

agreeable Spanish families. In these families, I spent many pleasant evenings, and had my officers and crew been at liberty, should have been quite contented and happy.

At length, after waiting at Algeciras about ten days, I learned with pain and sincere regret that all my officers and men had been sent prisoners to England, and I now began seriously to think of leaving this place for Cadiz. There are only two ways of travelling with safety in Spain; one is genteel and expensive, namely, with a strong guard of soldiers; the other is in simple disguise, so that no robber can feel any interest in molesting you on the road. This mode I determined to adopt.

Algeciras lies in lat. $36^{\circ} 7'$ North, long. $5^{\circ} 24'$ West, on the west side of Gibraltar Bay, and distant from that place by water about eight miles; whilst to go round the bay by land is about double the distance, say seventeen or eighteen miles. It contains a population of about 4,500 to 5,000 souls, has a good harbor and considerable traffic. It is a very old city, and in ancient times was strongly fortified.

Mr. Sprague is a native of Massachusetts, and has long been the American Consul at Gibraltar. He is extensively known, and universally beloved and respected. His house has been for many years the seat of a generous hospitality. Although he has resided so long abroad, he has not lost a particle of American feeling or the ardor of a true patriot.* His nephew, Mr. William Leach, is also a worthy, gentlemanly man, of superior abilities, and will ever be remembered by me with deep gratitude.

After remaining in Algeciras about a fortnight, I hired a mule and a guide to proceed with me to Cadiz. My kind friends furnished me with provisions and stores for a journey of two days. I procured a dress, such as the peasants wear in this part of Andalusia, and thus prepared, on the morning of the 26th of December, 1814, I bade adieu to my two excellent countrymen from whom I had received so many disinterested favors.

* When this narrative was written, Mr. Sprague was alive, but I am sorry to say he is now dead. Without this explanation, there would be a discrepancy in the relation of this part of my history.

After leaving the town, we travelled about a league on a tolerably smooth road, and then turned off into a winding footpath. I was on the mule, and my guide, a merry fellow, trudged along on foot, sometimes by my side, sometimes a few yards ahead, and when we came to a smooth path, I allowed him to ride on the beast behind me. The distance from Algeciras to Cadiz is about forty miles, and it was our intention to go to Medina and put up for the night. I soon found we had a very intricate and difficult journey to perform. The whole country presented a most wild and desolate appearance; in fact, it seemed to me that there could have been little or no change in this part of Spain, for the last five or six centuries. There were no public roads, a very thin and scattered population, living in a wretched state of poverty.

Sometimes we travelled through deep and dark ravines overgrown with trees and bushes; and after passing a deep and gloomy dell, where we lost sight of the sun at times for the space of half an hour, we would commence ascending a high mountain. We generally found a time-worn footpath running in a zig-zag direction up these dreary mountains. This mode of ascending would, in seaman's phrase, be called beating up.

The progress certainly is slow and fatiguing, but the traveller is richly rewarded for all his toil, when once on the top of one of these stupendous mountains. Here he has a splendid view of the Straits of Gibraltar and the broad Atlantic on the south and east, while the wild and unbroken scenery of the surrounding country is truly magnificent.

We continued to travel on in this manner until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we came to a miserable Posada. Here we stopped to feed the mule and rest and refresh ourselves for an hour, and found, to my great surprise, we had only made about ten miles from Algeciras, and were still about the same distance from Medina.

The people of the United States can scarcely believe that an old country like Spain is in such a wretched condition as I found this part of it; without roads, the land generally uncultivated, without hotels or taverns to accommodate strangers, and infested with robbers and banditti; even in the vicinity of

cities and large towns, there is no safety in travelling without a military guard. This is certainly a gloomy picture of poor Spain, once so great and powerful, now distracted by factions and civil war, divested of the greatest part of her once rich colonies, her government weak, without money and without credit.

There are many causes for this sad downfall, but the principal are ignorance, idleness, superstition, priestcraft and bad government.

Oh, happy America! how glorious art thou among the nations of the earth! Long may an all-wise Being shower his blessings upon thee, and keep thee from the wiles of superstition and popery!

My guide Manuel said the mule was ready, and he only waited my pleasure to proceed. I said "Adios Señor" to our ignorant Posadero, and we were again wending our intricate way towards Medina. It is impossible for me to describe the windings and turnings, the up-hill and down course of these villanous passage-ways; I will not call them roads, for they deserve not the name.

At length we caught sight of the desired city where we were to remain during the approaching night. On beholding Medina, I was forcibly struck with the beautiful simile of the Saviour's, that "a city set on a hill cannot be hid." This is literally true with respect to Medina; it stands on a high hill, its walls, churches and houses are all plastered and whitened, and it may be seen at a great distance in every direction. For about a league before we reached this elevated city we came into a more pleasant country: we now and then met with patches of cultivated and pasture land, and saw occasionally a small hacienda, with running brooks and marks of civilization. In the immediate neighborhood of the town, I frequently saw small stone bridges, which appeared extremely ancient; they were evidently not built in modern days, but probably erected either by the Romans or Moors, in the olden times, when Spain was subdued by these ancient and once powerful nations. For some distance around the foot of the hill or mountain on which Medina is located, the grounds are pleasantly diversified with

olive fields, orange gardens and green meadows, on which herds of cattle were grazing. When we passed through these rural scenes, the weather was soft and fine, and here we inhaled the light and exhilarating air from the orange groves. What a delightful country! God has done every thing for this people, but they have done nothing for themselves. How lovely is nature when softened and cultivated by the hand of industry, and how happy is man when governed by just and righteous principles!

Fortunately, we arrived at this singular city just before sundown, which enabled me to enjoy a beautiful view from its high walls, while the sun was gilding with its setting rays the towers of the churches, and the clouds and mountains beyond them. It certainly was not so grand and sublime as that which I saw in the morning from the top of the lofty mountains, but it was truly delightful to behold the peaceful scenery of pastoral life, contrasted with the wild and savage ravines in the background of the picture. Who can behold such scenes as these, and not become a better man, while thus looking through nature up to nature's God? "How wonderful are thy works, O God; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

My guide led me to a miserable Posada to put up for the night. When I asked for a room, I was shown into a dark, gloomy, prison-like place about ten feet square, with a stone floor and but one chair, without a bed or a table, and all I could get from the Posadero was a few boiled eggs, with some sour wine. Fortunately, my kind friends in Algeciras had provided stores for myself and guide, so that with the eggs and wine we made a tolerable supper. Being fatigued with the day's ride, I asked for a bed, when a coarse one of straw was brought and spread upon the stone floor, without either blanket, sheet, or pillow. I threw myself upon this bed, and, with my cloak for a covering, was soon asleep, and scarcely awoke until roused at daylight by my guide to resumé our journey.

Whether Mauuel took me to this miserable stopping-place from motives of policy to avoid suspicion and observation, I know not. It is, however, more than probable that there are better lodging-houses for those who are acquainted with the

town. I had entire confidence in my guide, he being recommended by my kind friends Messrs. Sprague and Leach, and was therefore satisfied. After settling our bill, we were soon on the road descending from the lofty city. I regret I had not an opportunity of seeing more of the town, but as we had now made but half the journey, and Cadiz was still twenty-two miles distant, it was absolutely necessary to hasten our departure. It is a walled town, and I was told it contained about eight or ten thousand inhabitants. It has a fort, or castle, two or three churches, five or six monasteries, two hospitals, and several manufactories of earthenware, which is principally sold in Cadiz and Seville.

After leaving Medina, we found the country less mountainous, and the roads tolerably good. We passed through several small towns and villages, and as we drew near to Cadiz, were able to purchase the ordinary necessities of life. Notwithstanding we had only a journey of twenty-two miles from Medina, we did not arrive in Cadiz until five o'clock in the afternoon, on the 28th of December. Here I put up at one of the principal hotels for the night. The next morning I settled with and despatched my guide, and we parted mutually satisfied. I then sallied out in pursuit of my own countrymen, and soon had the good fortune to meet with an old friend, James Haggarty, Esq., a native of Richmond, Virginia. I immediately took lodgings with that gentleman in a private family, which consisted of a widow lady and her four daughters. Señora Quartini was a native of Cadiz, and a kind, excellent woman. Her daughters were very amiable and obliging, and from their frequent intercourse with American gentlemen, two of them had acquired a pretty good knowledge of the English language. These benevolent people were full of sympathy and kindness. They were truly pious without ostentation, and although Roman Catholics, were free from bigotry. Their goodness of heart and simple manners made even strangers feel perfectly at home, and I regarded myself as fortunate in becoming an inmate of this delightful family.

My friend H. introduced me to our Consul, Joseph E.

Bloomfield, Esq., and also to Richard W. Mead, Esq., and his amiable family. Mr. Mead was from Philadelphia, and a resident merchant here at this time. During my stay, I experienced much hospitality, both from our worthy Consul and Mr. Mead. The latter gentleman politely gave me a free ticket to his box in the theatre, and rendered me many little civilities which are always gratifying to a stranger. My friend Haggarty was always ready to negotiate my drafts on Bordeaux or London, so that, as far as personal comfort was concerned, I had nothing to complain of. A few days after my arrival here, I received a letter from my friend, William Leach, Esq., informing me that the good old Norwegian, soon after I left Algeciras, came over from Gibraltar to see me, and that he had been unable to learn the fate of my officers. The letter also brought me glad tidings of the victory of General Brown over the British, at Fort Erie, and of the prospect of an early treaty of peace being agreed upon by the ambassadors of the two nations at Ghent.

On the first of January, 1815, I wrote to my first lieutenant, informing him of my movements since we parted at Gibraltar, and inclosed him a supply of money and the letters of introduction so kindly given to me by Captain Wise and Lieutenant Daly, hoping that they might be of use to him and the others officers, if they were sent to England.

The Spaniards are a peculiar people, and their character can only be learned by a long residence in their country. An intelligent Spaniard prides himself more on what his country has been, than what it is at present. He mourns over its fallen greatness, and shrugs his shoulders with a sigh.

The higher classes are extremely romantic, both in love and friendship, and consider their word fully equal to a sealed bond. This high sense of honor sometimes descends even to the highway robber; for example, I once knew a gentleman who was robbed of \$400 (all the money he had with him) on the highway from Seville to Cadiz. He observed that his was a hard case, that he had not sufficient means to defray his expenses back to Cadiz. The robber observed, "Amigo meo, how much will be sufficient to pay your expenses on the road?" The

gentleman replied, "I think about fifteen or twenty dollars." The robber handed him twenty dollars, with a pompous air, and drawing himself up to his full height said, "Take it, and don't say on your return to Cadiz, that you met with a robber who was incapable of a generous action." The ladies also partake of the same characteristic traits; they are very effeminate and interesting, with soft and pleasing manners, and though so gentle and fascinating, are, when roused, perfect heroines in courageous action.

At the time of which I am writing there was a large circus or amphitheatre in the vicinity of Cadiz, spacious enough to accommodate 10,000 people. I have seen the edifice filled to overflowing with all classes of the community, from the Governor and the public authorities of the town with their families, down to the common boatman and laborer; collected together to see three or four men, on foot and on horseback, fight and kill eight or ten wild bulls. When a bull has shown uncommon fury, and a corresponding degree of coolness and courage has been displayed on the part of the matadors, I have seen this vast assemblage thrown into perfect ecstasies, and the fine ladies in the boxes wave their white handkerchiefs with enthusiastic cries of "Viva, Viva," and throw down garlands of flowers to the matadors in the arena.

After relating these apparent contradictions in the Spanish character, I think it will readily be conceded that it requires a long residence among them fully to understand their peculiarities. I have been for many years in communication with Spain and her colonies, and have arrived at the conclusion that there is less medium in the Spanish character than among other nations, and that there the best and the worst people in the world are to be found.

I was living here perfectly at leisure, and what with the social intercourse of the friendly family with whom I lodged, the theatre, and other public amusements, I found the time passed away agreeably and rapidly.

On the 14th of January, I received a warm-hearted letter from my kind and ever obliging friend Horatio Sprague, in which he mentioned that my escape had been the wonder of

Gibraltar; that an unremitted search was made for me during three days, both in the city and among the vessels in the bay, and that the noble old Norwegian was fairly infested with midshipmen and others searching after me. Although I was agreeably located in Cadiz, and had found many kind friends, from whom I had received much hospitality and friendly favors, still I was an idler, and began to tire of such an inactive, useless life; and, as there was no prospect of obtaining a passage home from this place, I decided to take passage in a small Portuguese schooner for Lisbon. This was a coasting vessel, manned with a captain, mate and ten sailors, just double the number of men that would be employed to navigate an American vessel of the same size. In this schooner I agreed for a berth in the cabin, and was to furnish my own stores, with the proviso that the cook should do all the cooking I might require. With this understanding, I purchased a few hams, a bag of bread, a demi-john of wine, tea, sugar, coffee and other stores, sufficient for fifteen days.

The schooner being ready, I bade adieu to all my friends in Cadiz on the 15th of February, having been there just forty-nine days. I sailed out of the bay with a heavy heart at parting with so many who were true and faithful. I had a few choice books with me to read on the passage, and had become so much accustomed to all kinds of life, that I felt I should be able to accommodate myself to almost any condition. I soon found that the captain was a good disciplinarian, and managed his vessel very well; although he had never made a foreign voyage, he knew the coast and understood his business, and I felt myself fortunate in having fallen into such good hands.

This was the first time I had ever sailed under the Portuguese flag, and many of their customs were quite new to me. One peculiarity I observed that I never witnessed before.

Three times a day, the captain summoned every body on board to the quarter-deck; then they all knelt down, morning, noon, and evening, and repeated their prayers, the captain always taking the lead. The schooner was a dull sailer, and as we had generally light winds, we did not reach Cape St. Vincent until the fifth day after leaving Cadiz. This is a high,

bold cape, lying in lat. $37^{\circ} 3' N.$ long. $9^{\circ} 2' W.$ We passed close to this conspicuous headland, I should think not more than half a mile distant, on the 20th of February, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the captain called all hands to the quarter-deck, and addressed them as follows: "Officers and men, it has pleased God to bring us in safety thus far on our voyage; now let us all kneel down and thank Him for His goodness and mercy to us poor sinners, and beseech Him to conduct us in safety to our destined port." They were, I should think, some fifteen or twenty minutes occupied in prayer, and then returned to their ordinary vocations.

We crept slowly along shore, and on the 23d got safe into Lisbon, after a passage of eight days. I regret that I recollect neither the captain's name nor that of his vessel. I had made so many voyages to this place, that, upon landing, I felt quite at home, and was soon in the society of many of my own countrymen. I met in Lisbon a New York friend, James L. Kennedy, Esq., who came out to that place supercargo of an American vessel, and was, like myself, very desirous of returning to New York. Mr. Kennedy, during his stay in Lisbon, became acquainted with a Portuguese house in the wine trade. These gentlemen owned a nice little brig, of about one hundred and eighty tons burthen, called the *Tres Hermanos*. They loaded her with a cargo of wine, oil, etc., and agreed with him to proceed in her to New York as supercargo, with liberty to return again to Lisbon in the brig, or remain in New York, whichever should suit his interest. She was commanded by a very young man, with but little experience, and had a miserable set of Portuguese sailors. In this brig one of the owners offered me a passage free from any charge, upon condition that I would assist the young captain with my experience and advice. He had never been to the United States, and said he should be very happy to profit by my experience. My friend Kennedy was also very desirous that I should go; and said we should enjoy each other's society, and that would shorten the passage. I must confess I had some serious misgivings on the subject of sailing under the Portuguese flag, with an inefficient captain and a filthy crew; but as there was no American vessel to sail

for several weeks, and the treaty of peace with Great Britain was not ratified, I concluded to take passage in this neutral vessel.

Before sailing, the principal owner told the captain to attend to the comfort of Mr. Kennedy and myself, to treat us with respect, and consult me always on the most judicious course to steer, &c., &c. He promised to comply with the request of the owner, and, with much complacency, said he had no doubt we should be very happy together. All these promises he most shamefully broke a few days after we got to sea. I remained in Lisbon just eighteen days, and, on the 13th of March, 1815, sailed in the good brig *Tres Hermanos*, for New York.

After getting to sea, I was determined not to interfere with the course of the vessel, nor to proffer my advice unless it was called for, and then with the greatest delicacy, and never in the slightest degree, make any remark to offend the mates or sailors during the long and tedious passage. The little, narrow-minded captain did not consult me at all on the course of the vessel, and absolutely appeared so jealous of me that my position was almost insupportable, and had not my friend Kennedy been on board, and the brig bound to New York, I should probably have been worse treated by these wretches. Although I scarcely exchanged a word with one of his men during the passage, I once overheard them say they should like to knock me in the head, and throw me overboard. In lieu of steering a judicious course, and keeping a fair distance to the northward of the Western Islands, the poor devil steered down among the islands, where we were becalmed for several days, and made miserable progress getting to the westward. The brig was in such a filthy condition that Mr. Kennedy and myself suffered out of measure with one of the plagues of Egypt. The probability is, that before leaving Lisbon, the sailors were allowed to sleep in the berths in the cabin, so that every part of the vessel was overrun with vermin.

By contrary winds and bad management our passage was prolonged to fifty-eight days. On the 9th of May we took a Sandy Hook pilot, and the same day arrived in New York.

I was rejoiced to land once more in the United States, after an absence of sixteen months and twenty-one days.

I cannot leave this brig without warning my friends and countrymen, never to take passage across the Atlantic in a Portuguese vessel of any description.

On my return home, I found all my family and friends well. Peace was again restored to the United States.

Seven and a half months after this date, I received a letter from Mr. Henry Allen, the worthy young man who was second lieutenant with me in the *Leo*, from which I make the following extracts :

“SALEM, 24th December, 1815.

Captain George Coggeshall:

DEAR SIR:—If you have seen Mr. Depeyster, he has probably informed you of my unfortunate attempt to escape from Gibraltar.

After waiting about ten minutes (time I thought sufficient for you to reach the mole), I left the wine shop in the same manner as yourself, and had already passed the two gates, and was on the mole, when I was arrested by the sergeant under whose charge we were, who demanded, in the most severe manner, where you were. Sensible that you must have been on the mole at the time, I told him that when you left me you were going to Messrs. Turnbull & Co.'s. He immediately turned back, and, with myself, proceeded to their house. After gaining it, and passing away about forty-five minutes, he suspected I was deceiving him, consequently returned with me to the mole to make all inquiries, but in vain. He left your description with the officer of the mole. He then dragged me to the town major, who went immediately on horseback to every passage in the garrison with your description.

Fortune and my best wishes, however, favored your escape. We were carried to England, and remained till the 29th of April. When released, I came home as an agent for one of the cartels.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

VOYAGE IN THE SHIP "JOHN HAMILTON," FROM BALTIMORE TO SAVANNAH, THENCE TO LISBON AND ST. UBS, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1815 AND 1816.

A FEW days after my arrival at New York from Lisbon, in the Portuguese brig *Tres Hermanos*, I returned to my quiet home in Milford. To visit my mother, sister and other dear friends after so long an absence, was to me a heart-felt pleasure. I trust I was not ungrateful to God, who had so kindly delivered me not only from the power of the enemy, but also from the violence of the tempest and the storm. I was not, however, permitted long to enjoy the society of those so dear to my heart, for I soon received a letter from my former employers, Messrs. Archibald Gracie & Sons, requesting me to return to New York forthwith.

During our war with Great Britain (which had but recently terminated), a large English ship called the *John Hamilton* had been captured by some American cruiser, sent into Baltimore, and there condemned with her cargo. This ship was 533 tons burden, laden with mahogany from the Bay of Honduras, and bound for England. American papers were obtained for her, and Messrs. Gracie & Sons became her agents. By their request I left New York for Baltimore on the 9th of June, 1815, to take the command and proceed from Baltimore to Savannah, for a cargo of rice and cotton for Lisbon. I agreed with Mr. Charles M. Hanstrom to go with me in the capacity of chief mate: he had been formerly mate with me in the ship *America*, and was a very worthy, efficient man. He left New York a few days after, and joined the ship in Baltimore. I also took

with me my youngest brother Francis, a lad about seventeen years old, as my clerk, and sent him to Baltimore by water in charge of my baggage. I arrived there on the 12th of June and took charge of the ship. She had been laid up for several months, and upon examination I found the fore and mainmasts quite rotten, and many other spars of less importance also defective. These masts and spars were all replaced with new ones, and the ship calked and ballasted with stone, before she could proceed to sea. This occupied about a month, when I shipped a second mate, Mr. Archibald R. Gracie, of Jamaica, L. I., a fine young man about twenty-two years of age, with a crew of fifteen seamen; and on the 12th of July left Baltimore, bound for Savannah. We had light winds from the southward, and did not leave the Capes until the 17th. I discharged the pilot off Cape Henry. The ship was in light ballast trim, only drawing eleven feet water, and when the wind was ahead, we made but little progress beating to windward.

It was now midsummer, the weather extremely warm, the winds light and almost constantly ahead, from the S. W., so that with the greatest exertion we were not able to pass Cape Hatteras until the tenth day after leaving Cape Henry, and day after day were beating with light winds from the southward and westward, in sight of Cape Fear. It was one of the most tedious passages I ever made, considering its short distance.

We however arrived safe at Savannah on the 7th of August, after a passage of twenty-five days. The summer, up to this date, had been excessively hot, and the winds almost constantly from the S. W. Many vessels from the northern States had long passages as well as ourselves. One ship was fifty-four days in reaching there from New York.

The *John Hamilton* leaked so badly on the passage, that I did not think it prudent to take a cargo on board without calking her, and for this purpose was compelled to heave her out and calk her throughout; this occupied about ten days. The ship drew too much water to load at the town, and we were obliged to drop her several miles down the river, to a place called "Four-mile Point," to take the cargo on board. Our consignee, or commercial agent there, was Barney McKinney, Esq. This

gentleman had purchased a cargo of rice and cotton, by order and for account of Francis T. Sampayo, Esq., a Portuguese gentleman, at this time residing in New York. It had been ready to go on board for several weeks, but owing to our detention, refitting the ship in Baltimore, long passage, and heaving out the ship to repair, combined, we were delayed until the midst of the sickly season. A few days after we commenced taking in the cargo, several of the sailors were taken sick with the yellow fever. Three out of five that I put into the hospital died in a few days, and this so alarmed the others, when taken ill, that they begged me for God's sake, not to send them there to die as their shipmates had done, but to get board for them in a private family. Accordingly, I hired a small house for their accommodation, and got a physician and black nurses to attend them. Though the poor fellows were better attended to, still several of them died, and not one of the crew escaped sickness, except the cook and steward. I was obliged to hire negroes to take on board and stow away the cargo.

On the 1st of September, Mr. Hanstrom was taken ill with the fever. I had him brought on shore, placed him in a private family, and hired a physician and a nurse to attend him. The next day the second mate, Mr. Gracie, was taken to the same house, very ill with the fever, as was also my brother Francis; so that both mates and my brother were very ill in one house, and the sailors in another.

I was therefore obliged, myself, to attend to sending the cargo on board, besides visiting the sick in both houses. In consequence of this severe duty, watching at night with my brother and the two mates, and the exposure to the sun during the day, I was also taken very ill of the fever, at the hotel where I resided. I had once had the yellow fever in Martinique, and knew the necessity of taking powerful medicine in the first stage of the disease. Accordingly, I acted as my own physician, and in two days after was able to visit the sick in both houses again.

Poor Gracie, the second mate, died on the 12th of September, after ten days' illness.

Mr. Hanstrom lingered until the 19th of the same month, when he died.

My brother Francis was extremely reduced, and narrowly escaped death; in fact, he was so feeble and emaciated, that, when the ship was ready for sea, I was obliged to leave him in the family of a friend, to be sent home as soon as he should be able to endure the fatigue of the passage to New York.

This was the most sickly season that had been known for many years, so that when an English ship was announced, and inquiry made to whom she was consigned, the reply was, that the ship and cargo were consigned to A., B. & Co., but the captain and crew to Old Watts (the undertaker).

I have always found that in very sickly places, where men are surrounded with the dead and dying, that danger and death make but little impression on the minds of survivors, and produce little or no solemnity, so quickly do they become hardened and callous to the sufferings of their fellows. During the summer there were three or four English ships here, which lost their captains, officers, and nearly all their men, and their consignees were not able to dispatch the vessels until the winter months. The merchants thought me fortunate in getting away, in what they termed so short a time. My ship was loaded with 1,393 tierces of rice, and 638 bales of cotton, and it was now my first duty to obtain officers and men. I found it impossible to get a suitable chief mate, and was therefore obliged to take the best I could find, who was a Mr. Peleg Billings, a native of New London, Connecticut. He had been reared to the sea in a fishing-smack; was a good-natured, honest man, and, for aught I know, a very good fisherman, but no more fit for chief mate of such a ship than I was to be the Pope of Rome.

I appointed a second mate from among the seamen. His name was William Norton. He had never before been an officer, and was a man without any pretensions, but in the main a pretty good fellow.

With these two mates, a Dutch carpenter, a cook and steward, and three or four of the old crew, who had escaped death,

but were still weak from the effects of sickness, I took the ship down near the mouth of the river, repaired to the town and picked up such men as I could find who were willing to ship for a voyage to Lisbon. After a day or two I succeeded in getting six seamen of as many nations; and such as they were, was compelled to pay them twenty-five dollars per month, and the chief mate fifty. After getting ready for sea, the wind continued for several days to blow a strong gale from the N. E., with rainy, dark weather, and we were unable to get out until the morning of the 3d of October. At meridian, this day, the light-house on Tybee Island bore west, six miles distant. At two discharged the pilot, the light-house bearing N. W., twelve or fourteen miles. Several of the sailors were still sick, but nearly all of them convalescent.

After leaving Tybee light-house, I steered off to the S. E. to get into the Gulf Stream. As my crew were weak and sickly, I concluded that though I might have contrary winds, the ship would drift to the eastward at the rate of two or three miles the hour. For the space of ten consecutive days we had very variable weather; sometimes light and baffling winds, generally from the eastward. The ship commenced leaking badly soon after leaving the land, and kept one pump almost constantly employed. When it was stormy and the gales fresh and strong, we were obliged to keep both pumps at work, night and day. After being at sea sixteen days, we got as far to the eastward as long. 69° W., say off Nantucket, where we encountered a strong gale from the E. N. E. and very stormy weather. At midnight on the 19th, we hove to under a close reefed maintopsail. Our pumps were constantly choking with rice, and being in great distress, I judged it best to run to the westward and strive to get into New York. In consequence of the illness of the chief mate and so many of the crew, I was obliged to keep the deck almost day and night. We scudded to the westward about thirty hours, when the wind changed to the N. W. and blew a severe gale from that quarter. As I could make no progress to the westward, I abandoned the idea of getting into the United States, and concluded to resume my course to the

eastward, and if possible get into some port in Europe, to save the ship and cargo.

On the 26th, we experienced a strong gale from the S. W. with a high sea running; weather dark and squally. At eight, P. M. carried away the maintopmast just above the cap. Both mates and ten men being still sick below, both pumps employed nearly all the time and almost constantly choking with rice; I was unable to leave the deck during the whole night, and was almost exhausted with fatigue and watching. I have often seen hard times at sea, but this night was the worst and most trying, I ever experienced. Four good and true men with the cook and steward, were all I could muster during the whole of this dreadful night. We were then in lat. $39^{\circ} 43' N.$, long. $61^{\circ} 22' W.$ The next day, the gale continued from the S. W. but was much more moderate. We got the heel of the topmast on deck, and cleared away the wreck. We still pursued our course towards Lisbon and made pretty good progress, notwithstanding we had lost our maintopmast.

Three days after, on the 29th at nine A. M. spoke the ship "Sachem," Capt. Davis, of New York, twenty-seven days from Bordeaux, bound home. Capt. D. kindly offered to render me any assistance in his power, but as the wind was favorable, I thanked him for his politeness, made what sail I could, and stood on our course. On the 30th, we had moderate breezes from the westward and fine weather. This day I was compelled to perform a most disagreeable duty, that of punishing one of my men, the Dutch carpenter, whose violence and gross insubordination of language and manner, especially when my situation was most critical and perilous, were such as to leave me no alternative but that of making an example of him, or abandoning all discipline. He was of a quick and fiery temper, and in some way had obtained liquor; and with its added fury became a most dangerous man. He foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, but after being severely chastised and literally drenched with water, which I found necessary to have thrown upon him to cool him, he became orderly, and continued so during the rest of the voyage.

On the 1st of November, one of the sick seamen died. Having suffered for several weeks, he gradually declined and finally expired without a struggle. He was an elderly man, of a mild and gentle temper. I shipped him in Savannah, just before sailing. The next day, the weather being fine, we got up our new topmast and set the sail. Passed near a brig standing to the westward. On the afternoon of this day, we committed the remains of the deceased to the great deep with the usual solemnities. On the 5th, made the Island of Corvo, bearing south twelve or fifteen leagues. Six days after, another seaman, by the name of Williams, died from the effects of the fever taken in Savannah. We also committed his body to a watery grave, which was a sad and solemn scene.

From this date, nothing remarkable occurred for several days. We generally had fine winds and pleasant weather, which contributed to restore the officers and seamen to a better state of health. We reached Lisbon the 21st, after a passage of forty-six days, and I can safely say, the most disagreeable one I ever made up to this period of my life.

We came to anchor nearly opposite Belem Castle, and in consequence of bad weather remained there for several days. My ship and cargo were consigned to H. T. Sampayo, a rich merchant established in Lisbon, and a gentleman of great influence with all the public authorities, which I suppose was the reason I escaped from quarantine.

On my arrival, my officers and crew were so far recovered as to pass inspection tolerably well. On the 23d of November we moved the ship farther up the river, nearly opposite to the town, and as the cotton was transhipped to England, we were allowed to discharge it forthwith into two small English brigs. This facilitated our unloading, and made clear room to discharge the rice.

On the 27th instant, while I was on shore, a very unpleasant affair occurred on board. Mr. Norton, the second mate, had some difficulty with an ordinary seaman belonging to the interior of Georgia, when the sailor, in a fit of passion, drew from his pocket a small knife, and stabbed him in the left side. When I came on board in the evening, I found the poor fellow

in great distress. For some hours I feared the wound would prove mortal: fortunately, however, the knife had not penetrated far, and in a few days he was able to resume his duty. The man who inflicted the wound appeared very humble and penitent, and with the consent and advice of Mr. Hutchinson, the American consul, I forthwith discharged him. He returned to Savannah, and here the business ended.

After the cotton was discharged, we commenced landing a portion of the rice. As no voyage was determined on, there appeared to be no hurry on the part of the consignee, and we had merely to land the rice from time to time, when sold. A survey was held on the ship, and it was found necessary to heave her out, re-calk and copper her with new copper. The second mate and almost all the seamen desired to be discharged; and as it was uncertain where we should next proceed with the ship, an arrangement was made with the men, with the consent of the American consul, that they should be paid off and leave the ship. Accordingly about the first of January, Mr. Norton and nearly all the crew were discharged, after which I hired men by the day to unload the ship. Towards the last of January, when the greatest part of the rice was landed, we found that a large portion of the ground tier was badly damaged with salt water, I think from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty casks. Had the *John Hamilton* been built in the United States, little or none of the rice would have been damaged. I think the construction of merchant ships in the United States is far better than in England. Many of the ports in England are dry at low water, and their ships must be built quite flat on the bottom, so that they will not heel when aground at low water; whereas, in North America, it is not necessary to build our ships to take the ground, there being very few "tide harbors" in the United States. The *John Hamilton* was built at Whitby, England, and was exceedingly flat on the floor, and whenever I carried taught sail upon the wind, the water would lie in the lee bilge where the pumps could not reach it. Often, on the passage out, I was obliged to keep the ship off before the wind to pump her out, and after every possible care was taken to prevent it, a great portion of the ground tier of rice was

badly damaged. Sharp built ships are not liable to this evil, and in my opinion sail faster and work better than merchant ships built in England.

While in Lisbon, I took lodgings on the third floor of a large stone building five stories high. The family with whom I lived was composed of two widow ladies, sisters. One of these ladies had four children, the eldest a girl of thirteen, the youngest about four years old. On the night of the 1st of February, at one hour after midnight, I was awaked from a profound sleep by a violent earthquake, and before I had time to dress, the whole family came rushing into my room in their night-clothes, crying, "O! Dios Misericordia, Misericordia! Don Gorge Misericordia." The women were alarmed almost to distraction, the children crying, dogs barking, and the chairs and tables rattling about the room; while the immense stone edifice in which we lived was reeling to and fro, apparently in the act of tumbling to the ground. I called for a light, which after some moments was brought, when, thanks be to God, the earth had ceased to quake. There were various opinions about its duration; some affirmed that it lasted two minutes, others, but one; I think the truth lay between the extremes.

Had it continued a minute or two longer, I have no doubt the greatest part of the city would have been thrown down. Soon after the alarm had in some measure subsided, I threw open the window and found the weather was dark and cloudy, with a little rain, but no wind. About six o'clock in the morning, we experienced a second shock. This shock, although very severe, only lasted a few seconds, and passed off without doing any damage. The next morning the whole city was in a high state of excitement; nearly all the pendulum clocks in the town had stopped. Many of the houses were cracked and very much injured. Every person I met, had something to relate about the convulsion. That night there was a grand ball of ladies and gentlemen. They had ceased dancing and had just seated themselves at the supper table, when the earth began to quake. A gentleman who was present told me it was a most distracting scene: he said the dishes and glasses were dancing about the table, and many of them thrown on the floor and broken. Some

of the ladies fainted, others were wringing their hands, and crying for help, while "Misericordia," resounded from every part of the grand saloon.

The Priests, as is usual on such occasions, wished to turn this great convulsion of nature to their own account; they told the people it was sent in punishment for their sins, and advised universal confession, fasting and prayer. For some eight or ten days after this great event, almost every vessel that arrived had sensibly felt the earthquake; some at a distance of at least four hundred miles from this port. Letters received from Oporto, stated that it was very severely felt in that city, and I have no doubt but the whole of this little kingdom experienced more or less of the convulsion.

A few days after this happened, I had a conversation with Mr. John Caffery of this place, on the subject of earthquakes.* Mr. C. was a worthy, intelligent, elderly gentleman of English parentage, and then about seventy-one years of age. He told me that he witnessed the horrors of the great earthquake which occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, that he was then a boy of ten years of age, and with his father visited many parts of the city. He said it occurred between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, that great numbers of people fled from their dwellings, and that many of the houses took fire; crowds of people rushed into the churches for greater safety, when they were thrown down, and thousands crushed to death in the ruins. He pointed out to me the location of a great stone mole or quay where, at the time, a ferry was kept; it was a thoroughfare where throngs of people collected to pass to the opposite side of the river. In an instant the whole of this vast quay disappeared, and every person perished. To use his own words, not a hat or bonnet was seen floating on the surface; on the same spot where this stupendous quay sunk, were found three or four fathoms of water. Mr. C. further added, that in the midst of this dreadful scene of horror and destruction, were found men bad enough to profit by this awful calamity, by plundering those who were not able to protect themselves and their property; that it was

* The conversation with Mr. Caffery, in relation to the earthquake which occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, is vividly recollected by the author down to this date, 1858.

said these demons in human shape set fire to several houses to increase the confusion, and enable them to escape detection with their stolen goods.

Down to this date there are many marks of this sad catastrophe. I have walked over the ruins of some of the houses and churches that were destroyed on the declivity of a hill in the old part of the city. After the great earthquake the town was rebuilt, and extended a little higher up the river to the eastward, on more level ground. This new portion of the city is well built; the houses are of stone, the streets broad and regular, all crossing each other at right angles, and is decidedly the finest portion of the Metropolis.

To fill up the measure of sickness and death during this disastrous voyage, I will relate another melancholy circumstance that occurred while lying here. Before leaving Baltimore, I shipped a carpenter by the name of George Patterson, a native of Norfolk, Virginia. This man was extremely sick nearly all the time we remained at Savannah, but by great care and good nursing, he so far recovered as to be able to proceed on the voyage. In consequence of the low state of Patterson's health, I shipped the insubordinate Dutchman to act as carpenter until he should be able to do his duty. He however continued ill the greatest part of the passage out, but on our arrival got quite well. He was a tall man, six feet two inches in height and large in proportion, of an amiable temper, and in every respect a good man and an excellent carpenter. Before heaving the ship down, I had several calkers employed on her upper works while lying at anchor in the Tagus, nearly opposite Lisbon. These men were at work on stages hung over the side of the ship, and Patterson among the number, when at eight o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of February, the order was given for all hands to leave off work and take breakfast. Patterson lingered behind, as I supposed to finish a thread of oakum, and all the men went to breakfast. I came on deck about ten or fifteen minutes after and inquired for the carpenter, but alas! he was not to be found, nor was he ever seen or heard of from that time. The current in the river at this time was running very strong, and the probability is, that the poor fellow

slipped off the stage and sunk to rise no more. How inscrutable are the designs of Providence ; this man who had escaped death in so many shapes from fever, tempest and storm, now when in apparent safety, was suddenly snatched into eternity without a moment's warning.

After the cargo was all discharged, the ship was hove down, calked and coppered. A voyage to the East Indies was projected, and some preparations were made towards it, but for some cause or other it was finally abandoned, and after lying in Lisbon about four months and a half, I was ordered to ballast the ship with salt, go to St. Ubes, take on board the balance of a cargo of the same article, and proceed thence to New York. I accordingly shipped a new crew, put on board 200 moyes of salt, and on the 7th of April left Lisbon, and after a passage of six hours got safe to anchor at St. Ubes. The ship was consigned to Messrs. Rego & Sons, to procure a cargo for account of Francis T. Sampayo, Esq. Our consignee gave me good dispatch, so that in nine days I took on board 600 moyes of salt and was ready for sea. A few days before sailing, Frederick Beal, Esq., came here from Lisbon, and took passage with me for New York. Mr. Beal was a native of Stockholm, Sweden ; he was a gentlemanly man, very companionable and altogether an agreeable passenger. After loading the ship with salt she drew seventeen feet of water, and as the channel at the mouth of the harbor was very narrow and at this time neap tides, I was obliged to wait several days for a fair wind and spring tides before I could pass the bar. After waiting until the 24th, we left St. Ubes, bound for New York.

St. Setubal or St. Ubes is so well known, that it is unnecessary for me to write much on the subject ; still, according to my usual custom, I will make a few remarks on its location, climate, etc. It lies in lat. $38^{\circ} 29'$ N., long. $8^{\circ} 54'$ W., and about eighteen or twenty miles S. E. of Lisbon. The town is situated on the north side of a considerable bay, and contains twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants. I should think it was about three-quarters of a mile long, and perhaps half a mile broad. There are three or four considerable streets running parallel with the beach, and these are crossed by others at right angles, thus

forming a few squares; in the largest and principal one is a handsome public fountain. The town is extremely ancient, and was once inclosed by a wall, which at present is in a dilapidated state. There are a few churches and convents, and a public hospital. There is also here a castle or fortress called St. Philip, and a few other small detached forts for the protection of the city. The streets are narrow, and the general aspect of the place is sombre, dull and languid. It has but little commerce, and nearly all the ships and vessels that visit it come for salt, of which there is an abundant supply. They also export a little wine and fruit, such as oranges and lemons, which are of an excellent quality. The port is good for merchant ships; its entrance is narrow and has a sand-bar at its mouth, on which there is at the full and change of the moon about eighteen or twenty feet of water, and at neap tides only fifteen or sixteen; but after passing the bar, the bay opens into a broad, smooth harbor, where ships are safe from all winds. They can choose their own depth of water, namely, from five to ten fathoms.

On a neck of land that forms the bay, opposite St. Ubes, are the remains of the ancient city of Cetobriga. While here, I strolled over the desolate ruins, where deathlike solitude and silence pervade the whole scene. Some of the houses are entirely covered with sand, and have only their chimneys above the ground; broken pillars, building-stone and brick, with all kinds of débris, are strewed about in every direction, and cover the earth to a considerable extent. They vividly portray the destruction of a once populous city, now silent and desolate. This catastrophe must have occurred at so early a period as not to come within the range of authentic history; for I could not learn from any of the inhabitants how or when it was destroyed, but conclude it was overwhelmed by an earthquake, or some great convulsion of nature. It always gives one sad and solemn feelings to walk over a ruined city, and consequently fills the mind with melancholy associations, which are more easily felt than described. The face of the country about this region is generally high and mountainous, but for several miles east of the city the land is hilly, undulating, and in its immediate vicinity rich and fertile, with extensive fields and gardens,

where a variety of excellent fruit is cultivated in great abundance; the olives, grapes, oranges and lemons are delicious, and are produced with but little labor. The climate is mild, dry, pure and salubrious. A walk through these orange-groves on a fine morning is truly delightful; to inhale the balmy air, impregnated with a combination of so many fragrant shrubs and flowers, is extremely pleasant and highly exhilarating. In all my wanderings about the world, I have never found so lovely a spot or so fine a climate, and were it peopled with a better race of men and blessed with a good government, I know of no place so desirable for a permanent residence as this part of Portugal.

We met with nothing worth remarking for many days. When we had wind enough to steady the ship we got on pretty well, but when the sea was high and the winds light, the ship rolled terribly, with a short jerking motion, so that I was in constant fear of losing the topmasts, notwithstanding I had the greatest bulk of the cargo in the centre, and a large portion of the salt raised high up between decks. In a calm, when the sea was high, it was to me perfect torture to watch the masts, expecting at every roll to see the topmasts go over the side. This was owing to the bad construction of the ship. We worked our way to the westward without any incident worth noticing, until the 18th of May, at daylight, when we fell in with a great number of ice islands, many of which were enormously large; several of them, I think, from seventy to eighty feet above the water, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet long. The weather being fine, I went in the yawl to the leeward of one of these immense islands, and took lines with me, with the intention of ascending to the top of one of the highest of them, and if possible to measure the exact height; but when I came to examine the mass, I found so much sea washing and dashing up against its sides, that it was impossible to ascend it; and although a portion of the top of the berg was porous ice and snow, near the water, and for several yards above the surface, it was as smooth as glass, and dangerous and difficult, if not impossible, to ascend. Lat. by obs. at noon $43^{\circ} 24' N.$; long. by a good lunar obs. $51^{\circ} 58' W.$

May 23d.—At nine A. M. made the Isle of Sable, bearing W.

S. W., about three or four leagues distant, at the same time saw a fishing schooner at anchor. We had no observation of the sun, it being obscured by clouds and fog; wind from the E. N. E. To clear the island we hauled to the southward. After leaving it, we continued to work along to the westward, and generally had fine weather until the 30th, when we arrived at New York, after a passage of thirty-one days from St. Ubes.

I remained in New York a few days to discharge the crew, and then returned to Milford, where I found all my family and friends well. This has been, without exception, the most anxious and fatiguing voyage I ever made. From the commencement to its final result, it has been marked with continuous scenes of vexatious annoyances; contrary winds and gales always followed in quick succession, while sickness and death seemed tenaciously to vie with each other to fill up the measure of our disappointment. After remaining about a week at my mother's house, I returned to New York, to attend to the discharging of the salt; it was a large cargo of eighteen thousand three hundred bushels. I then resigned the command of the *John Hamilton*, with a fixed determination to remain on shore for several months, and again returned to my native home on the 15th of June, 1816.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VOYAGE IN THE PILOT-BOAT SCHOONER "IRIS," FROM NEW YORK TO MARTINIQUE, ST. EUSTATIA, ST. THOMAS, PORTO RICO AND ST. MARTIN'S, IN THE YEARS 1816 AND 1817.

AFTER completing my last voyage in the *John Hamilton*, in June, 1816, I gave myself a few months' leisure at my maternal home, when I again returned to New York in pursuit of employment in my nautical vocation. For this purpose I purchased a small pilot-boat built schooner, of eighty tons burden, called the *Iris*. She was nearly new and proved to be an excellent little vessel. The object of this voyage was twofold, viz., to traffic among the West India Islands during the coming winter, and also to initiate and instruct two of my younger brothers in the essential qualities of a seaman's life; and, by so doing, prepare them to be captains of ships when old enough to assume the command; for the profession of a seaman is, in many respects, similar to other professions on shore. No one, for example, is willing to intrust a young lawyer with an important case, where a large amount of property is involved in the result; neither are many judicious persons willing to employ a young, inexperienced doctor in an intricate case of life or death. And so it is with young men in our profession; few merchants are willing to intrust a young officer with the command of a valuable ship and cargo, be his talents and capacity ever so great. But, on the contrary, after some friend, who has confidence in his abilities, promotes him to the command of a small vessel and he performs one or two successful voyages, he has no difficulty in obtaining constant employment. Knowing these facts,

I have, in several instances, given young mates the command of small vessels, where I knew they were capable and trustworthy; and when they had made a safe voyage or two in a small vessel, were soon promoted to the command of large ships, and found their services appreciated.

With these objects in view, I purchased a suitable assorted cargo for my little schooner for the West India market, which consisted of flour, provisions and the general produce of the United States, and soon had her ready for sea. I loaded her for my own account: the entire cargo cost, when on board, three thousand dollars. I took with me, as mate, my brother, Charles Coggeshall; also two seamen, a cook and a small cabin-boy, so that the whole crew comprised six in number, including myself.

We sailed from New York on the 20th of October, 1816, bound for Martinique. We met with nothing remarkable during the passage out, except a very severe gale of wind at S. E., about a week after leaving port; the wind blew with great violence, and lasted about thirty hours. My last voyage was in the *John Hamilton*, a ship of 533 tons burden; I now felt, from contrast, that I was in a cock-boat, and feared that she was too small to survive such a tremendous tempest, where the seas ran extremely high, and foaming with rage and fury; but, thanks be to God, our little bark rode like a sea-bird over the billows, and weathered the gale with perfect safety, so that we had, ever after this storm, perfect confidence that the little *Iris* was, if necessary, capable of performing a voyage round the world. From long experience I have found that safety consists not in the size of a ship or vessel, but rather in the good and sound qualities she possesses; perhaps a good ship of 300 or 400 tons burden, is as safe as any other size. A very large ship, heavily laden, is never safe; she labors and strains far more than a smaller sized one, and this remark holds good in a greater degree when extended to line-of-battle ships.

I remember, that in the summer of 1806, on the 18th of August, a French fleet of six sail of the line and three frigates, commanded by Admiral Villameuz, were returning to France from the West Indies, and when in the Gulf Stream, near Cape Hatteras, encountered a terrible tempest, which nearly

destroyed the whole fleet. Some of them, I think, were entirely lost; several crippled and dismasted. A portion of them got into the Havana; three of the line-of-battle ships put into the Chesapeake Bay dismasted. The *Veteran*, 74, commanded by Jerome Bonaparte, was so disabled that she was finally stranded on the coast of Brittany, and only one of the whole number got safe back to Brest.

When the wind suddenly dies away, and a high sea is running, it not unfrequently happens on board of a large three-decker that the lashings of the great guns give way, and do great damage before they can be secured. Let the reader imagine one of these large ships laboring and straining in the trough of a high sea, with a thousand souls on board, without masts or sails to steady her, leaking badly, with all her pumps employed to keep her free; add to this, that every now and then one of the great guns breaks loose from its lashings, and, I think, he will allow that such a situation is not a very enviable one; whereas a well organized ship of four hundred tons, properly loaded, may bid defiance to the tempest and the storm, and ride triumphantly over the billows, like Noah's ark in the general deluge.

After the gale subsided, we soon got into the trade-winds, and proceeded on our course to our destined port without accident or interruption. We made the Island of Martinique on the 9th of November, and the next day got safe into St. Pierre. In this port we found lying at anchor about twenty or thirty sail of American vessels, generally brigs and schooners, besides several French ships and brigs, and a sprinkling of the flags of other nations. The market was very dull for most articles brought from the United States; in fact, the supply was too great for the wants of the place, and the port extremely sickly, especially among the shipping; captains, mates and seamen, were daily dying with the yellow fever. I lost no time in disposing of the perishable part of my cargo, such as potatoes, apples, &c.

I took great care of my crew; kept them from sleeping on deck in the night-air, and also from the exposure of the noon-day's sun; still, in spite of these precautionary measures, my

brother was attacked with the fever early in the morning on the sixth day after our arrival. I immediately hastened to an apothecary's shop, purchased a few doses of calomel and jalap, came on board, and administered a severe dose to him. I then repaired to my consignee, Monsieur Turbé, and requested him to close my accounts and clear out the vessel at the custom-house as soon as possible, to enable me to take advantage of the land breeze in the evening to leave the island, and by this prompt action I had great hopes I should be able to save the life of my brother. Monsieur T. was a benevolent, humane gentleman, and kindly co-operated with me to dispatch my schooner, so that by nine o'clock the same evening, November the 16th, we sailed from the port of St. Pierre and were soon clear of the island, with a fine N. E. trade wind, bound to St. Eustatia. The medicine thus early given to my brother, together with the pure sea-breeze, in all human probability saved his life. The next day he had not much fever, and, in the course of a week, was almost quite well. I have found, by long experience, that with the yellow fever in these sultry climates no time should be lost in giving powerful medicine at the first symptoms of the disease.

The yellow fever raging at this time in St. Pierre was of the most malignant character, and very appropriately called the black vomit. Almost every vessel lost one or more of its crew; some of them their captains, others their officers and several of the seamen; some were taken sick in the morning and buried before night.

I knew a large healthy young man, supercargo of a New-London brig, of a full bodily habit, who died after twelve hours' sickness, and his body was so changed, that it was found necessary to bury it in two or three hours after death. Notwithstanding it was so sickly in the port and among the shipping, it was perfectly healthy in the country, even at the distance of a mile or two from the town of St. Pierre; in fact, the sickness was principally confined to strangers; very few of the natives were ill, and none died with the fever during my stay at the island.

Martinique is so near the United States, and is so well

known, that it is perhaps superfluous for me to enter into a description of it; I will therefore only make a few remarks on its situation, number of inhabitants, &c. The island is mountainous, and lies between lat. $14^{\circ} 24'$ and $14^{\circ} 53'$ N., long. $62^{\circ} 15'$ W. of London. It is a colony of France, and one of the largest and most important of the Windward West India Islands; is about thirty-eight miles long and ten or twelve broad. It has three considerable towns or cities. Port Royal, the capital and seat of government, has a population of ten or twelve thousand souls. St. Pierre is a pretty town, built on the side of a moderate-sized hill, so that the houses all overlook each other, which enables its inhabitants to have a clear view of the sea; it contains some ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants, of all colors. There are here several fountains of pure, fresh water, which supply the city; besides the convenience of having an abundance of good drinking water, it also tends to cool and refresh the town. It is conducted through all the principal streets, always keeps them clean, promotes health, and is in every respect, a great blessing to the inhabitants. The other town is called La Trinité and lies on the east side of the island; it has a population of four thousand, men, women and children. The whole island is said to contain about one hundred and eighteen thousand inhabitants, of whom forty thousand are white, and the remainder mulattoes and negroes. The principal or staple productions of Martinique are sugars, molasses, rum, coffee and dye-woods; their imports are flour and provisions from the United States, wines and all other kinds of luxuries from France, their fatherland; their general language is Creole French. We had a pleasant passage of four days down to St. Eustatia; here I retailed the principal part of my remaining cargo at a very fair profit. This is a small but very healthy island, lying in lat. $17^{\circ} 34'$ N., long. $67^{\circ} 40'$ W. On this island there is an exhausted volcano. It appears that the mountain, where a large volcano once existed, is now a mere shell, burnt down probably to the level of the sea; in this immense cavity are growing large trees and bushes, and the place is called by the inhabitants, "the devil's punch-bowl."

The town is built on the southwest side of the island, and probably contains two or three thousand inhabitants. St.

Eustatia is a colony of Holland, and the whole island contains about fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants, including the free negroes and slaves. From this place may be seen St. Christopher's, Saba, and, on a clear day, several other islands. Its principal productions are sugar, rum and molasses, with a little tobacco. Fish are abundant and cheap; and, as some portions of the island are fertile, they raise yams, potatoes and a little Indian corn; hogs, goats and poultry are also reared, so that the principal part of the inhabitants manage to live pretty well. They have a substantial Protestant church, which is generally well attended, and I should pronounce them a virtuous, moral people. Although most of them understand and speak Dutch, I found Creole English generally spoken. Creole English and Creole French are the general language of all this group; I mean all the islands in this vicinity: Nevis, St. Kitts, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin's, Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and many others:—in a word, the inhabitants of these islands converse in bad French and worse English, with a tiresome, monotonous drawl, which often partakes largely of the negro accent, and renders it difficult for strangers to understand them.

After remaining here about a fortnight, I sailed on the evening of the fifth of December, and had a pleasant passage of sixteen hours down to St. Thomas. At this place I met with another of my brothers, Mr. James Coggeshall, whom I had not seen for some years. He was a fine young man, about twenty-one years of age, had just arrived here from New-York, and but recently returned from England, where he had been imprisoned at Dartmoor for six or eight months, during our late war with that nation, and where, by good fortune, he narrowly escaped the barbarous massacre of his countrymen in that odious prison. At my request, the captain of the vessel to which my brother belonged, consented to discharge him: and here I gave up the command of the *Iris* to my brother Charles, and placed James Coggeshall in his situation as mate; and thus one of the principal objects in purchasing this schooner was accomplished. I still remained attached to the vessel as owner and supercargo, while my two trusty and very

worthy brothers were with me,—the one as captain, the other as mate. I now felt myself happy in this very pleasant situation, and already began to anticipate the day when I should see these two young men commanding each a fine ship, and daily growing in virtue, intelligence and respectability. But, alas! how vain and futile are all human calculations, and how often are our best plans frustrated and brought to nought, as it will appear in the sequel; still we should not complain when we pursue the path of duty. The longer I live the more am I convinced of the truth that every thing is ordered in wisdom, and that the words of our Divine Teacher are, and ever will remain, true, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will and knowledge of our Heavenly Father.

In the summer of 1816, the weather throughout the United States was extremely cold, particularly in the northern section of the Union. In consequence of the cold, cloudy weather, the crop of Indian corn was very small. In the New England States there was not one-third part of the usual quantity produced, and it became so high in price, say two dollars per bushel, that there was none to spare to ship to the West Indies. During my whole life I have never known so cold a season in the New England States as that of 1816; at this time, I often heard it remarked that in Connecticut there was frost in some parts of the State every month during the whole year. Knowing these facts, I decided on going to Porto Rico for a cargo of Indian corn, and other articles, and from thence beat up to St. Martin's. Accordingly, after remaining at St. Thomas about a week, we left the place for Ponce, Porto Rico, on the 12th of December. Twenty-four hours after leaving St. Thomas we arrived at the port of Ponce, a beautiful, well-sheltered little bay, on the south side of the island. Here I sold what little I had to dispose of, and commenced buying Indian corn at this place, and the adjacent little towns and villages; and, after lying here thirteen days, and securing a considerable quantity, I took the schooner down the coast, about two leagues further to the westward, to a little port called Tayabo. Here I purchased and took on board eleven tons of *lignum vitæ*, for which I paid eight dollars per ton.

While here I employed a French gentleman, by the name

of St. Argu, to assist me in my business. In company with this person I rode on horseback from town to town, and from village to village on the south side of the island, to purchase cattle and corn from the country people; the corn we generally bought for about half a dollar the hundred ears, it being the general custom of selling corn on this island. The husks were not entirely removed, but turned down and tied together in pairs, then thrown across a horse, brought down to the beach, and taken on board in the schooner's boats. Before we could take it on board, it was necessary to procure a permit from the Alcalde of a town situated some six or eight miles distant from Tayabo, in the interior of the island, at a place called Pennuela, for which purpose St. Argu and myself started early on a Sunday morning on horseback.

At Pennuela there is quite a large church, to which the country people repair in crowds to attend mass on Sunday mornings.

On our way thither, my friend St. Argu observed that before proceeding to business, it was absolutely necessary for us to go to the cathedral, and attend mass; otherwise, said he, the people will take us for heretics, and will sell us no corn; neither shall we be able to obtain permission to take on board what we have already purchased. I replied that I was not a Roman Catholic, and knew nothing of the forms necessary to go through the ordinary ceremonies of the church. He answered that there was very little difference between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant faith; that the Catholics approached God through the mediation of the Mother of Jesus, while the Protestants appealed directly to the Son, which to him, was immaterial, and of no manner of consequence. He furthermore added, he had lived among these people fifteen years; that his wife was a native of the island, and that he knew their character perfectly well. To all these assertions I only replied, "I have no desire to oppose these people in their religious opinions, and will with pleasure go with you to the church;" for which purpose we left our horses at the posada, and repaired forthwith to mass; the time occupied in these ceremonies was about fifteen or twenty minutes. We then returned to the posada, took

breakfast, and afterwards called on the Alcalde, to obtain his permission to ship the corn we had purchased. This sprig of justice in authority kept a tienda, and was surrounded by some eight or ten common-looking people, all listening to the recital of the valiant feats he had performed in Spain, when he was a subaltern officer in the Spanish army against the French, in 1813, when that nation invaded Spain. We, with the rest, of course listened to the relation of his gallant conduct, for it certainly would have been very impolite and impolitic to have interrupted him when thus mounted on his war-horse, dashing on in his pompous recital in the high-sounding tones of the Old Castile language. When he had finished the fight and annihilated the enemy, he received, of course, the enthusiastic applause and approbation of all the bystanders.

At length my friend the Frenchman introduced me as the supercargo of an American vessel, who had brought large sums of gold and silver to the island to purchase cattle and Indian corn, and that I only waited his pleasure and permission to ship these articles on board of my schooner. He observed, that as for cattle and horses they could spare any quantity, but, with respect to Indian corn, that was quite another question; that it might, perhaps, be a serious evil to take away, as it were, the staff of life from the people. I began to feel nettled and uneasy, until I saw the wily Frenchman tip him the wink, and slyly show him a doubloon. This operated like a magic charm upon the brave Alcalde, when he adroitly changed his tone, and addressed all those who had been listening to him, in substance as follows: "Gentlemen, it is true, as I have before remarked, that in times of great scarcity it certainly would be wrong to allow corn to leave the island; but, thank God, that is not the case at present; on the contrary, this season we have been blessed with an abundant crop. It is, therefore, a vast advantage to the colony to dispose of the surplus, and thus enrich the country with gold and silver. For my part, I think the supercargo deserves the thanks of the community for his enterprising spirit, in coming here with his dollars and doubloons to purchase our surplus produce."

This speech was loudly applauded by all the tribe of listen-

ers, and forthwith he called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote a general permit to take on board corn, and other productions of the island ; and here the farce ended to our mutual satisfaction. At this period, the south side of Porto Rico was but thinly inhabited, and but a small portion of the land cultivated. There were but few sugar plantations, and those on a very small scale : in fine, it was a beautiful pastoral country, and well adapted to the rearing of cattle, as well as for the general purposes of cultivation. In the centre of the island is a high chain of mountains running from east to west, almost its entire length, and from them issue rivers and streams of pure, limpid water. These diverge into brooks and rivulets, wind around the small hills into the meadow-land, and from thence run into the sea.

The land generally in this part of the island is settled by small planters, who cultivate a few acres in the rearing of coffee and plantain trees, the produce of these trees being an excellent substitute for bread, and is their principal support. They also raise a little Indian corn, and generally grow from 100 to 1,000 pounds of coffee each.

The quantity they produce depends almost entirely on their own industry or inclination ; the lands being extremely fertile, will produce very abundant crops, almost without labor. Many of these small planters rear horses and cattle without any apparent trouble. The horned cattle are a very handsome breed of animals, extremely docile, and as sleek as moles ; many of the horses are also handsome and high-spirited. Almost all of these small farmers raise a little tobacco, and some of them sell a few hundred pounds, besides what they retain for their own use. Tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, plantains, bananas and pineapples, grow here in profusion, almost without cultivation.

These people also raise pigs, goats, turkeys, fowls and other domestic animals. The climate of the south side of this island, though warm, is far from being unhealthy. The face of the country south of the high ridge of mountains, is beautifully diversified with hills and dales, and taking every thing into consideration pertaining to it, it certainly is a very desirable and beautiful country. I frequently saw along the roadside, wild coffee in full bearing, and when cultivated in the smallest de-

gree, it produces an abundant crop. I have thus far endeavored to describe how bountiful Providence has been to these people, and will now with reluctance state how little they appreciate the rich blessings of God. The greatest part of them are extremely indolent and filthy, spending hour after hour swinging in their hammocks, when they should be attending to their farms. In almost every house are slung two or three grass hammocks, and instead of inviting you to take a chair as in other countries, they ask you to take a swing in a hammock. On Sundays and holidays they will ride five or six miles to attend a dance or a cock-fight, and are deeply steeped in the dark superstition of the Roman Catholic religion. Still, notwithstanding their ignorance, idleness and superstition, they are apparently happy, or at least contented in their own ideas of social life, for when one of these small farmers is mounted for a ride on horseback, with his long machete dangling by his side, he throws all the cares of life to the wind, and snuffs the fresh air in self-sufficiency and lofty pride, like a wild horse on the Western prairies; and when dressed with a broad-brimmed straw hat, short calico jacket, clean white shirt, with gold buttons at the bosom, with a pair of checked pantaloons, and a segar in his mouth—I say when he is thus decked off, he sallies forth to a Mass, cock-fight, or fandango, and is in his own opinion, the happiest and most independent being in existence.

After my friend St. Argu and myself had accomplished our business at Penuela, we mounted our horses towards evening to return to the port of Tayabo. The weather was extremely soft and fine, and in company with troops of country people, all in their holiday dresses, we had a very pleasant ride back to the port. I brought down to this island from St. Thomas, two thousand nine hundred dollars in gold and silver, to purchase a cargo of corn, live cattle, coffee, &c., and as I had now obtained permission to take on board the produce of the country, I commenced loading the schooner with corn and the before-mentioned articles; and while my brothers were receiving and stowing away the cargo, St. Argu and myself rode about the country and purchased the cattle, with an agreement to have them delivered at Ponce, on a given day ready to go on board.

Thus after taking in a considerable portion of the cargo we got the schooner under way, and returned to Ponce on the 28th of December. At this period, 1816, there was but a very small portion of the lands cultivated in the neighborhood of Ponce and Tayabo, and for miles along this side of the island, these rich lands were lying almost entirely waste. Such parts of them as were inclosed, were occupied by small farmers in the rearing of cattle and horses; the most of them, however, cultivated plantain trees, and small patches of coffee and tobacco, but there were no sugar plantations in this region worth naming. Some of the small planters raised a little sugar-cane for their own use; they generally boiled the juice into syrup and molasses, and sometimes made a little chaneaca or half-boiled sugar for home consumption, and this was about the amount of the products of the sugar-cane in this part of Porto Rico, at this period of its history.

The day we left Tayabo, the mate, my brother James Coggeshall, was taken ill with a high fever. I gave him medicine, and attended him to the best of my abilities, and on our arrival at the port of Ponce, sent up to the town for a physician. The town is about four miles from the port, and the doctor did not come on board the schooner until the next day, in the mean time my brother grew worse and worse, and could obtain no relief from his severe sufferings.

When the doctor came, he frankly told me that nothing could be done for him, and at the same time inquired whether he was a Christian, meaning, I suppose, a Roman Catholic. I replied that he was a good young man, and I had no doubt he was a Christian. He then said, "You had better send for a priest to confess him before it is too late," adding, that persons attacked with fevers of this kind, generally died in about seven or eight days after they were taken ill, which in this case certainly proved true. I thanked him for his candor and politeness, told him I wanted no confessor, and if he could render my poor brother no assistance, it was unnecessary to discuss the subject any further.

At the end of this conversation the learned doctor devoutly crossed himself, which in manner seemed to say, "Oh! God, I

pray thee to deliver me from these unbelieving heretics." And here I would emphatically observe to all men of every class and creed, let us beware how we condemn one another for our religious faith. I had been reared a Protestant, with strong feelings of opposition to confession, and Roman Catholic ceremonies, deeming them all a perfect mockery. On the contrary, the doctor from his earliest recollection had been taught to believe that confession, church forms and Catholic faith, were vitally essential to the salvation of the soul: and now, I say, who shall judge, provided we were equally sincere in our opinions, which of us pursued the will of our Heavenly Father. Then let us not condemn one another in these matters of religious faith, but leave it in the hands of Him, who weighs the motives and actions of men in a balance, to decide the grand question.

By these observations I do not mean that we should not judge of systems, and decide upon just and enlightened principles, such as are clearly laid down in the New Testament; but to condemn and denounce the religious faith of an individual, is virtually saying, I am right and you are wrong. A man, whomsoever he may be, who has no religious faith, is like a ship on the wide ocean without a rudder; St. Paul says, such an one is tossed to and fro, and is carried about by every wind of doctrine. I therefore conclude that any religion is far better than none, even if that faith be tinged with superstition, for it certainly is true that the skeptic or infidel is always groping about in doubt and darkness, and has no resting-place or anchor for his soul.

My poor brother continued to decline until Saturday, January 4th, when he expired. As I had not complied with the injunction of the doctor to go through the ceremony of confession to a dying man, according to the customary usage of the country at this period, my poor brother was not entitled to what they termed the rites of Christian burial, and this sad and solemn duty therefore devolved upon my brother Charles and myself. We accordingly had a coffin made on board, and on the following day in the afternoon, with our own crew took the body to a small, uninhabited island, about two miles from the main land of Porto Rico, and there interred the remains of this worthy,

brave and ingenuous young man. To prevent them from being disturbed or desecrated, I left no trace of a grave, but levelled the ground so that the spot where his remains repose, should not attract the idle curiosity of those who should hereafter visit this lonely island ;

AND HERE MAY HIS ASHES REST IN PEACE.

We continued to purchase and take on board, corn and other articles from day to day, and generally without any dispute or difficulty. It however happened that a ferocious, savage-looking mulatto fellow had brought several horse-loads of corn from time to time, and often of an inferior quality. I remonstrated with him, and frankly told him that if he again brought poor corn and small ears, I would not receive them ; that I wanted a fair quality of merchantable corn and ears of the usual size and nothing more : and thus clearly warned him not to bring any more like the last. This notice, however, had not the desired effect, for the very next day the fellow came with two horses loaded with corn, even of a worse quality than I had before received. My vessel was lying at anchor in the small bay, about five hundred feet from the beach, and no one but myself on shore.

There was a shop or two at the landing-place, the general resort of those engaged in the commerce of the port. I was alone and without arms of any kind, not even a stick to defend myself, when this vile wretch began to unload and count the corn, and at the same time called on me to receive it. I told him to stop, that I would not take it ; when he flew into a violent rage, foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, and at the same moment drew a large knife, thrust the point against my breast, and swore that he would instantly kill me if I did not receive the corn ; and with threatening gestures said, there was no more harm in killing a vile heretic like me, than in killing a dog. I retreated backwards towards the warehouse, fearing, that if I ceased to face him, he would stab me in the back ; hoping at the same time that the three poor devils at the shop-door would take my part, and prevent the scoundrel from assassinating me

on the spot, but this was not the case ; these poor creatures appeared afraid to utter a single word to appease the anger of this cowardly villain. Fortunately my brother was on the lookout with a spyglass, and fearing something was the matter, armed himself and three of our crew and came immediately to the rescue. They rushed upon the fellow and made him a prisoner before he was aware of it ; he threw down his knife and machete and offered to beg my pardon in a spaniel-like manner. As I was a stranger in a strange land, I did not think it proper to take the law into my own hands, and concluded to go forthwith to the Alcalde at Ponce. I therefore directed my brother to keep him in custody, until I gave him up to the public authorities.

I accordingly mounted my horse, rode as fast as possible to the man in authority, and told him the whole story, when he coldly replied, that if I wished it he would put the fellow in jail, but he would not advise me to do so. He said the laws would only confine him for a day or two, and that after he was released from prison, he and his friends would probably waylay and assassinate me the first opportunity. I exclaimed, "If such is the state of your laws and the way in which they are executed, the sooner I leave the country the better !" and thus I was obliged to take the advice of the magistrate, and pocket the insult I had so shamefully received. All over this island as well as in old Spain, whenever a person is murdered, a number of stones are thrown together on the spot where the victim fell, and a wooden cross is then erected in the centre of the heap to mark the place of the assassination. When travelling about the island, I frequently saw along the roadside these disgraceful *mémorials* of assassination and Catholic superstition, and could not help feeling that this fine island ought of right to belong to a better race of men. I find nothing more in my journal worth recording during the remainder of my stay in Porto Rico. My cargo consisted of the following articles : twenty-seven head of cattle ; four horses ; one hundred and twenty-six thousand ears of Indian corn ; thirty barrels of shelled corn ; eleven tons of *lignum vitæ* ; four thousand pounds of coffee ; and sundry other small articles.

The prices of the different articles were as follows: The average price of the cattle was twenty-nine dollars per head; of the corn fifty cents the hundred ears; the shelled corn one dollar per bushel; for the wood I paid eight dollars per ton; and for the coffee about ten cents per pound. After getting our cargo all on board, we cleared out and sailed from Ponce on the 10th of January, bound for St. Martin's. As I intend to return to this island and travel over its whole length and breadth, at present it only remains for me to make a few general observations with respect to its location, and its probable increasing importance to the commercial world. For it is not in the nature of things, or in keeping with the natural progress of the age in which we live, to believe that the rich and fertile lands on this fine island should be allowed to lie many years unoccupied or unproductive, except indeed Old Spain should adopt the Japan policy towards this colony, and absolutely exclude and prohibit the inhabitants of other countries from coming here. On the contrary, should strangers be allowed to purchase lands and be protected here in their persons and property, they will bring their enterprise and industrious habits with them, and soon give an impetus to all those who at present merely vegetate on this delightful island. Porto Rico, as all the world knows, is a colony of Spain, and lies between $17^{\circ} 55'$ and $18^{\circ} 30'$ N. latitude, and between $65^{\circ} 40'$ and $67^{\circ} 20'$ W. longitude. It lies nearly east and west, is about one hundred miles long, and thirty-five or forty broad. It has a high chain of mountains running through the centre of the island, though not through its entire length; it being flattened at each end for several miles; and although the mountains are high and rugged, there are occasional gaps and ravines in the chain, through which men pass on horses and mules. But as I hope to see more of the island on my second visit, I will proceed on my voyage up to St. Martin's.

After leaving Ponce we continued to beat up along the south side of Porto Rico, keeping a wide offing during the day to profit by the fresh N. E. trade winds, while at night we kept close in shore to take advantage of the land breezes which generally prevail through the night. Thus at the end of five

days we got up to the west end of St. Croix, where we procured a fresh supply of water and grass, which occupied one day; when we again proceeded on our way towards Great Bay, St. Martin's, and after a dead beat of four days arrived at our destined place on the 19th of January, nine days from Porto Rico. Here I sold my cattle and corn at pretty fair prices to the planters, but agreed to receive the pay for my cargo in sugar at \$8½ per cwt. at the ingathering of the crop, which would be on or about the first of March. The corn I sold at one dollar and three-quarters per hundred ears, the shelled corn at two dollars and a half per bushel, and the cattle at about seventy-five per cent. profit on the prime cost. These prices appear high, but when it is taken into consideration that these articles were sold to above forty planters, payable in new sugar at nearly one dollar per hundred above the cash price, it is not a great profit. The delay one meets with in getting the sugar from so great a number of planters is tedious and expensive, as in the sequel it proved to be. I lost no time in landing the cattle and corn, and getting the *Iris* ready for sea. I retained on board the eleven tons of lignum vitæ, and the thirty-four bags of coffee which I had purchased in Porto Rico; and after having bought six barrels and one hogshead of sugar and shipped them on board, also a quantity of stone ballast, I dispatched the *Iris* for Charleston, under the command of my brother, Charles Coggeshall.

He left this place on the first of February, with directions to address himself to Mr. John Marshall, a merchant at Charleston, S. C., and desire him to procure a return cargo as soon as possible, and draw on my friend in New York for the amount. I also requested him to leave the wood, coffee and sugar in the hands of Mr. M., to sell for my account, and by no means wait to have these articles sold, which would necessarily cause considerable delay, but to lose no time in returning directly to St. Bartholomew, where I would meet him on his return, and that I should expect to see him back again in about forty days. I remained at St. Martin's until the 25th of February, when I appointed F. H. A. Van Rhyne, Esq., my agent to collect the sugars due me from the planters, and have them ready to go on

board as soon as my vessel should return from Charleston ; and also to receive the other small debts due me in money. These small islands are pleasant and agreeable for a stranger to visit for a week or two, but after that period they become very tiresome. The planters, it is true, are hospitable and polite, but almost every subject is of a local nature, and after hearing the history of the principal families, and the quantity of sugar made on the different estates, there is nothing more to learn, and for the want of fresh news and daily excitement, as is the case in large cities, one is compelled to hear all the little gossip of the whole community. I recollect dining frequently with a good old gentleman by the name of Hodge, who was born and bred on the island and had never left it. He was kind and generous, and appeared happy to have strangers partake of his hospitality. He was acquainted with every body, and knew the pedigree of every family. Of course, his recitals were pleasant and amusing for a while ; but after this stock of local information was exhausted, his visitors were entertained with the same stories again and again, so that in the course of a few weeks I became quite familiar with the history of every family on the island.

The Island of St. Martin's lies in lat. $18^{\circ} 4' N.$, long. $63^{\circ} 5' W.$ The northern portion of it belongs to France, and the southern to Holland. It is one of the group of the Virgin Gorda's, about twenty-five or thirty miles long and twelve or fifteen broad, of a moderate height and generally healthy. Its principal productions are sugar, rum and molasses. On the Dutch portion of the island are several salt ponds, which formerly produced large quantities of salt, but for many years past have yielded little or none, in consequence of the ponds having been flooded by the sea. They rear a few cattle, and raise a sufficient quantity of yams, sweet potatoes and other vegetables for their own supply. The whole island contains about seven thousand inhabitants, two hundred of whom are white, and the remainder mulattoes and negroes. The general language is Dutch and Creole English ; some French is spoken in the French part of the island.

While here, I was told by several old persons that the great earthquake which occurred in Lisbon on the first of Nov. 1755,

and destroyed a great portion of that city, was severely felt in this island, and that the water in Great Bay, Phillipsburg, receded for a few seconds, and left the bottom of the bay quite bare, when it suddenly returned, with a tremendous rush, to its usual depth. From St. Martin's may be seen St. Bartholomew, Anguilla, and several other small islands. They are all well supplied with fish, which are generally of an excellent quality. Here they are abundant and cheap.

On the 25th of February I left St. Martin's in one of the packet-boats for St. Bartholomew, and in about six or eight hours beat up and got safe into St. Barts. These sail-boats ply daily between the two islands, and can only take four or six passengers; they have no decks, but (though wet and uncomfortable) still are pretty safe; being manned by skilful boatmen, it rarely happens that any serious accident occurs. I had made a voyage to this island in the year 1809, and was well acquainted with all the principal commercial men in the place. The most wealthy and influential merchant here was Mr. William Cock, an Englishman by birth, and whom I ever found to be a worthy, good man. This gentleman was my consignee when I was here in the brig Henry and Isabella in 1809, and I again employed him to assist me in my business.

As I was now waiting the arrival of my schooner from Charleston, I had much leisure to walk about this rocky island, which is merely a commercial dépôt, growing out of its neutral character. It is a colony of Sweden, lying in lat. $17^{\circ} 56'$ N., long. $62^{\circ} 50'$ W. It is about twenty-five miles long and ten or twelve broad; has a good harbor on its western end, and is a great stopping-place for trading vessels. During the late war between England and France, it was a place of considerable commerce. The island is mountainous, and without fresh water, except that which is poor and brackish may be procured for cattle; but all that is required for drinking purposes, and for the shipping, is supplied by rain preserved in cisterns, which generally sells at from two to eight dollars the puncheon, and even higher in a dry season. The price therefore depends entirely on the quantity of rain that falls; sometimes they have an abundance, at others it is extremely scarce. There are a

few sugar plantations on the island, but on a very small scale. They cultivate a few yams and other vegetables, but I should think there was not one quarter part of the necessaries of life produced here for the support of the inhabitants, who number about eight or ten thousand, of whom two-thirds are mulattoes and negroes. In short, the greater portion of the people are supported by commerce carried on with foreign ships, and to the neighboring islands. It is generally healthy on this island, but very uninteresting to a stranger after the first week. The roads are extremely rough and unfit for carriages, and the only exercise one can take is on foot or on horseback ; and there are so few roads, that when a person leaves the town to go into the country, he is obliged to return by the same route. After having once been into the interior, and over to the eastern or windward part of the island, there is nothing more to be seen. In fine, I think the only way to render a residence on this rock supportable, is constant occupation.

On the 20th of March, I was rejoiced to see my little schooner *Iris* heave in sight, on her return from Charleston, with a small assorted cargo of tobacco, flour, beef, hams and red oak staves.

The whole invoice amounted to about two thousand dollars. My brother had thus accomplished the voyage from St. Martin's to Charleston and back to this place, in forty-eight days. The tobacco and staves I sold here through Mr. Cock, at very good prices, and on the 1st of April left this place in the *Iris*, with my brother, and after a pleasant passage of three hours, came to anchor in Great Bay, St. Martin's. Here I sold the residue of the cargo of provisions brought out from Charleston, and commenced taking on board the sugars due me from about forty individuals, mostly planters residing on their estates on every part of the island. Although they had agreed that the sugars should be ready and delivered on the 1st of March, it was now the 5th of April, and I had but a small part of my cargo ready to go on board. I therefore found it necessary to ride from plantation to plantation, to collect and get ready my cargo. At length I received and put on board for my own account as follows: fifty hogsheads of Muscovado su-

gar ; one hundred and forty-nine barrels of do. ; three punch-eons of molasses, and three of rum.

I had also on freight for Mr. William Cock, eight hogs-heads of sugar and a great number of dry hides.

After getting ready for sea, we left St. Martin's on the 12th for New York. During our voyage home we generally had light winds and some calm weather, which prolonged our passage to eighteen days. We arrived at New York on the 30th of April, 1817, and I am happy to add, I found my family and friends all well, after an absence of seven months and ten days.

CHAPTER XXV.

VOYAGE IN THE SCHOONER IRIS, TO TENERIFFE, ST. THOMAS AND THE HAVANA, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1818 AND 1819.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

At this period I owned a stanch and burthensome schooner, called the Catherine, commanded by my brother Charles Coggeshall. On the 1st of October, I chartered this vessel to Señor Damaso Burdett, to proceed with an assorted cargo out to Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, for a round sum of fourteen hundred Spanish dollars; in this agreement I retained for my own account the privilege of all the cabin, which was large. I accordingly purchased sundry articles of merchandise and consigned them to my brother. Señor Burdett was a native of Teneriffe, and a friend of Peter Harmony, Esq., a Spanish gentleman and a well known merchant residing in New York. Though the charter was made by Mr. B., it was guaranteed by his friend, Mr. H. The cargo was composed of Indian corn, pine boards, whale oil, beeswax, candles, etc. The whole invoice amounted to six thousand four hundred dollars. Señor B. took passage in the Catherine. They sailed from New York for Teneriffe, on the 18th of October, 1818.

Soon after I dispatched the Catherine, I concluded to make up a little adventure with my friends, Messrs. Lawrence and Betts, merchants at New York, and proceed forthwith to Teneriffe, there meet my brother, and pursue our further operations according to circumstances, or as fortune should direct. The Iris was a good little vessel, of eighty tons burthen, and in seaman's phrase, an excellent sea-boat. One half of this schooner

belonged to my friends, Lawrence & Betts, and the other half to myself. We agreed to load her for joint account, and that I should perform the voyage as captain and supercargo. We forthwith purchased a suitable cargo, consisting of flour, Indian corn in bags, whale oil, soap, candles, etc., and in a few days got ready for sea. The whole invoice amounted to three thousand dollars. My wife was very much opposed to my going to sea in such a small vessel; she enumerated the many hairbreadth escapes I had already experienced, and fervently entreated me to remain on shore, but said, if I persisted in going, she begged that I would allow her to go with me, that we might share the dangers and perils of the ocean together. At length it was decided that she should accompany me.

I took with me as mate Mr. Edward Brown, a Scotchman by birth, but a resident of Milford. He was an excellent mate and a first-rate seaman. In the early part of my career, I had served under Mr. B. in the schooner *Betsey and Polly*, of New Haven; in that vessel he was the chief and I the second mate. A better seaman than Mr. B. never trod a ship's deck. We sailed from New York on the 15th of October, passing through Long Island Sound, and out to sea by Montauk Point. We had a pretty good time off the coast for the first three or four days; after that we experienced a strong S. E. gale and a high sea, which continued for about eighteen or twenty hours. Although the gale was very severe and the sea high and rough, the little schooner made very good weather of it, and rode over the billows like a gull on the top of every sea. It certainly was an alarming spectacle for my wife, who now for the first time, had ventured on the broad ocean. However, after the gale subsided we had pleasant weather for a few days, and Mrs. Coggeshall daily gained confidence in the safety of the vessel, and soon became reconciled to the temporary inconvenience of living in a small cabin.

The novelty of the scene, although at times very terrific, had nevertheless its pleasures, and then the idea of visiting foreign lands far away over the dark blue sea, was also a pleasing theme to dwell upon; and above all, there was a mysterious charm thrown over the anticipated pleasure of beholding the

snowy peak of Teneriffe towering far above the lofty clouds. I say these long cherished anticipations a thousand times outweighed the inconvenience of now and then eating a cold dinner, or a little rough tossing about with a high, head sea. And thus like the ordinary transactions of life everywhere, there are shades of light and darkness, sunshine and rain; however, on one point I believe all agree, that there is no perfect bliss this side of the grave, nor ought we to expect it until we reach Heaven. And so it was with our passage out to Teneriffe, sometimes fair and sometimes foul weather. And now to be candid and drop all metaphor, we had what seamen call a stormy, rough and tough passage of twenty-seven days, when we arrived at Santa Cruz, on the 14th of December. Here we saw the Catherine lying at anchor, nearly ready to leave for New York.

About ten days previous to our arrival, a schooner called the Express, put in here from Smyrna, laden with fruit. She belonged to New York, and was owned by Mr. A. Leggett, merchant residing in that city. She was commanded by Captain Alexander Summers, was leaking badly, and so much in distress that the captain was afraid to leave the island, and after standing off and on a day or two, got liberty from the Governor to tranship his cargo from the Express to the Catherine, upon condition that the two vessels should remain in quarantine, and have no communication with the shore. The quarantine laws here are extremely rigid with respect to vessels coming from the Mediterranean, and the moment they commenced transshipping the fruit, nothing could be landed from either of them. It so happened, however, that the Catherine had discharged her goods, and my brother had agreed with Captain Summers, to take his cargo, himself and the crew all to New York, for twelve hundred dollars. Captain S. was to furnish himself and his seamen with provisions.

The Express was condemned as unseaworthy, and some days after being discharged, was driven on shore in a gale of wind, and soon went to pieces. I detained my brother two or three days to take out the money he had on board, and also to give us a little time to get our letters ready for home to forward by him, there being no other American vessel in port. The Catherine

rine sailed on the 17th of December from Santa Cruz, bound for New York. After one day's quarantine, we were allowed to go on shore, and as there were no good hotels or lodging-houses, I hired a house for my family, where we took up our abode. We found the living simple and cheap; house rent in particular was extremely low. We hired a very large and convenient one for twelve dollars per month.

The consignee of the Catherine, Señor Burdett, kindly insisted on furnishing it from his mother's house, so that with what articles I brought on shore from the Iris, and some trifling things purchased here, we were soon comfortably established in our new home. Señor Burdett was a bachelor, living with his mother and several sisters, all polite, agreeable people.

Mr. B. and his sisters introduced us to several other respectable families, from whom we received many civilities: the kind hospitality and attentions shown us by these friendly and polite people, rendered our stay at Santa Cruz extremely pleasant.

The ladies furnished my wife with suitable black veils and church costumes, so that she was enabled to visit all the principal churches and convents, without being observed as a stranger. It is a universal custom among the Spaniards, for the ladies to dress in black, whenever they go to church. During our stay here, a little party was made up of ladies and gentlemen to spend a day at Laguna, a considerable town situated in the interior of the island, about two or three leagues from Santa Cruz. The roads are too rough to admit of carriages, so that riding on horseback and upon donkeys is the general mode of travelling on this island. Our party consisted of two or three ladies and about the same number of gentlemen; each one rode a donkey, attended by a driver, with a large stick, to run on foot, beat and drive the animal, and attend to the wants of the gentleman or lady under his charge. While here, I was told that this class of men were exceedingly faithful and trustworthy; and that when a gentleman resides in the country, and his wife or child wishes to go to town or a neighboring village, the most perfect confidence can be placed in one of these men, to attend to and take care of the person committed to his charge.

Thus mounted, we started after breakfast for Laguna. As it may be supposed, we travelled very slowly over the rough roads, but the weather was fine, and the company agreeable, so that in three or four hours after leaving Santa Cruz we got safe up to Laguna. In this ancient town there are three churches, two convents and several large and well-built houses; I can hardly say with any degree of precision how many inhabitants it contains, but I should judge some two or three thousand. It appears very quiet, and its stillness would only suit persons fond of tranquillity and retirement. It is located on very high table-land, and presents a magnificent view of the lofty Peak, and other parts of this singular island. There is also a fine view of the broad ocean, which appears like a great map spread out at your feet; even large ships in the offing appear on the broad expanse like little boats. We visited two of the nunneries, where I was amused at some of the questions asked and answered by the ladies; for example, the abbess, who was verging towards the yellow leaf, inquired of Mrs. C., whether she did not think a secluded life, shut up from all temptation and wicked contamination of the world, was more desirable than to live surrounded with indulgence of evil propensities, which had too often the effect to lead the mind and heart off from holy penitence and the high enjoyment of sincere devotion to God. My wife looked at me, and answered the lady, that she had made a solemn vow before God and man to be a faithful and devoted wife to her husband, and felt that death only could dissolve the duty and the sacred vow she had made. The lady of the convent reflected for a moment or two, and then replied with great good sense and liberality, "You are right, young lady; your duty is to live with your husband, and strive to make him happy. I also think I am right to live the life I have chosen, and hope we may hereafter meet in heaven." There were a number of other questions, mostly of this nature, asked and answered by the ladies, in the spirit of kindness, all of which I do not recollect, but I clearly remember they were of a religious character. We purchased a few artificial flowers and some other trifles, and parted with mutual good wishes for happiness both here and hereafter. After we had visited the

principal churches, and walked about the town, our little party partook of an excellent dinner, and was then ready to return to Santa Cruz. The gentlemen procured for each lady an elegant bouquet of roses, jessamine and orange flowers, and thus we left the old town of Laguna well pleased with our visit. As the road was descending and the declining day soft and fine, we returned pleasantly to our homes, without fatigue, at peace with ourselves and with all the world.

I very much regretted that the season of the year would not admit of our visiting the peak ; this can only be done at mid-summer—say in July or August—and even then it is attended with much severe labor and fatigue. I was told that several gentlemen, residing at Santa Cruz, had caused to be erected a small but comfortable house, as high up the mountain as a mule or donkey could ascend. It was sufficiently large to accommodate some six or eight persons for a night ; and whenever a party designed to visit the peak, provisions, mattresses, blankets, etc., etc., were provided, and sent up to the lodging-place the previous day. These preparations having been made, the party, well mounted on mules or donkeys, start from Santa Cruz after breakfast, and generally have a fatiguing day's ride, before they arrive at the mountain-house. There they remain all night, wrapped in cloaks and blankets, and early the next morning, after drinking freely of hot coffee, to fortify them against the cold, commence the difficult journey of clambering on foot up the rugged mountain—the peak of which is said, by scientific men, to be 12,172 English feet above the level of the sea. It is an exhausted volcano, with a broad and deep crater, which is not seen until you reach its summit. From this astounding height, I am told, the view is magnificent. The whole group of the Canary Islands, which are nine in number, is distinctly seen ; and it is even asserted that, on a clear day, Cape Bajador, on the coast of Africa, has been seen from the top of the peak, although at a distance of 135 miles.

Teneriffe and the Grand Canary are the two largest and most important islands of this group. Had God blessed them with good, safe harbors, they probably would have become,

long ere this period, of great importance to the world, in a commercial point of view ; but I am sorry to say, there is not a good, safe port in the whole of this Archipelago, with the exception of Lanzarote, in which, I am told, there is a very good harbor ; but as it produces but little for exportation, there is nothing to induce foreign ships to visit that island. From these islands, there are a great many small vessels employed in the fishing business. These craft proceed to the coast of Africa, and fish on the banks and shoals along the shore ; they take salt along with them, and preserve the fish in the hold of the vessel until they return to the islands. They represent the inhabitants along that part of the coast as being in a very barbarous state, and that it is dangerous to land.

While at Santa Cruz, I went on board one of these fishing-vessels, which had just returned from Africa, deeply laden with fish. They somewhat resembled the common cod, though much larger and whiter ; they are sold to all the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, and constitute an important part of their daily food, besides giving employment to a large number of men, who become hardy sailors, and if properly trained under able commanders, would make very efficient seamen.

I sold the little cargo I brought here in the *Iris*, to Messrs. Little & Co., of Port Orotava, but deliverable here ; or perhaps I ought to say, I exchanged it for five hundred and twenty demijohns of brandy, free from all duties, inward and outward, which were to be put on board my schooner, at Orotava, at the sellers' expense. I also purchased from the same house six hundred more of the same quality, to be delivered on or before the first of January. For this brandy I paid seven dollars the demijohn—they generally contain from five to six gallons each, and are prepared expressly for the Havana market—being distilled with an aromatic seed, somewhat like anise. The natives of these islands use this liquor as a cordial ; and when they remove to a foreign country, retain the same love for their native nectar ; and those who emigrate to the Island of Cuba will purchase it, let the price be ever so high. So it is with the Hollanders, who leave their native land for the Island of Java, in the East Indies. I am told they annually export from

Amsterdam, to that island, numerous puncheons of hard-baked gingerbread, from a similar partiality for whatever comes from their Fatherland.

The brandy I purchased here at seven dollars the demijohn, would scarcely sell at any price, except to the natives of these islands; so that by their partiality, or prejudice, or by whatever name it may be called, many people are benefited by the trade, and it is therefore natural to presume that all parties are satisfied.

We finished discharging our cargo on the 28th of December, took on board a little stone ballast, and sailed the next day for Port Orotava—which town is situated on the north shore of this island.

We had a short passage round, and anchored in the afternoon of the 30th, directly opposite the town, close to the mouth of a boat-harbor, which is sometimes occupied by small vessels, in the summer season; and when this is resorted to, they are secured by rings fastened to the rocks. The roadstead here is perhaps the worst in the world. There is no harbor on this side of the island; and all the ships that visit this place are obliged to lie in this wild, open anchorage, in fifty or sixty fathoms of water, without any shelter, except from the south winds. The ships roll while lying here, more than when on the broad ocean; and upon the least appearance of storms or gales are obliged to slip their cables, stand off to sea, and wait for good weather before they resume their anchorage. In many instances the captains prefer standing off and on, and taking in and out their cargoes while under easy sail.

I took Mrs. Coggeshall on shore, where we were hospitably received by the family of one of the partners of the house of Messrs. Little & Co., successors to the firm of Messrs. Pasley, long known for their hospitality, and sterling integrity in all business matters. The weather being fine, we had sufficient time, before night, to walk all over this little town, which may, perhaps, contain four or five thousand inhabitants, and has in its vicinity several pleasant walks, and many highly-cultivated gardens. We lodged for the night with the family of our hospitable and polite consignee, Mr. Golway. This gentleman's

wife and wife's sister were natives of Cadiz, in Old Spain, and were highly educated, agreeable people.

I repaired on board the *Iris* early the next morning, January 1st, leaving Mrs. Coggeshall on shore to enjoy the society of these very social and agreeable ladies. The weather was extremely fine, and soft as a summer's day ; there was no wind, the sea perfectly calm, and as smooth as a mirror. My consignee had the whole cargo put on board of two large lighters, and employed a sufficient number of men to take it in, and stow it all away before sunset.

The stevedores here are very active, adroit men, and understand their business perfectly. They had a large quantity of brushwood from the fir or pine trees prepared for dunnage ; and took on board and stowed away the whole 1120 demijohns of brandy, without breaking one.

I provided all necessary stores, settled all our bills, embarked with Mrs. C. before the sun went down, and was now ready for sea, bound for St. Thomas, and from thence to Havana. But before taking leave of this delightful island, I will make a few more remarks on the subject of the scenery and general appearance of this singular place. While lying at anchor in the port of Santa Cruz, I have gazed for hours with wonder and delight at the towering peak which is covered with snow for about nine months in the year. Like most other sublime objects, it never fatigues the eye nor wearies the mind—ever varying and still ever grand and beautiful. Sometimes, when the weather is perfectly clear, the whole mountain, even to the summit, is seen without the shadow of a cloud ; then again, the weather becomes thick, and no part of the mountain is visible ; wait perhaps a few minutes, and it clears away, when you behold the high, white sugar-loaf peak, towering far away above the clouds, and every other part of the stupendous mountain entirely hidden. And thus there is a never-ending variety that feasts the imagination and charms and enchains the beholder.

I have often experienced a similar feeling while gazing on the Falls of Niagara ; the longer I continued to look upon that stupendous cataract and heard its thundering roar, the more I admired this sublime object, and the greater was the intensity

of feeling which it excited. It is, if possible, even more so with this high and lofty peak, which I have frequently seen while at sea, at a distance of ninety miles. The north side of Teneriffe has also its peculiar beauties. I had, previous to this voyage, twice visited this place, and had for several weeks in succession been lying at anchor, or standing off and on at Port Orotava; still, I was never tired of gazing on the grand and beautiful scenery of this interesting island. Near the summit of the mountains, far above all vegetable life, you behold deep ravines, and rough, broken declivities, every thing appears cold, barren and dreary; look again, a little lower down, and you observe stunted trees and shrubs; then let the eye rest still lower, and you perceive large trees and considerable vegetation; still further down the mountains, you see cultivation and the busy hand of man at work, beautifying the fields and gardens; descend still nearer the sea, and you behold the orange groves, fig-trees and vineyards in full bearing, almost like a tropical climate. Here a man may choose a climate according to his own taste. Any one from the United States fond of mountain scenery, would be richly rewarded for his loss of time and expenditure of money, in visiting this island.

After this long digression, I will again resume my narrative. The reader will observe that we finished lading our little schooner on the first day of the New Year, just as the sun was setting. We barely had time to clear the decks, and get every thing in sea trim, when the scene changed from a state of smooth and peaceful tranquillity, to a rough, boisterous sea, and a strong gale of wind from the northward. We had only time enough to pass round the west end of the island, and get clear of the land, before it blew a severe gale. The ocean was soon lashed into a white foam; but, thank God, the wind was fair, we had sea-room enough, and were thus enabled to run off on our course at a rapid rate; and I hope were not ungrateful to Him who rules in love and mercy for the benefit of poor, short-sighted man, and regulates the universe in His own wisdom, to gladden the hearts of all those who put their trust in Him.

We steered to the S. W. with the northern gale, which lasted for two days, when the wind moderated, and the weather be-

came warm and pleasant, so that in the course of a week we got into the N. E. trades, and ran down to the westward, and day after day had fair winds and fine weather, making daily from one hundred and sixty to two hundred miles, without any severe gales or storms, which seldom occur at this season of the year in this parallel of latitude on the Atlantic Ocean. On the 22d of January, at ten o'clock in the morning, we made St. Bartholomew's, bearing west, eight leagues distant, twenty days from Teneriffe. We ran down along its south side, and in passing, saw several of the neighboring islands, namely, St. Eustatia, Saba, St. Kitts and St. Martin's; we continued on our course all night, and arrived the next morning at St. Thomas. Here we replenished our water, got on board a fresh supply of sea stores, fruit, etc., and after remaining here three days, left for the Havana.

We sailed out through Sail Rock Passage, and continued our westerly course, inclining to the northward, to get gradually in the parallel of the Hole-in-the-Wall, on the south side of the Island of Abaco. We were favored with the regular N. E. trades, and clear, pleasant weather, from the time we left port until we made the Hole-in-the-Wall, on the 3d of February, eight days from St. Thomas.

We passed near this conspicuous landmark in the morning, and got fairly on the Great Bahama bank before night. We had generally light winds, and ran over the bank without meeting with any incident worth noticing. After a pleasant passage of twelve days from St. Thomas, we arrived at Havana. I landed with Mrs. C. on the 7th of February, and at the pressing request of my consignee, Señor Canes, we took up our abode at his house. The father of this family, and the head of the firm of Felipe A. Canes & Co., was originally from old Spain; he had been a resident of Cuba for many years, and married there. His wife was an agreeable, elderly lady, born in Cuba, of Spanish parents. They had several sons and daughters, and we found them polite, agreeable people.

A few days after my arrival, I sold, through Messrs. Canes & Co., all my brandy on the wharf, at ten dollars and thirty

cents the demijohn, payable in cash on delivery, and we found but four demijohns broken in the whole cargo.

This is an excellent harbor, very easy of access, and generally safe from all winds. It is deep and capacious enough to contain and accommodate twelve or fifteen hundred ships; in fine, it is one of the best ports in the world, and its commerce very extensive. It has a fine winter climate, and is generally healthy all the year round for the native inhabitants; though in the spring and summer months it is often unhealthy for strangers. A great deal of wealth is concentrated here; business is done on a large scale, and many of its merchants and planters have acquired considerable fortunes in a few years. It is the capital city of Cuba, and probably contains about 120,000 inhabitants. This city is too well known to require a description from me. I was so much occupied during my stay here that I had no opportunity of visiting the interior of the island. Having disposed of my cargo, I purchased ninety hogsheads of molasses, and a few barrels of sugar; the balance of my funds, say about six thousand Spanish dollars, I concluded to take home with me; and after lying here twenty-one days, we sailed from this port on the first of March, bound for New York.

During the first week out, we had light winds from the N. E. and fine weather, but on approaching the coast of the United States, met strong northerly gales with cold, unpleasant weather; and after a long and disagreeable passage of twenty days, arrived at New York on the 20th of March. Mrs. Coggeshall soon left the city to visit her father and his family, in Connecticut. I found my brother had returned here in the *Catherine*, from Teneriffe, and had made a pretty good voyage.

My good friends, Messrs. Lawrence & Betts, soon sold our little cargo of sugar and molasses, and as the *Iris* was too small for our future purposes, we disposed of her, and settled every thing to the entire satisfaction of all parties interested in this little commercial enterprise. We made a very profitable voyage considering the small amount of capital employed. I had, previous to this period, and for many years afterwards, a great many commercial transactions with these worthy gentlemen, and ever found them kind, honest, just and liberal. To my

long-trying and faithful friend, Jonathan Lawrence, Esq., I am indebted for much fatherly counsel, and kind, disinterested hospitality. For a series of years I thankfully enjoyed his warm and generous sympathy; in fine, he was one of that class of men the Saviour called the "salt of the earth," and was very justly and truly beloved by all those who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VOYAGE IN THE U. S. BRIG ENTERPRISE, WITH CAPTAIN LAWRENCE KEARNEY, FROM NEW YORK TO OMOA, THENCE TO VERA CRUZ, IN THE SCHOONER RETRIEVE, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR 1819.

I HAD recently returned to New York from a voyage to Teneriffe and Havana, in the schooner Iris, and had only been about three months with my family, when I was solicited by two of the Insurance Companies in New York, the Union and the National, to proceed with Captain Kearney, in pursuit of the schooner Retrieve.

This vessel belonged to Peter Harmony, Esq. She was a pilot-boat built schooner, of one hundred and three tons burden, and was sent from New York to Cadiz, with a cargo adapted to that market, under the command of John Lewis. Here follows a list of the crew when she left New York, on the 1st of March, 1819 :

J. Lester,
Thomas Vincent,
W. P. Turner,
Charles Scuyter,

Charles Palamo, *alias* Nicholas Palamo,
William Loney, (cook, yellow or black.)

At Cadiz, this vessel was furnished with a cargo of merchandise, as follows : four hundred and fifty barrels of brandy, about one hundred bales of Spanish paper, a few boxes of saffron, sweet oil in jars, and a small quantity of silk goods, black cloaks and veils. She sailed from Cadiz on the 10th of April, bound for Vera Cruz. A week after leaving port, when in the neighborhood of the Canary Islands, the mate conspired with the crew to murder the captain, and run away with the vessel and

cargo. This was accomplished, and the first news Mr. Harmony had of his schooner, was by the way of the Havana, that the *Retrieve* was lying in the little port of Omoa, and that the mate and a portion of the crew were confined in prison, by order of the Governor of that place.

Upon receiving this information, Mr. Harmony abandoned the vessel and cargo to the insurance companies. The presidents and directors of these companies applied to the United States Government for a ship-of-war to proceed to Omoa, to recover the schooner *Retrieve*, her cargo and the crew. This request was promptly granted, and Captain Lawrence Kearney was appointed to perform this service. The insurance companies made me their agent to act in concert with Captain Kearney, and proceed with him in the brig *Enterprise* for that purpose. As a compensation for my services, they agreed to pay all my expenses, and allow me one thousand dollars. After all these preliminaries were settled, we sailed from New York on the 2d of June, bound for Omoa, in the Bay of Honduras. We had a good time off the coast, and in ten days after leaving Sandy Hook, got out to the Mona Passage, passing between the east end of St. Domingo, and the west end of Porto Rico. We ran down the south side of St. Domingo, and also down the south side of Jamaica. We found the trade winds for several days rather light in the neighborhood of these islands, but the weather was generally fine, and the time passed off agreeably. When we got down near Jamaica, the following painful accident occurred :

One fine evening, just at twilight, one of the carpenter's mates was drawing water from the sea with a bucket to wash the decks, when he lost his balance, and slipped overboard from the gangway in the waist. There was but a light air at the time, and the brig was instantly brought up to the wind, and a boat lowered to save the man ; but all to no purpose. Captain Kearney made several tacks to windward, and probably passed over the same place where he fell overboard, and kept the boat out on the look-out until there was no doubt the poor fellow had sunk to rise no more. I understood that the person drowned was a very sober, good man. It is always a painful circumstance to lose a fellow-being in this untimely way, and

naturally throws a melancholy gloom over the whole ship's company.

Some days after this we made the Swan Islands. They are two in number, of moderate height, and lie in latitude $17^{\circ} 22'$ N., longitude $83^{\circ} 57'$ W., directly in the track from Jamaica to the Bay of Honduras. It was about noon when we got down to them. The weather being fine, Captain K. brought the Enterprise to anchor in ten fathoms of water, under the lee of the larger. We then went on shore and explored them both; the largest is about two miles long, and three quarters of a mile broad; the smallest is perhaps one mile long and half a mile broad, with a bad reef running from one to the other. They are covered with small trees and bushes, are uninhabited and desolate. Here all kinds of sea birds lay and hatch without being disturbed by man, and we found them so tame and gentle, that we could almost knock them down with sticks. After remaining on shore about two hours, we returned on board and made sail for the Island of Bonaca, which lies about W. S. W. from Swan Islands, distant one hundred and ten miles. The next day we passed near Bonaca; this is a pretty high island, covered with trees and bushes. From thence we sailed down along the south side of Rattan Island, which is moderately high, and about twenty-five or thirty miles long. We continued our course down the bay, until we arrived at the port of Omoa, where we came to anchor on the 27th of June, after a pleasant passage of twenty-four days.

Captain Kearney sent one of his lieutenants on shore with an offer to salute the castle, and when these preliminaries were arranged, a handsome salute was fired by the Enterprise. The officer of the fort, with the best intentions no doubt, attempted to return it, but owing to their unskilful gunnery, they made wild and awkward work of it. They probably took the Enterprise for a Carthaginian brig-of-war, and as Omoa, at that time, was a colony of Spain, they had all their guns loaded, but in their hurry and confusion were unable to draw the shot from them, so that on returning our salute their grape and round shot flew all over the harbor. Fortunately no mischief was done, and as Capt. Kearney was convinced that there was no want of

respect on the part of the commander of the fort, and that no evil was intended, he very wisely overlooked their agitation and ignorance.

We saw the *Retrieve* lying at anchor alone in this snug little harbor, and not another ship or vessel in the port except ourselves. Captain Kearney and myself soon repaired on shore and waited on the Governor; we showed him our credentials and authority to recover the *Retrieve*, cargo and crew, and soon explained every thing to his satisfaction. He was a native of Old Spain, and a fine, gentlemanly man. He said he had no doubt that we were fully authorized to take charge of the property and sailors in prison belonging to the vessel, still he was fearful that if he gave up the schooner and men without first writing to the Captain General at Guatemala, for his permission, he might implicate himself. The distance from this place to the capital is about four hundred miles, and to wait the answer of the Chief of the Province, would probably occupy about fifteen or twenty days. The Governor, however, was an obliging, good man, and when we stated to him the necessity of dispatch, and that it would be impossible for the *Enterprise* to remain long in this sultry climate with so many persons on board, he consented to take the responsibility of displeasing the Commander-in-Chief at Guatemala, and kindly gave up the prisoners and property forthwith. Captain K. immediately supplied me with carpenters, calkers, riggers and sailmakers, so that in the course of a few days we had the schooner calked throughout, the sails repaired and bent, and every thing ready to take in the cargo, which was stored in the town of Omoa, about a mile distant from the port. Captain K., with the consent of the Governor, had the two remaining prisoners removed from the Castle to the *Enterprise*, and there in the presence of the Governor and his principal officers, was held a court of inquiry on the mate and the rascally sailor, who turned evidence in favor of the State.

The substance of their story was as follows:—that they were six in number exclusive of the captain; that before leaving Cadiz, the mate and crew had embezzled a few barrels of brandy and some other trifling articles, which they sold while Captain Lewis was on shore, and divided the money among them; that

after getting to sea, the mate said they would, on their arrival at Vera Cruz, be detected and punished for what they had done; therefore if they would join him to throw Captain L. overboard, he would navigate the schooner to some port in the Bay of Honduras, where they would sell the vessel and cargo, divide the amount in silver and gold, and thus escape without detection.

Having agreed upon the plan to be adopted, about a week after leaving Cadiz, when in the neighborhood of Palma, one of the Canaries, about seven o'clock in the evening, the steward, who was also the cook, called Captain Lewis and the mate to tea. He went below, and sent the steward on deck to request the mate to come into the cabin and get his supper; he replied that he wanted none, and ordered the steward to bring him a pitcher of water. The steward obeyed the order, when he took the pitcher and dashed it on deck with great violence, over the captain's head, who came immediately on deck to know the reason why Mr. Brown had broken the pitcher, when the mate drew a boat's tiller from beneath his pea-jacket, and struck the captain a violent blow on the side of the head, so that he fell bleeding and prostrate on the quarter-deck. The mate then called aloud for the crew to come aft, and "throw the old rascal overboard;" they all obeyed except the steward, who was below at the time, and took no part in the murder; the mate and every one of the crew then laid hold of the captain and threw him overboard. They all put their hands upon him when performing this act, that they should all be equally culpable. The wind was light at this time, and the schooner only going at the rate of three or four miles the hour. When he was thrown into the water he revived, and begged them for God's sake to spare his life, and said he would forgive them even then, if they would take him on board; but they were deaf to his entreaties, and steered directly on their course.

After this cruel and inhuman act, the mate called all hands into the cabin, got a Bible, and they all swore never to reveal the secret of the murder. It was agreed that Mr. Brown should personate the captain; assume his name, and wear his clothes; and for fear of detection, a consultation was held as to what they

had better do with the steward. As this man had no hand in the murder, they feared he might betray them. At length it was decided to spare his life, but to swear him to keep the secret, and one and all swore to kill him should he ever betray them. When these arrangements were finished, they all drank freely of brandy to sustain their courage, sailed down through the West India Islands and into the Bay of Honduras, always drinking brandy like water, and now and then quarrelling among themselves. After getting into the Bay of Honduras they ran off the town of Truxillo, but could not agree among themselves about going into the harbor; some were for and some against going into port; at length they stood out and ran down the bay. That night they drank so freely that some of them imagined they saw the captain's ghost. They were terribly frightened, and thought they never could be happy until they divulged the awful secret. However they came to anchor at Omoa; and here the narrative was continued by the inhabitants of this place. The mate (Brown), dressed in the clothes of the late captain, and taking his name to correspond with the schooner's papers, waited on the Governor, and stated that they were from Cadiz, bound to Vera Cruz, but as the schooner leaked badly, and they were otherwise in distress for sails, rigging, water and provisions, he had put into this port to repair damages, and get supplies sufficient to proceed on his voyage, and requested the Governor would give him permission to dispose of part of his cargo to pay for the necessary repairs, provisions, etc. There being at this time no suspicion of any thing wrong against the mate and crew, he readily gave the supposed Captain Lewis permission to dispose of a part of the cargo to pay his expenses. The fictitious captain then sold about twenty barrels of brandy, and several jars of sweet oil at low prices, and was paid in doubloons. When he returned on board with the gold, the crew being heated with brandy, demanded a fair and equal distribution of the amount received. The self-made captain, on the contrary, gave to one a doubloon, and to another eight or ten dollars, and endeavored to enforce obedience to his orders, until from a quarrel it proceeded to an open fight. There were at this time several negroes working on board who

understood English, and heard them call Mr. B. a d—d rascal, and no more a captain than themselves. Towards night one of the crew, I believe he was a Swede, named Nicholas Palamo, went on shore and acquainted the Governor with the whole story.

He then sent for the negroes, and examined them also on the subject; their statement so far corresponded with the sailor's, that he decided the next morning to confine them all in the Castle; but during the night, three of them stole the schooner's boat, and were off for Balize, an English port, at the bottom of the Bay of Honduras, and thus escaped punishment. The next morning the Governor took Brown, the steward, and the sailor who had informed against the mate, and put them all into the Castle as prisoners, and kept them in close confinement. He then had the schooner discharged, the cargo safely stored in the town of Omoa, and laid her up. He also wrote to the Governor of Havana, to advise the owner of the *Retrieve* of the steps he had taken; and from the first to the last, acted like a just and honest man. The poor steward died a few weeks previous to our arrival. The other two scoundrels we found in prison. They were sent on board the *Enterprise* to be transported to New York, and there to undergo a fair trial. I saw, and conversed several times with the mate, who said his name was Brown. He was a young man, say about twenty-five years of age, rather small in stature, of a light brown complexion, and appeared very humble and penitent, was constantly reading his Bible, and lamenting his unhappy situation. In the course of our conversation, he said he hoped the punishment of death would be commuted for the State Prison. The other man, Nicholas Palamo, was a hardened, impudent-looking rascal, with the mark of villain stamped on every line of his countenance. In the case of this fellow, the old proverb was literally verified, that, "the greatest rogue always turns state's evidence."

In the course of a few days, we had so far repaired the schooner, as to put on board all the cargo that had been stored here by the Governor. What remained was three hundred and eighty barrels of brandy, eighty one bales of paper, two boxes of saffron, nineteen jars of sweet oil, and twenty black silk cloaks and veils.

After getting ready for sea, Captain Kearney supplied me with all necessary stores, with a mate and four men as a crew for the Retrieve. We agreed to beat out of the bay together, and keep company until we got off Cape Catoche, when we were to separate, he to proceed to New York with the prisoners, and I with the Retrieve and cargo to Vera Cruz. But before leaving Omoa, I will make a few remarks on that place. It lies in lat. $15^{\circ} 47' N.$, long. $81^{\circ} 1' W.$ The harbor is formed by a little bay, with a low, sandy point, stretching out about half a mile to the north, covered with mangrove trees and bushes, which make a good shelter from the northern gales. The fort, or castle, stands at the head of the bay, near which is the best anchorage. As you approach the shore it shallows, and you may choose your own depth, say from sixteen to four fathoms, soft, muddy bottom, and good holding ground; in fine, it is a snug, safe harbor. The castle is large, and—like most other fortifications built by the Spaniards—solid stone mason work, and was formerly no doubt very strong, but now much neglected, and I should think could make but a feeble resistance against an enemy. When this province belonged to old Spain, this castle was a sort of Botany Bay, to which they transported convict prisoners, but is now no longer used for that purpose, and has only a small garrison kept here to protect the little town of Omoa and its commerce. This town is located about a mile to the eastward of the landing-place at the castle. It is now an insignificant place, containing about two hundred indifferent houses, and perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, the greater part of whom are very poor. I regret I do not remember the Governor's name; he was, as I have before said, a worthy, gentlemanly man, and disposed to do justice to every one that came within his power. I think there are very few small places in any part of the world, where, if a vessel should enter under like circumstances with the Retrieve, that the property would have been as well preserved, and the men taken up and brought to justice, as was the case with this vessel and her crew. I therefore repeat, that great credit is due to the old Governor. The inhabitants of Omoa, generally speaking, are a simple-hearted, honest people, and wish to do justice

and deal honestly with all the foreigners who visit their place. The Governor was poor, and lived in homely style, but he gave us the best he had and made us welcome, and no one could ask more of this true-hearted, honest Spaniard, of the old Hidalgo school.

After lying in this little port thirteen days, we sailed on the 9th of July, 1819, and commenced beating up the Bay of Honduras, against the trade winds, which were generally at E. N. E., and in three days after leaving the port of Omoa, beat up to the west end of Rattan Island, when we steered to the northward, and ran for the Passage, namely, between the west end of Cuba, and the east coast of Yucatan. This part of the distance we made in two days, and after sending my letters for home on board the *Enterprise*, and taking leave of my friend Capt. Kearney, we separated on the 14th of July, off Cape Catoche, the *Enterprise* bound for New York, and I in the *Retrieve* for Vera Cruz.

During the time I was in company with the *Enterprise*, my crew behaved well; but the very next day they broke through the bulkhead from the forecastle, got at the brandy in the hold, and all got drunk together. My mate proved to be a poor, inefficient creature, and, in short, was good for nothing. I was therefore under the necessity of nailing up the forecastle, and compelling the men to live on deck until we arrived at Vera Cruz. In order to keep every thing straight and prevent mischief, I slept on deck also. This may appear like rigid precaution, but I am convinced that stern duty required it, and that there was no safety in trusting the men under deck. In making these remarks, I wish not to implicate or reflect upon Capt. K. for the bad conduct of these men; on the contrary, he always rendered me every assistance in his power, and could have had no idea that the men were such a set of vagabonds. While on board a man-of-war, they were kept in a perfect state of discipline, but when this restraint was taken off, they would run into the lowest state of brutal intoxication. I do not say the men were mutinous or impudent, that was not the case; on the contrary they were obedient; but the moment they could procure liquor, they became perfect beasts. With a good, efficient mate,

I could have got along with less trouble. By constant watchfulness and vigilance, however, I surmounted every difficulty, and came safe to anchor in the port of Vera Cruz, on the 22d of July, eight days after parting with the *Enterprise*.

Here, agreeably to instructions from Peter Harmony, Esq., former owner of the *Retrieve*, I consigned both vessel and cargo to Don Francisco Antonio de la Sierra, merchant at this place. Some days after our arrival, the cargo was all landed and placed in the hands of the consignee. This gentleman disposed of it in the course of ten or fifteen days, and agreeably to his account, it netted only eleven thousand six hundred and thirty-five dollars. Señor de la Sierra complained that a great deal of the paper was badly damaged, and that some of the brandy had been reduced with water, which was the reason the cargo did not produce a greater amount.

During my stay here, my sailors were almost always intoxicated, three of them ran away and were replaced by others. I shipped a man who told me his name was Baker Smith. He said he was an Englishman, had been left sick in Vera Cruz, and unable to obtain any kind of employment. He was wretchedly clad, and begged so hard for a berth, that I agreed to take him, provided he would perform the duty of a steward. He readily promised to do so, and shipped in that capacity. He accordingly came on board, and behaved so well that I was delighted with him. By his efficient conduct and assiduity, he in a few days so gained my confidence, that one morning having occasion for the mate on shore, I left this man in charge of the cabin. During my absence he called a boat alongside and deserted the vessel, after having robbed me of three hundred Spanish dollars; and from that day to the present time, I have never heard any thing further from Mr. Baker Smith. The conduct of this rascal reminds me of the ancient fable of the man who picked up a frozen viper and placed it in his bosom. The warmth of his body soon restored it to life, when it mortally stung its benefactor.

I will here relate an incident of one of the sailors who formerly belonged to the *Enterprise*, merely to show the superstition of the most ignorant of that class of men. One evening

I returned on board from Vera Cruz, when this sailor met me in the gangway. He was terribly alarmed, and absolutely trembling with fear. He said he was rejoiced I had come on board, that the murdered captain had just followed him all about the deck, and that the blood was streaming from his bruised head, and almost frightened him out of his senses. I could not persuade him that it was his diseased imagination, and that he saw nothing. I have often observed the power of superstition among sailors where supernatural objects seem presented to their credulous minds. Though this man shuddered so with fear at the imaginary sight of a ghost, he probably, if ordered, would have marched to the cannon's mouth in open daylight.

I finally picked up a motley crew; some out of prison, and had to take such as I could find, without inquiring very closely into their characters. Fortunately I had two gentlemen passengers; Mr. James Brush, an Englishman, and Mr. John Ramsay, an American. They had been captains for several years in the Mexican army, had at length been taken by the Spaniards and sent as prisoners to Vera Cruz. Here they were set at liberty, and I gladly gave them a passage to New York. I took on board the *Retrieve* about \$7,000, and left the balance due the owners of the schooner, say about \$4,635, in the hands of Señor F. A. de la Sierra, to be remitted to Peter Harmony, Esq., by the way of the Havana, and after a great deal of trouble and difficulty, finally sailed from Vera Cruz, on the 20th of August, bound for New York. We remained in this port a month. For several days we had light winds from the eastward, and a strong lee current running, so that we gained but very little distance. On the 29th, nine days out, we saw the *Alacranes* bearing about S. E., three or four leagues. These islands are four in number. They are composed of sand and are quite low, not much above the level of the sea, and very dangerous, being surrounded by shoals and sand-banks. From the 29th to the 31st, we still had a continuation of light winds from the E. N. E., and a strong westerly current; of course, it was very difficult to get to the eastward.

Before leaving Vera Cruz, I found it impossible to procure

good water puncheons, and was therefore obliged to take wine and brandy casks. As the weather was very warm, our water soon became extremely bad, would rope like molasses, and was, in fact, very offensive and unwholesome. This was a sore evil, and whenever we could catch a glass of rain water, it was a great luxury.

On the 11th of September, thirteen days after passing the Alacranes, and being fairly out into the Bay of Mexico, we had light, variable winds and somewhat squally weather, when at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, there were several water-spouts in sight. One of them was frightfully large, and appeared to be about a mile to windward. As it was moving down slowly upon us, I wore ship, and steered away from it; but the wind being light, there seemed to be no way of escaping this astounding column of water, which appeared to be connected with an immensely large cloud. We closed every hatchway and commenced firing musket balls into it, at the same time beating with axes on the anchors to make a jarring noise. It had approached to within two or three hundred yards of us, when there sprung up a light breeze, which enabled us to escape inevitable destruction. The column was several hundred feet high, and extremely large; a few moments after passing us it broke, and thus we were relieved from our perilous situation. Whether the firing of muskets and beating on the anchors occasioned it to break sooner than it otherwise would have done, I am not able to say; but from what I saw of this water-spout, I am inclined to believe that ships may be destroyed by similar ones.

Mr. Brush was very ill with the fever and ague, and we had no medicine on board. On the 15th I fell in with, and boarded the schooner *Leo*, of New Providence, six days from Pensacola, bound home. From the captain of this vessel I purchased a barrel of flour, and he kindly gave us some salts, bark, etc., etc., for Mr. B., for which medicine he would receive no compensation. He was a humane, kind man, and I regret that I do not recollect his name.

For many days after this we had contrary winds, and our passage thus far, had been long and extremely disagreeable.

On the 24th of September we got off the mouth of the Savannah River, and being short of provisions (having been out thirty-five days), I determined to put into port for supplies. Accordingly the next day, I ran into the mouth of the river, and anchored at Tybee Island, near the lighthouse. From this place I dispatched my boat to Savannah; and after getting a necessary supply of sea-stores, we sailed the next day for New York. We got safe to that city on the 3d of October, after a long and very disagreeable passage of forty-three days. I am happy to add I found all my family and friends well.

The Enterprise had a short run to New York, after we separated off Cape Catoche, and there the two mutineers were tried. The sailor, Nicholas Palamo, was allowed to testify for the State against the mate, Brown, who was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on Friday the 22d of October, at the fore-yard of the schooner Retrieve, the same vessel on board of which he had committed the murder. On the day appointed, the Retrieve was anchored in the middle of the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, and thousands from both shores witnessed the execution.

The voyage in the Retrieve being now settled, I had the happiness of returning again to the bosom of my family. At this period I owned two vessels, the ketch Maria and the schooner Catherine, and as my sister was in very delicate health, I decided to employ them in the freighting business between Wilmington, N. C., and the West Indies, and take her with me to the first-named place to spend the winter, that she might have the benefit of a softer and more congenial climate. I appointed Mr. David Hepburn to command the Maria. I have, in the early part of my narrative, noticed Mr. H., when he went cabin-boy with me in the brig Henry and Isabella, in the year 1809, and from that time to the day of his death, I never ceased to feel a lively interest in his welfare. The Maria was the first vessel he ever commanded, and even then he was a most efficient captain. He was for many years after this period employed as a captain and supercargo, and at different times commanded several of the finest ships belonging to New York, in the employment of Messrs. N. L. and G.

Griswold, in the East India trade. I am furthermore happy to give my testimony, not only to his abilities as an efficient ship-master, but to state that he was a person of fine talents, and a most excellent man, a true-hearted, kind friend, and every way worthy of the highest trust and confidence.

Twenty-six years after Captain Hepburn resigned the command of the *Maria*, namely, in June, 1845, he left New York as captain of the beautiful ship *Cohota*. She belonged to Messrs. N. L. and G. Griswold and was bound to Canton. On the 31st of July at 10 o'clock in the morning, when off Rio Janeiro, Captain Hepburn was accidentally shot by a pistol in the hands of Mr. Van Rensselaer, who was a passenger on board. The next day his remains were committed to the great deep. He was sincerely regretted by his family and friends, and all others who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. This sad catastrophe occurred thirty-eight days after leaving New York, with every prospect of a prosperous voyage. The *Cohota* arrived at Canton on the 27th of September, after a passage of ninety-seven days, under the command of the chief officer.

As these short West India voyages can have very little interest for the general reader, I will pass them over, and commence another to the Bay of Honduras, in the sloop *Volusia*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VOYAGE IN THE SLOOP VOLUSIA, FROM NEW YORK TO^d ST. JAGO DE CUBA AND OMOA, THENCE TO NEW ORLEANS, AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1820 AND 1821.

I HAD recently returned from the Bay of Honduras, in the U. S. brig *Enterprise*, and during that voyage had made myself acquainted with the commerce of Truxillo and Omoa; namely, their general wants, the amount of their imports and exports. I found that commerce in these places was transacted on a very small scale, and mostly confined to a retail business, still, when taken in the aggregate, it amounted to a considerable sum in the course of a year. I also learned that small sloops and schooners were better adapted to this trade than larger and more burthensome vessels. At this time I owned a large schooner, named *Catherine*, and as she was not adapted to the trade, I exchanged her for a sloop called the *Volusia*. Although this vessel was old and of small value, I concluded she would last for one winter in a mild climate. She was eighty-three tons per register, and required but few men. Soon after I came in possession of this vessel, I sold one half of her to Captain Nathan Gillet. We were natives of the same town in Connecticut, and had been acquainted from our earliest years. I knew Captain G. to be an honest man and a good seaman, and thought we should do very well together. We agreed to load the sloop for our joint account, and to have but one common interest, he to act in the capacity of captain, and I as supercargo.

We accordingly loaded the *Volusia* with an assorted cargo, consisting of flour, beef, pork, chairs, hams, tobacco and sundry

other things; among others we took several perishable articles, such as apples and other fruits. The whole amount of our invoice at sailing was \$1,600. Our plan was to touch first at St. Jago, on the south side of Cuba, and there dispose of all our perishable articles, and such other goods as would sell at a large profit; replace them with the produce of that island, and proceed thence down to Omoa, and dispose of the remainder. We accordingly loaded the sloop, and got ready for sea, with two mates, two seamen and a cook, who was also the steward. We sailed from New York on the 10th of December, 1820, bound for St. Jago, and had moderate breezes and fine weather during the first three or four days. We struck the Gulf Stream on the fourth day out, and found the temperature of the water from 73° to 76° Fahrenheit, while that of the air was only 68° .

The next day, December 15th, in lat. 36° N., long. $70^{\circ} 38'$ W., after getting to the southward of the Gulf, the temperature was only 68° . We steered to the southward to make Turk's Island. The weather was generally good, and the winds moderate from the N. E. and E. N. E. On the 27th I took two good lunar observations of the sun and moon, and found, by the mean of the two, that we were in longitude $69^{\circ} 4'$ W.

The next day, at meridian, we made Turk's Island, bearing west twelve miles distant, which assured us of the correctness of our observations. We ran down under its lee, within three or four miles of the town, and saw a great many heaps of salt as we passed this famous salt isle. In another hour we passed near Sand Key, and sailed pleasantly through the passage with a fine N. E. trade wind. The next day, we saw the islands of St. Domingo and Cuba, and on the 30th of December, after a pleasant passage of nineteen days from New York, arrived at St. Jago de Cuba.

At this place I consigned my vessel to Messrs. Cartmel & Giraud. I had met with these gentlemen in St. Bartholomew, in 1809, and subsequently saw a great deal of them in New York, and am now happy to have it in my power to speak of them as they deserve. If my feeble testimony can add in the smallest degree to an appreciation of their merit, it will give me heartfelt pleasure. I have seen a great deal of mankind in my

wanderings about the world, and found many kind and truly benevolent persons, but never have I met with more true hospitality and pure benevolence than was concentrated in these worthy men. They were full of talent and kind feeling. The first named gentleman was an Englishman, and the latter an American, and I with pleasure add that each was an honor to his respective country. Daniel Giraud, Esq., was the American consul, residing here, and was beloved and esteemed by all classes of people. At a later period, I met him in Paris, soon after his return from a long tour up the Nile; he read me his notes on those parts of Egypt which he had recently visited; the different scenes and objects were graphically portrayed. I was particularly interested in his remarks on the great Pyramid of Cheops; his was altogether the best and most vivid description I have ever read of that everlasting monument of time. I advised him to have it published, for the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of standing on its summit, or visiting that interesting country, so full of historical recollections; but this he strenuously refused. My friend G. is one of that class of modest, unobtrusive men, who shrink from the public gaze, and whose self-respect and diffidence will not expose themselves to the gall and bitterness of merciless critics, or the coarse remarks of those who cannot appreciate their high and honorable motives; they therefore keep the rich productions of their minds and valuable information locked up from the world.

The next day after our arrival, Messrs. Cartmel & Giraud sold a considerable portion of our cargo at high prices, and we had hauled alongside of the wharf to discharge what we had disposed of, when an order came from the Governor for us to leave the port forthwith, and adding further that we should not land a single article, for the alleged reason that we had brought no certificate from the Spanish Consul in New York, proving the cargo to be American property. This was a sad disappointment to all our hopes and prospects, particularly as it respected the perishable part of the cargo, such as forty barrels of apples, and other articles subject soon to decay in a hot climate like this. I could have replaced these articles by other merchandise suitable to the Omoa market, at extremely low prices; but this

I was not permitted to do, and as the Governor had the power in his own hands, we were forced to submit to our hard destiny, and suffer from the whim or caprice of a single individual. This may be law, but I think there is very little of the spirit of the gospel in such treatment as we received from this man.

After lying here a week, and being put to considerable expense, we were forced to leave the port without being able to land a single article of our cargo. Before leaving, I will make a few remarks on St. Jago de Cuba, or as this name means when translated into English, Saint James of the Cask or Pipe. This town contains twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, of whom about one-third part are white, say 10,000, and the other two-thirds negroes and mulattoes. It lies in lat. $19^{\circ} 58' N.$, long. $76^{\circ} 0' W.$ It has a spacious port, very much like the Havana, except that at the entrance of St. Jago, the course is north, up the harbor, while at the Havana, it is south. So that in sailing up these harbors, the course is in directly opposite points of the compass. The entrance at its mouth, like that of the Havana, is narrow, but soon widens into a safe and perfectly well sheltered harbor, generally safe from all winds. The town is tolerably well built; many of the houses are large and constructed of stone, with broad streets. It has a cathedral and several other churches. This city, however, is so hemmed in by high hills, that the fresh air does not circulate freely, and therefore renders the place very unhealthy during the rainy season, when the yellow fever rages frightfully, and is particularly destructive to foreigners. But with all these disadvantages, it is a desirable place for trade, and the most important city on the island (with the exception of the Havana) in a commercial point of view.

After having been detained here six days upon expense, we sailed on the 6th of January for the port of Omoa, in the Bay of Honduras. During the first day out, we had light, variable winds and rain. The next day it cleared up, when we had a light N. E. trade wind, and fine weather. We passed near the east end of Jamaica, and ran down the regular course for the island of Bonaca, which we made on the 10th, four days from St. Jago. From Bonaca we sailed down to the southward of

Rattan Island, and kept pretty close in with the mainland, which is generally high, except near the shore for a few miles, when it rises until it becomes mountainous and well covered with large trees and bushes, with little or no appearance of cultivation. One can easily imagine that it now appears about the same as when first discovered by Columbus in 1502. Three days after passing Bonaca, we arrived at Omoa, seven days from St. Jago de Cuba. On our arrival we found the whole community rejoicing at the cessation of terrible earthquakes which had continued for several weeks previous to this date, and had now subsided. The inhabitants had but recently returned to their houses, which had been left tenantless for a space of three weeks. Nearly all the people of Omoa had encamped in tents and bamboo houses out on an open plain in the vicinity of the town, being afraid to remain at their homes. Many of the buildings had been cracked and badly injured, and one merchant with whom I was acquainted, had some thirty or forty dozen bottles of wine and porter broken and destroyed by the late earthquakes, which were represented as very severe and awful in the extreme. Almost every body had something to relate about the frightful "Tremblors de Tierra," and how much they had suffered not only by fear, but by the loss of property.

We soon commenced selling our little cargo ourselves, without the assistance of a merchant. In small places like Omoa, almost every person in the village is individually known, and there is very little risk of making bad debts. There is no merchant in the place able or willing to purchase a whole cargo, so that one is obliged to dispose of the goods at retail to the whole town. It is rather a tedious way of doing business, as it causes much delay, and consequently a great waste of time in the eye of an American, but not so to these people: they appear to set no value on time, and always take an hour or two in the middle of the day for a siesta. I have on a former voyage observed that they are a simple-hearted, honest people, and am still confirmed in this opinion, not having lost a dollar by crediting a single person in this place. But like most other people in sultry climates, they become very idle and inactive. The ladies of the upper classes (or the élite of Omoa) are extremely in-

efficient, and do not even make their own clothing. While here, I saw a man quilting a silk underdress for a lady. I asked him what he was doing; he replied, he was making a dress for La Señora. I then said, "Do the ladies not make them?" He answered, "No, they do not know how." I inquired, "What do they do, how do they employ themselves?" He replied, "Elles Crian sus neños, y se descansan en sus hamacas."

I found here but two vessels, an American schooner, from and belonging to Boston. I do not recollect her name; that of the captain was J. W. Baker. He was on a trading voyage, like myself. Captain Baker had touched at Truxillo, and sold a portion of his cargo. Here he was retailing what he could dispose of to advantage, and was going to leave Omoa for Balize, an English settlement at the bottom of the Bay of Honduras, where he expected to sell what he had left, and from thence return home to the United States.

Captain Baker was a highly educated man, spoke fluently four languages, was tall and good-looking. He had travelled a great deal about the world, and was extremely agreeable. We had met many years before in Lisbon, and were now, of course, very happy to meet again in this lonely little corner of the world, so remote from what is called civilization.

The other vessel was an English schooner belonging to the Balize, and bound on a trading voyage up the coast to windward of Omoa, at sundry landing places situated in the different little bays between Omoa and Truxillo. I do not recollect the name of the schooner nor the captain's, but clearly remember that of the supercargo, Mr. Fricker, a fine, warm-hearted, gentlemanly young Englishman, about twenty-three or twenty-five years of age. His vessel lay here about a week, and during that period I saw him daily. We formed an attachment for each other, and although almost a stranger, I felt a great interest in Mr. F. from his warm-hearted, confiding character. The day before he left port, I took supper with him on board his vessel, and the next morning before he sailed, went on board to take leave of my young friend, while the schooner was getting under way; little dreaming of the sad catastrophe which awaited his early career.

After lying at Omoa about a fortnight, we succeeded in retailing about two-thirds of our cargo at pretty fair prices. We received our pay for the portion of the goods sold here in silver dollars, with the exception of a few cerroons of sarsaparilla.

All along this coast are immense forest trees and jungle, or brushwood. The frequent and copious rains, aided by the burning sun in this hot climate, cause excessive vegetation, and consequently render this country extremely unhealthy; and so it will probably continue until the hand of man shall subdue the forest, clear the underwood, and let in the sun to absorb the humidity. A stranger from a higher northern latitude is forcibly struck with the sallow and sickly appearance of the inhabitants of this coast, which is certainly uncongenial to the white race. Negroes are adapted to this sultry climate; the mulattoes and mixed breeds also thrive very well; it is universally conceded that the mulatto and quadroon women are more healthy and better looking than the white ladies. Although Divine Providence has in this country, withheld from the white man health and a full development of his physical and mental faculties, yet He has in no way denied to the lower animals of His creation a large field of action, and protection from the destructive hand of man. The widespread forests abound with wild animals and game of every description. In Omoa I purchased several skins of wild animals, and among others, one of what is here called the tiger cat. It was beautifully spotted like the Bengal tiger, but from a much smaller animal. I was told these tiger cats were very numerous. Wild monkeys are also found here in great numbers; and a young monkey roasted, is considered by many in this country a great delicacy. In a little hunting excursion in this neighborhood, I shot a macaw, a bird of the parrot genus, but very large; it had a handsome plumage, the predominant colors of which were bright red and deep sky-blue, beautifully shaded with green and yellow. We saw large flocks of wild parrots, and a great variety of birds of flaming colors, and others with brilliant, variegated plumages, that are never seen in high latitudes; in fine, I found that in this country as in other hot climates, the greater part of the birds and fish are

decked by Providence in gorgeous colors, such as are never found in colder regions.

After taking in a few boat loads of stone ballast, we sailed for Truxillo on the 1st of February.

For two days after leaving port we met with strong E. N. E. trade winds and a lee current, and made but little progress beating. The sloop was too light for turning to windward. We therefore decided to run into one of the little bays, take in more ballast, and perhaps at the same time dispose of the residue of the cargo still remaining on board. For this purpose, on the 4th, we ran in and anchored in one of the small bays, some twenty or thirty miles to the windward of Omoa, and went on shore. We saw no house or settlement. The whole country appeared like a wild, uncultivated waste of trees and bushes. The captain and myself were walking along the sand beach, when we discovered something floating in the surf. We approached the object, and judge of my surprise, when I saw the corpse of my young friend Fricker! We lifted his lifeless body from the water, carried it above high-water mark, covered it with bushes to keep off the flies, and then went in pursuit of our boat, to take the body of poor Fricker on board our vessel, and prepare a coffin to inter the remains.

Shortly after this, we met the mate and two of the crew belonging to the English schooner, in search of the body. They stated she was lying in the next bay to windward; that the day before, Mr. Fricker was drowned by the upsetting of their boat, while endeavoring to land in a high surf, and that the lee-current during the night had taken his body to the place where we found it. The mate took the remains of the young man immediately on board, and returned with it to his family at the Balize. Here ended this tragical and very melancholy catastrophe. And thus I exclaimed, "Alas! what shadows we are—what shadows we pursue!"

We saw no inhabitants at this place except about half a dozen villainous-looking fellows, each armed with long knives and machetes. They said if we would remain a day or two, they would go to some town or village in the interior, collect a

large number of men, bring down sarsaparilla, and open a trade for whatever we had to dispose of. I did not, however, like the appearance of these fellows; besides, I had heard while in Omoa, some sad tales about the inhabitants of this part of the coast, the substance of which was as follows: that when Spain in former times used to send convicts to the Castle of Omoa, they were occasionally pardoned or released from prison, and that they would not long remain to be watched and despised, and that the most of them, as a last resource, had fled to this part of the country.

I was told also that sometimes a convict would make his escape and join this roving band of desperate villains. They were represented as having no permanent home, but leading a sort of roving, Arab kind of life, and in the lowest condition of moral depravity, always living in a state of dread and fear, and having no confidence at all in each other. These stories were probably highly colored, but with many grains of charitable allowance, I have no doubt they are a most degraded race.

After getting a little ballast and firewood, we made sail again the same day, and continued to beat up for Truxillo, and on the 8th of February anchored in the bay nearly opposite the town. As we had but a small part of our cargo remaining, we soon retailed it to the inhabitants. Here I got acquainted with all the trading part of the community, ascertained what they most wanted, and took samples and a memorandum of a great variety of articles.

I told the Governor and all the principal people, if they would give me any encouragement to return, that in about seven or eight weeks I would come back from New Orleans with another cargo. They all promised to purchase freely, and to allow me a fair profit on whatever I should bring, if according to their directions.

On the 24th we sailed from Truxillo, bound for New Orleans, and had on board for cargo \$3,800 Spanish dollars, sixteen ceroons of sarsaparilla, ten bales ditto, besides some things which I could not dispose of, such as one hogshhead of leaf tobacco, forty boxes of smoked herring, and some other trifling articles. We had rather a pleasant passage, and arrived off the

mouth of the Mississippi, on the 5th of March, nine days from Truxillo, all well. In consequence of foggy weather, we were detained two days off the Balize, before we got into the river. We had a long and tedious passage up, and did not arrive at New Orleans until the 24th of March.

A few days after our arrival, Capt. Gillet and myself divided our funds, when I purchased back his half of the sloop and commenced loading the Volusia again for Truxillo, on my own account. Captain G. returned home to New York. I retained the same mates, the two seamen and my faithful black steward, Domingo, and commenced buying another cargo, the greater part of which, suitable for Truxillo and Omoa, was now very low and abundant. I bought one hundred barrels of excellent flour, at two dollars and seventy-five cents, hams at six cents per pound, and a great many other articles at very low prices; even commodities brought from the northern States, were about as cheap here, as in New York or Boston. Consequently I purchased a great variety of almost every kind of merchandise.

The whole invoice amounted to \$2,000. After getting ready for sea, I left New Orleans on the 8th of April, and the next day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, got down to the mouth of the river, where, meeting no pilot, I proceeded to sea without one, and steered on our course for Truxillo.

We generally had pleasant trade winds and fine weather, and after a passage of twelve days, arrived off the port, having been absent eight weeks.

Before leaving Truxillo, I had told the inhabitants to look out for me on the 20th of April, and that when I arrived off the port, I would show a white flag under the American ensign, that they might instantly recognize my sloop.

I did not arrive on the 20th, but by good fortune got off the harbor the 21st, in the morning. When they saw my signal flying, several boats, with many of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen of the place came on board as soon as we dropped our anchor, and gave me a hearty welcome to Truxillo.

The inhabitants of this place, like the people of Omoa, I found very honest. I allowed them to take away whatever they bought without the least fear of incurring a loss, and in

the course of a week, when I called for the money, it was ready in every case. I am, moreover, happy to add, that I never lost a dollar in giving credit to any person in this town. I soon sold the little cargo I brought here, and at very fair prices.

At this period, Truxillo and all the neighboring provinces belonged to old Spain, and the inhabitants were in constant fear of attacks from the brigs and schooners-of-war belonging to the Carthaginian navy; both this town and Omoa had been once or twice assaulted, but had thus far defended themselves and adhered to Spain, and were still its colonies. In order to strengthen the forts at Truxillo, the Governor had sent to the Havana for two long brass twenty-four pound guns. These two cannons were sent down to Truxillo in a small vessel some weeks before I arrived, but while in the act of landing, one of them unfortunately slipped out of the slings and fell overboard. They were unable to get it up, and the vessel returned to the Havana, leaving this fine long gun sunk in four fathoms of water.

On my arrival, the Governor inquired of me whether I could raise the gun and get it on shore. He said it was very important to the community that it should be recovered and mounted to defend the town, in case they were again attacked. I replied that if he would supply me with ten or fifteen men, with them and my crew I would raise the gun and bring it on shore. He readily embraced my offer, and promised me every favor I could ask in the way of compensation, such as remitting a large portion of my duties, etc., etc. I told him I required nothing more than a fair remuneration for the labor of my crew, and the detention of my vessel for two days. All this he promised, and a thousand times more. Accordingly, the next morning I hauled my vessel to the spot, and as the water was very clear and the bottom hard sand, I soon got large, new ropes fastened to the gun, and with a suitable purchase applied to the windlass of the Volusia, hove it up alongside of the vessel; but now the great difficulty was to get it on shore; there was no boat large enough to float it, and no suitable timber in the town to make a raft. At length, some logs were found, with which, together with what boards I had on board, my

people constructed a raft, and the next day the gun was taken on shore, when some two or three hundred men, with ropes and rollers, transported it to the fort, where it was mounted in great triumph.

But mark the meanness of this miserable Governor; he gave my mates and crew nothing, and notwithstanding I had injured and spoiled a great deal of new cordage, he made me no remuneration for the damage, and in the way of favor in remitting duties, it was only a piece of hypocritical deception. In fine, he was such a mean-spirited wretch, that I would accept nothing at his hands, and every honorable man in the place appeared to be ashamed of his conduct.

What a contrast between this paltry upstart, and the good old Governor of Omoa! The latter was fit for an emperor, the former only for a spy or informer.

The town of Truxillo is situated at the head of the bay of the same name, and lies in lat. $15^{\circ} 54'$ N., long. $86^{\circ} 2'$ W. The bay is about four leagues wide, and five deep; spacious and easy to navigate, having good anchorage in from five to twenty fathoms of water, according to the distance from the shore. The anchorage at Truxillo is about three-quarters of a mile from the town in five fathoms of water, which is pleasantly located on the side of a hill of a moderate height, and contains, I should think, about fifteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants. Some of the houses are well built, and it is rather a pleasant place; it is better situated, more healthy, and altogether a more desirable residence than Omoa. It is defended by three forts, which at this time were manned by about three hundred soldiers.

The inhabitants, like those of Omoa, are a simple-hearted, honest people. They appear to be a mixed breed, of Spanish and the original natives of the country. There were also here a considerable number of Caribs, some of the oldest of whom were brought from the Island of St. Vincent, West Indies, by order of the British Government, and placed on the Island of Rattan, in the year 1794. There were at that time, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred families. These people are the descendants of the original inhabitants of St. Vincent,

which was discovered by Columbus, in 1493. After remaining at Rattan about six months, they sent several of their leaders to Truxillo, to obtain permission from the public authorities to come to the continent with their wives and children, and settle among the Spaniards. Their request was granted, when they all left the Island of Rattan, and came to Truxillo. Some few remained there, and the rest settled themselves about a league S. W. of that town, where they formed a village, which they and their descendants still occupy. I am told they have increased to some twenty-five hundred in number, and are rather an industrious people. I sold goods to some of them, and found them punctual and honest in their dealings.

I saw a group of some six or eight of these old Indians and their wives, in Truxillo, who were on a visit from their village in the neighborhood, and was told that they originally came from St. Vincent. They appeared quite old, and were clad in the Indian style, with loose dresses wrapped round them, their heads adorned with gay feathers, their faces painted, rings in their ears, and some of them even in their noses.

They were, indeed, a remnant of a once numerous race of men, now almost extinct. They are a living monument of the history of the Caribs, and carry the mind back to the days when they were first discovered by Columbus. No one can look upon them but with a feeling of sympathy for the wrongs and persecutions they and their ancestors have suffered from the sordid avarice of the white man.

I regretted that my short stay at Truxillo would not admit of my visiting their village, and hearing from their own lips their history and present situation. The younger portion of this community speak Spanish, and the older ones know enough of it to make themselves understood, though they communicate with each other in their native tongue.

After remaining fifteen days at Truxillo, I left the port on the 6th of May, at eight o'clock in the evening, stood out of Truxillo Bay for the island of Bonaca, and the next morning, at seven o'clock, got under its lee or west end, where I stood off and on for an hour or two, and went on shore in my boat in pursuit of a safe harbor. I soon found a snug little bay,

and after sounding and exploring it, returned, beat the sloop into port, and came safe to anchor in four fathoms of water within three cables' length of the shore. It was a safe harbor with a fine sand beach all around it, with an abundance of cocoanut-trees growing all along the shore and on the sand beach, even down to the edge of the salt water. There were no inhabitants on the island. I touched at this place to collect cocoanuts and firewood, and also to obtain a few boat-loads of stone ballast. There were plenty of the former growing on the trees, and a great many lying on the ground under them.

As I intended to remain here for some days, I moored the sloop, got every thing snug, and began with our two boats to collect and bring on board the best cocoanuts we could find, both from those lying under, and also from the trees. The first day we took on board but four hundred, the next, we had fine weather and a pleasant breeze from the N. E. Both boats were employed in getting cocoanuts which we found in a bay about one league to the windward of our port. This day we collected and took on board three thousand four hundred and twenty. The same day we fell in with a boat from Truxillo, manned with four men; two of whom were mulattoes and two negroes. They were in pursuit of hawksbill turtle; the shell from this species is very valuable. These people had set nets on the reefs around the island, and to each net was attached a decoy turtle made of wood. In this way they had already caught a considerable number, notwithstanding they had been here but about a week. From them I purchased three large green turtle, weighing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and thirty pounds each. These fishermen set but a very small value on them, their shell being good for nothing. The inhabitants of Truxillo will scarcely purchase them at any price.

May 9th, fresh trade-winds from the E. N. E., and clear, pleasant weather. While the mate and seamen were employed collecting cocoanuts with the long-boat, I took a boy with me in the jolly-boat, and with a musket, went on a little exploring excursion to an adjacent bay, about a mile to the northward of where my vessel lay at anchor. This being the first anchorage on our arrival, I called it after my sloop, Volusia Bay. This

small harbor was to us a sort of a central point, from which we started every morning in pursuit of any object of profit or curiosity. I had scarcely landed, before I discovered a huge snake lying apparently in a torpid state by the side of a large rock, and as there were no clubs or suitable sticks at hand, I told the boy to bring me one of the boat's oars in order to kill the serpent. I took it for this purpose, but on the first stroke, it broke; the butt end, however, made me a fine club, with which I soon dispatched him, as I thought; when we tied a rope to him, and conveyed him to the boat. We then covered him with cocoanuts, and started for the vessel, at anchor in the next bay. Soon after leaving the shore, the snake revived and raised his head, and I found it necessary to beat him with the oar to keep him from making his escape into the water. We soon, however, got alongside of the sloop, when the mate cut his throat and opened his stomach, in which we found a rabbit partly decayed, which weighed seven pounds. The serpent was a boa-constrictor, between eight and nine feet long, fourteen inches in circumference, and weighed eighteen pounds. I gave it to the mate, Mr. Sandy, who skinned him, and after keeping the skin in a strong pickle for several days, stuffed it with dry oakum, and thus preserved it in a perfect state. On our return, Mr. S. sold it to the proprietor of the New York Museum for twenty dollars.

In order to keep fresh and healthy the three turtle I had purchased here, I took them, by the advice of the fishermen, to what they call a turtle crawl, which is made by driving stakes into the sand beach just below the edge of the sea, so that they may swim in the water and still not be able to make their escape. In this place I secured them, and then returned on board my vessel. I had not been there long before we heard a loud splashing of the water, and a great commotion in the turtle crawl. I immediately took a musket and went to ascertain what was the matter. On my arrival there, I found an enormous alligator had just made his escape from the crawl. He was, I should judge, about eight or ten feet long, and swam so low in the water that I could not harm him with a musket ball; he soon eluded us and we lost sight of him. I then re-

moved the turtle on board, and found one of them with his flippers bitten off, and one of the others badly mangled by the teeth of this sly and powerful monster. The one which was so badly wounded, we killed and ate, the other two we brought to New York.

This day, just after sunset, we saw a very large and brilliant meteor. It appeared like an immense ball of fire shooting from the south in a northerly direction, and what rendered it more remarkable to me, was, that it should be so distinctly seen while it was still twilight, and only one star in the heavens visible.

May 10th.—This day we had a continuation of the northeast trade-winds, and clear, pleasant weather. I sent the mate and crew of the long-boat in pursuit of cocoanuts, which had become rather scarce. They had to go to a greater distance than heretofore, even to the windward side of the island to obtain good ones. I then took a man with me, and being armed with muskets, we endeavored to cross the island, and to shoot some wild hogs, of which there are enough here. Upon entering the bushes, however, we found the underwood so thick, that we could not penetrate far into the interior, and were obliged to return. We started several of them, but the bushes were so thick that we shot none.

May 11th.—This day we had moderate breezes from the E. N. E., and open, cloudy weather. The cocoanuts had now become scarce, and we began to tire of this wild, Robinson Crusoe kind of life.

We took on board three long-boat loads of stone ballast, several loads of firewood, filled up our water-casks with pure, fresh water, and began to get ready for sea. I found, on examination, that we had collected 6,640 cocoanuts, and some twelve or fifteen plants or small trees, which we had planted with sand, in barrels and half-barrels.

This lonely, but interesting island, lies in latitude $16^{\circ} 24' N.$, longitude $86^{\circ} 00' W.$, about thirty miles north of Truxillo, and fifteen or twenty to the eastward of Rattan Island. Bonaca is generally of a moderate height, but there are several high hills in the interior, well covered with trees and bushes. All along

the shore are numerous cocoanut trees growing in the sand-beach, and, as I have before remarked, they frequently grow in the barren sand, in the surf, on the very verge of the ocean; and thus situated, they appear to thrive better than higher up in the dry soil. I should think Bonaca was about three miles long and two broad. It contains several fine bays, which make very good harbors for small vessels; and, taking every thing into consideration, I think it a very pleasant little island, and capable of supporting several families very comfortably. There are many little fertile spots, which might be easily cultivated. The climate, although warm and sultry in the middle of the day, is nevertheless cooled and refreshed by the sea-breezes in the afternoon, which must render it a healthy place. Fish and turtle are abundant, so that a few families could live here with very little labor, and listen to the gentle wailing of the ocean, far from the cares and anxieties of the world. I know of no better place for a recluse, or one satiated with the vanities of life, than Bonaca.

May 12th.—This day commenced with moderate breezes from the eastward, and fine, pleasant weather. At six in the morning, hoisted in the long-boat and got ready for sea. At nine, got under way, and sailed out of Volusia Bay, bound to New York, after remaining six days at Bonaca.

I steered to the northward, with a pleasant northeast trade-wind, and had fine weather for three days after sailing, when we made Cape Antonio, and the land about the west end of Cuba, on the 15th of May. Five days after, we made the Double-Headed Shot Keys, from thence steered to the northward, and on the 22d, passed near Cat Key. From this time until we arrived in New York, on the 30th of May, I find nothing in my journal worth noticing. We made the passage from Bonaca to New York in eighteen days, and I am happy to add, I made a very good voyage, or rather, two little ones, after an absence of five months and twenty-one days.

On my return to Brooklyn I learned, with sorrow and grief, that we had lost our only daughter. Soon after my arrival, I received a letter from Captain Baker, dated Martha's Vineyard, May, 1821, from which the following is an extract :

“Since I left you in Omoa, I have not been very successful; my mate and two men were sick with the Omoa fever. I lost one man, and this, out of a small crew of five in number, was extremely unfortunate for me. I heard in the Balize of your rescuing poor Fricker from a watery grave, and consigning him to an earthly one; this act has secured you the gratitude and esteem of his friends and connections there, and should you ever visit that place, will be a passport to their society. When I reflect on the mutability of all things in this world, I am ready to repeat the sentiment so finely expressed by Goldsmith:

‘Turn, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’

“I hope to hear from you speedily, and remain,
Yours, as ever,
J. W. B.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VOYAGE IN THE PILOT-BOAT SCHOONER "SEA-SERPENT," FROM NEW YORK TO LIMA, IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822.

AFTER having settled the last voyage I made in the *Volusia*, from New Orleans to Truxillo and Bonaca, and disposed of that vessel, I decided to make up a voyage to the Pacific. By recent accounts from Peru we learned that Lord Cochran, with a Chilian fleet, was blockading Lima, aided by a strong land force under the command of General St. Martin; that the Spaniards had concentrated their armies in Lima and its vicinity, had strongly fortified themselves there and at the castles of Callao, and would probably hold out for at least six months longer. We also heard that the inhabitants of Lima were in great want of every thing, especially provisions of almost every description. On the receipt of this information, Mr. Harmony, a merchant of New York, proposed to me in the month of October, 1821, to purchase a fast-sailing pilot-boat schooner and fit her out for Lima, with a view of evading the blockade, and profiting by the high prices which could be obtained for almost every thing sent to that place.

We soon made arrangements to purchase a suitable vessel, to be owned by Mr. H., Mr. B., an Italian gentleman, and myself. I agreed to take one-fifth interest in the schooner and cargo, command the vessel, and act as supercargo during the voyage. The enterprise was well planned, and had the cargo been laid in with good judgment, the voyage would have proved eminently successful. As it was managed by Mr. H. and Mr. B. it proved in the end rather a failure.

I had never been in Lima, and knew nothing of its wants; Mr. B. had resided there several years, but as he was not a merchant, his information proved of little service. I relied entirely on the judgment of my two associates, and therefore took many articles not at all adapted to the market. Such as were wanted at Lima paid an enormous profit.

After searching about for a week or two, we at length found a sharp pilot-boat built schooner called the "Sea-Serpent." Her burthen was 139 tons. Though only three years old, she was soft and defective, and subsequently proved to be rotten, and, in bad weather, very leaky. The schooner had just returned from a voyage to Chagrés, where she had lost her captain, officers and nearly all her crew by the yellow fever, and while in that hot climate was not properly ventilated, and had thus suffered from dry rot.

The defect was not discovered by the carpenter who was sent to examine her before she was purchased by Mr. H. I think we gave seven thousand five hundred dollars for the schooner, and on the 20th of October, commenced loading. We first took in ten or twelve tons of English and Swedish iron and 100 flasks of quicksilver, which cost over \$3,500; six hogsheads containing 234 kegs of butter, about 2,500 pounds, and many other articles of French, English and German goods, not at all adapted to the market, situated as the people of Lima were, in the midst of war and threatened with famine.

The whole cost of the vessel and cargo, including the insurance out, was \$30,726.

Mr. B.'s interest amounted to \$5,000, my own was one-fifth of the adventure, and the remainder belonged to Mr. H. I subsequently, before sailing, sold to my friend Richard M. Lawrence, Esq., of New York, half of my interest in both vessel and cargo, leaving for my own account only about \$3,000. Beside this amount, I had, however, for my own private adventure, about \$1,500 in jewelry and silk stockings. These articles, though valuable, occupied but a very small space in the stowage of the vessel. I took with me Mr. B. as passenger, my cousin Mr. Freegift Coggeshall as chief mate, my brother Francis

Coggeshall as second mate, and a crew of nine men and boys, including the cook and steward.

Thus loaded and manned, we sailed from New York, on the 15th of November, 1821, for Lima. For the first and second days out we had fine weather and fair winds from the westward. On the third day, we met with strong gales from the eastward, and a high head sea running, so that we were compelled to lay to ten or twelve hours. Our decks were filled with water and the schooner began to leak, which was a bad sign at the commencement of a long voyage. The next day, the wind shifted to the westward, when we again made sail and stood on our course to the eastward. We continued to have strong gales from the westward and very bad weather until the 4th of December, when we made the Island of St. Mary's, bearing E. S. E. five leagues distant. This is one of the Azores, or Western Islands, and lies in lat. $36^{\circ} 59' N.$, long. $25^{\circ} 10' W.$

We lost here two days, by reason of strong gales from the S. S. W., with a high head sea, and very squally weather. After getting into lat. $24^{\circ} N.$, we took the regular trade-winds, and generally had pleasant weather; but whenever we encountered a strong breeze, we found the schooner leaked considerably, and being deeply laden, she was extremely wet and uncomfortable.

On the night of the 17th of December, when in lat. 16° , long. about $25^{\circ} W.$, we caught fifty-eight flying-fish on deck. The schooner was so deep and low in the water, that large numbers of these fish came on board. The next day, a great many flying-fish were washed on deck, and others flew on board in such numbers, that we had, during these two days, enough to serve all hands in abundance. The schooner continued to leak more and more, and we kept one pump employed almost constantly.

From this time to the 25th, nothing remarkable occurred. Christmas being an idle day, we killed the only remaining pig, all the others, eight in number, having been drowned by the salt water, which almost always flooded the decks when there was a high sea.

On the 27th, saw a sail, standing to the northward; and

this day crossed the equinoctial line, in long. 26° W.; light winds and variable, with dark, rainy weather; thermometer at 84° at two P. M. We continued to experience the same weather for forty-eight hours, when we struck the S. E. trades in lat. 4° S. We had for many days fine breezes from the S. E., and very pleasant weather. I have almost always found this region of the South Atlantic—say from 5° to 20° S. latitude—a delightful part of the ocean to navigate, the weather fine and mild, and the skies clear and beautiful, with a temperature generally not so hot as to be uncomfortable.

We sailed through these pleasant latitudes without any incident worth remarking until we reached lat. $22^{\circ} 41'$ S., on the 6th of January, 1822, when we again had bad, rainy weather, with the wind from the westward. This continued for 24 hours, when we had a return of the S. E. trades, and pleasant weather.

January 8th, lat. $24^{\circ} 20'$ S.—Last night, the weather being very fine and clear, we saw for the first time what are called the Magellan clouds. They are three in number, and were not far above the horizon. They bore from us about S. S. E., and are evidently clusters of stars; two of them appeared white like the milky-way, the other was dark and indistinctly seen.

January 9th.—At 8 o'clock in the morning, the weather being hazy, with a light breeze from the S. E., the man on the lookout at the mast-head cried out "Land ho!" and told the officer of the deck that he saw something ahead that looked like a small island, and that there were thousands of birds on and around it. In a few minutes every eye was eagerly gazing at the supposed island.

I knew there was no land laid down on any of my charts near where we were, and therefore concluded that it must be the wreck of a ship. As the wind was very light we drew slowly up with the newly discovered object. It soon, however, became visible from the deck, when I took a spy-glass and examined it with close attention; but owing to the constant changes it assumed I was at a loss to decide what it was, from its undulating appearance, alternately rising above the water and then disappearing beneath it, until within half a mile's distance, when all

doubt was solved, and we found it to be an enormous dead whale floating on its back. It was very much swollen, and at times apparently some six or eight feet above the water. There were innumerable flocks of wild fowl hovering over and alighting upon it. Many of them appeared to be devouring it, and were making loud and wild screams, as if exulting over this grand but accidental feast.

In order to ascertain with more precision its length and size, I hove the schooner to, a short distance to windward, and went in my boat to examine it, which I did to my entire satisfaction.

When approaching near, it became so offensive that I was obliged to keep at a respectful distance to windward, and there watch the numerous flocks of sea birds that were revelling upon it. In the midst of their din of discordant screams, it was strange to witness with what delight they tore off portions of the fish, and how at each moment their number seemed to augment.

After leaving this scene, I came to the conclusion that dead whales like this are one great cause of so many "dangers" and "small-islands," being laid down on all the old charts, which dangers are found not to exist. Such objects as these were probably discovered in dark, windy weather, when it would have been dangerous to have approached near enough to the supposed islands to ascertain what they really were. Thus we have, even at the present time, laid down all over the Atlantic ocean, rocks, shoals and dangers, the greater part of which do not in reality exist.

January 10th, lat. $26^{\circ} 10'$ S.—During the early part of the last two nights, we have seen the four bright stars called the Southern Cross. They are very brilliant, and with a little help of the imagination form a pretty good representation of the Christian cross; and I have no doubt that many of the early Roman Catholic navigators believed they were placed in the heavens to substantiate the truth of the Christian religion.

January 15th.—This day, at noon, we fell in with and boarded the ship *Hannibal*, of Sag Harbor, seven months out

on a whaling voyage. They informed me that they had on board 3000 barrels of oil.

At 9 o'clock, P. M., spoke the whaling ship *Flame*, of New London. We were now in lat. $37^{\circ} 20'$ S., long. 49° W.

On the 17th, we had clear, pleasant weather, with light and variable winds. At 10 o'clock A. M., our long., by a good lunar observation, was $50^{\circ} 38'$ W., lat. at noon $41^{\circ} 1'$ S. At 6 o'clock of this day we fell in with the ships *Herald* and *Amazon*. They were cruising in company for whale, and both belonged to Fair Haven, Mass. The captain of the *Herald* came on board to ascertain his longitude; he said they had seen no land for the last two months, and had been too busy to pay much attention to the course of the ship; that he knew nothing of lunar observations, and had no chronometer; he was therefore desirous to ascertain the present position of his ship. I had an excellent chronometer on board, and, as the lunar observation taken that day agreed with it, I told him there was no doubt that I could give him the exact latitude and longitude. He said he had only been eight months at sea, and had then on board 1400 barrels of oil; that the *Amazon* had taken 1100 barrels, and that he should soon steer to the northward on his way home.

When the whale-boat belonging to the *Herald* came alongside the *Sea-Serpent*, it was higher than the deep-loaded pilot-boat. The captain of the *Herald* said to me:—"Well, captain, you say you are from New York, bound for Lima; but seriously, are you going round Cape Horn in this little whistle-diver?" "I shall certainly try it, captain," said I, "and hope I shall succeed." "Well then," he replied, "but tell me, did you get your life insured before you left home?" "No," said I, "but I left my family in comfortable circumstances, so that if I should be taken away they will have enough to live upon; besides, I am a good schooner sailor, and accustomed to these whistle-divers, as you call them." "Well, captain," said the whaler, "I must say you have good courage, and I hope you may succeed; but for my part, I had rather kill a hundred whales than go round the Horn in this little craft." After this dialogue we parted with mutual good wishes for future pros-

perity and happiness, and each resumed our course upon the great, trackless deep. The next day, Jan. 18th, we had strong breezes from the S. E., and though the winds were fresh and strong, with considerable sea, we were able to steer on our S. W. course under reefed sails.

I must not omit to mention the singular fact, that a flock of sea-birds had followed my schooner for the last ten days, namely, from lat. 26° S., and were still hovering near the vessel, sometimes ahead, and then again about thirty or forty yards astern. They frequently alighted on the water, and appeared to watch every small particle of food or grease that was thrown overboard. They were fifteen in number, about the size of a common turtle-dove; and are called by seamen, cape pigeons.

From this time to the 22d of January, nothing remarkable occurred until, on that day, we met with a severe gale from the southward, attended with a high head sea, so that at midnight we were obliged to lay to under a close reefed foresail. We were now in lat. $46^{\circ} 50'$ S., long. $58^{\circ} 26'$ W. At noon, I caught three large albatros with a hook and line, buoyed up by several corks and baited with fat pork. One of the largest measured across his wings, from tip to tip, eight feet four inches. They were covered with white feathers three or four inches thick, thus kindly protected by Providence from the cold, in these inclement latitudes. In low latitudes, where the weather is hot and sultry, the birds are thinly covered with feathers, mostly of high and brilliant colors. The fish, also, in hot climates, partake of the same gorgeous colors; such, for instance, as the parrot fish, the red snapper and many others. After passing these hot regions, approaching the latitude of 50° , and so up to the latitude of Cape Horn, the birds are generally all white, and clothed with an immense mat of down and feathers. Among the fish, I likewise saw no gay-colored ones in these cold regions; on the contrary, I frequently saw large shoals of porpoises pied, and sometimes quite white.

While sailing and travelling about the world, I have often been struck with the wisdom and goodness of God, not only to man but to all His creatures, in suiting their condition to the different climates of the earth. We find the colored man

adapted to the sultry, burning climates, and the white man constituted to endure the cold. So it is with beasts, birds and fish.

I first began to notice the kindness of Providence, when only a boy trading to the islands of the West Indies. I observed that the sheep we used to take there from Connecticut, though thickly covered with wool would shortly lose their fleeces, and eventually become hairy like goats. On the other hand, the higher the latitude, where the cold is most intense, the thicker and finer is the fur on the animals, for example, where the bear, seal and musk ox are found.

As we increased our latitude, the weather became daily more and more rough and boisterous; we encountered storm after storm, and the weather was more cloudy, cold and disagreeable, which kept us reefing and changing almost hourly. On the 27th of January, at 5 A. M., daylight, we made the Falkland Islands, bearing from S. to S. E., distant five leagues; the winds being light and the weather moderate, we stood in shore. The wind being at this time at W. S. W., we were unable to fetch to westward of the islands, and therefore commenced beating up along-shore to weather the westernmost island. These islands appear of a moderate height, and generally rocky and barren. Lat. by obs. this day $51^{\circ} 18' S.$, long. about $61^{\circ} 6' W.$ We continued to beat to the westward all this day and the following; standing off and on the land, with open, cloudy weather, and moderate gales from the S. W. Saw a high rock appearing like a lofty sail; marked on the charts Eddystone Rock.

On Monday, the 28th, land still in sight; at meridian the wind shifted to the N. W., which enabled us to weather the land, and thus we passed to the westward of this group of islands, and steered on our course to the southward and westward towards Cape Horn: lat. by obs. at noon, $50^{\circ} 58' S.$, long. $61^{\circ} 50' W.$ In the afternoon of this day, the weather became thick and rainy; passed several tide rips, and saw a number of penguins. The little flock of cape pigeons before alluded to, still followed the schooner—they are our constant companions by day and by night, in sunshine and in tempest. The variation of the compass here is from one and three quarters to two points

easterly. The weather was now cold and disagreeable; temperature by Fahrenheit's thermometer 50° above zero.

Tuesday, Jan. 29th.—Light winds and variable. This day the weather appeared to change every hour or two; at times the sun would shine out, and then suddenly disappear and become obscured by a thick fog. This would continue but for a short time, when a strong breeze from the northward would blow all the fog away, and the sky remain pretty clear for a few hours, then the sun would again break out and shine, and perhaps another hour would bring a flight of snow. Sometimes, even when the sun was shining, the decks would be covered for a few minutes with snow, which would soon melt away and be followed by a violent shower of rain and hail. In fine, I find it very difficult to describe the weather in this dreary region; though we were in the midst of summer, we had all the seasons of the year in the course of a day. These continual changes kept us constantly making and taking in sail throughout these twenty-four hours. Lat. by obs. $53^{\circ} 1' S.$, long. $64^{\circ} 0' W.$

Jan. 30th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with a strong gale from the westward, with a high head sea running. At 1 p. m., hove to under a two-reefed foresail; dark, cloudy, cold weather, with violent squalls of hail and rain. At midnight the gale moderated, when we again made sail, the schooner laboring violently and making much water. Lat. by obs., $53^{\circ} 30' S.$, long. $64^{\circ} W.$

Jan. 31st.—This day commenced with strong gales from the westward with a high head sea running; weather dark and gloomy. The wind throughout these twenty-four hours continued to blow strong from the westward, and being directly ahead, we found it impossible to gain to the westward, and were glad to hold our own without losing ground. During the day we had much thunder and lightning. Lat. by obs. $54^{\circ} 1' S.$, long. $64^{\circ} 0' W.$

Feb. 1st.—Last night the sky was clear for a little while in the zenith, when we saw the Magellan clouds nearly over our heads. This day had a continuation of strong gales from the westward, and very bad, stormy weather; we, however, continued to ply to the windward under close-reefed sails, but

having a strong westerly gale and a lee current against us, we made but little progress. At 6 A. M. made Staten Land; this land, like the Falklands, appeared cold and dreary, and only a fit habitation for seal and wild fowl, which are here very abundant. The sea in this vicinity also abounds in whales of monstrous bulk. At noon the body of Staten Land bore N. by W., twelve leagues distant. At meridian the sun shone out, when we found our latitude to be $55^{\circ} 31' S.$, long. $64^{\circ} 8' W.$

Feb. 2d.—This day, like the last, was dark and gloomy, with a continuation of westerly winds, but not so strong as to prevent our plying to windward under close-reefed sails. The thermometer fell down to 45° above zero. In consequence of contrary winds and a lee current, we gained but little on our course during these twenty-four hours. Lat. by obs., $56^{\circ} 20' S.$, long. $65^{\circ} 27' W.$

Feb. 3d.—On this day, when within about 50 miles of Cape Horn, a terrible gale commenced blowing from the westward. It continued to increase until it blew a perfect hurricane, and soon created a mountainous sea. We got our foreyard on deck, and hove the schooner to, under the head of a new foresail. I then ordered all the bulwarks and waist-boards to be knocked away, that nothing might impede the water from passing over the decks; otherwise, so great a quantity would have lodged in the lee waist, that our little schooner would have been water-logged and swamped with the weight of it. With crowbars and axes the waist-boards were all demolished; then the sea broke over the decks and passed off without injury to our little bark, and she rose like a stormy petrel on the top of the sea, which threatened every moment to swallow us in its abyss. The ocean was lashed into a white foam by the fury of the tempest. The same weather continued with but little intermission for a space of five days. During a great part of this time it was almost impossible to look to windward, so violent were the hail and snow squalls. In the midst of this tempest, my officers and men behaved nobly; the most perfect order prevailed; not a whisper of fear or contention was heard during the whole of our perilous situation. To render the men more comfortable, I removed them all from the fore-castle to the cabin, where they



A. Weingartner's Lith. N. Y.

SCHOONER SEA SERPENT,
towing to off Cape Horn, in a gale Febr. 3^d 1822.

continued to live until we had fairly doubled the Cape and found better weather.

My Italian passenger was terribly alarmed during the tempest, and entreated me, in piteous tones, to put away for Rio Janeiro. He said if I would do so, he would instantly sign an agreement to give me all his interest in the vessel and cargo. I resolutely declined his offer, telling him that while we had masts and sails, and the vessel would float under us, I would never put back.

This Cape is rendered more dreadful from the fact of its inhospitable position, and being so far removed from any civilized port. It is a cold, cheerless, barbarous coast, where no provision, or supplies of any kind, can be had in case of shipwreck or disaster, so that the greatest vigilance and perseverance are necessary to surmount the many obstacles that present themselves.

Feb. 8th.—The gale abated, and we were again enabled to make sail and ply to the westward. Our faithful little pigeons had hovered about us during the long tempest, and now resumed the journey with us. We got an observation of the sun this day at noon, and found ourselves in lat. $57^{\circ} 33' S.$, long. $66^{\circ} 12' W.$

Feb. 9th.—We had, throughout these twenty-four hours, favorable gales from the N. E., and open, cloudy weather. Made all sail and steered to the westward, gained 160 miles distance on a direct course, and every thing began to wear a more favorable appearance. We made better progress this day than we had done since our arrival in these high southern latitudes. Lat. by observation at noon, $57^{\circ} 16' S.$, long. by chronometer, $71^{\circ} 4' W.$

Feb. 10th.—This day commenced with strong gales from the southward, with dark, squally weather; under reefed sails, standing to the northward and westward, made a distance of 155 miles per log. Towards noon the sun shone out, when we found ourselves, at meridian, in lat. $55^{\circ} 44' S.$, long. $74^{\circ} 48' W.$ We had now fairly doubled Cape Horn; and hoped in a few days to descend to lower latitudes, and find warmer and better weather. It was now fifteen days since we made the Falkland Islands, so that we were from thirteen to fifteen days weathering Cape Horn, which is not an unusual length of time; and

had our vessel been a good ship of three or four hundred tons, we should have suffered nothing in comparison with what we experienced, in a deep-loaded, pilot-boat schooner, of one hundred and forty tons, leaking badly. From the 10th of February to the 16th, we generally had light and variable winds from the northward and westward, so that we made but slow progress during the week, and nothing worth recording occurred.

Feb. 17th.—This day commenced with light breezes from the S. W., and fine weather. During the night, in a squall, a small fish was washed on board. It weighed before it was dressed about half a pound, and in appearance was not unlike a brook trout, except that it had a greenish color. I directed the cook to prepare it for my breakfast, and told him to fry it with a few slices of salt pork. At breakfast, I divided the fish between my passenger, the chief mate and myself. We all ate of it with a good relish, and returned on deck; but very soon after were all taken sick; the mate was seized with violent vomiting, and became deadly pale and languid. The passenger was also sick, but not so much so as the mate. I was not very ill, but felt a burning sensation in my mouth and throat for several hours afterwards. Upon examining the scales and intestines of the fish, and the knife with which it was cleaned, we found them of a deep greenish color, indicating that the fish must have been very poisonous. What it was I know not, but it is remarkable that one of so small a size could poison three persons.

During the remainder of this day we had light breezes from the W., and fine weather. We only made about 100 miles on our course through these twenty-four hours. At noon our lat. by obs. was $47^{\circ} 56'$ S., long. $78^{\circ} 17'$ W.

From the 17th of February to the 22d we had light winds from the southward and westward, and generally good weather; which daily became more bland and pleasant, as we approached lower latitudes. We met with nothing worth remarking during the last five days. We were now in lat. $38^{\circ} 45'$ S., long. $79^{\circ} 29'$ W.

Feb. 23d.—We had fresh breezes from the S. W. and fine weather throughout these twenty-four hours, and made 166

miles distance to the northward. Lat. by obs. at noon, $36^{\circ} 0'$ S., long. per chron. $79^{\circ} 34'$ W.

Feb 24th.—This day commenced with fine, fresh breezes from the southward, and very pleasant weather, which we sensibly enjoyed after getting through those tempestuous regions into the bright and gentle Pacific Ocean, which daily became more and more mild and tranquil. At 8 o'clock in the morning we made the island of Massafuero bearing N. N. W., about eight leagues distant. At 11 A. M. it bore west, three leagues. This island lies in lat. $33^{\circ} 45'$ S., long. $80^{\circ} 38'$ W. It is a high, abrupt, rugged-looking place, about fifteen or twenty miles long and perhaps five or six broad. The shores are very steep, and I believe it is only accessible on the northwest side, in a little bay, where boats can land in good weather. It has no harbor, notwithstanding it was formerly a famous island for taking seal. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, several good voyages were made by ships from New England, which took seal-skins from this island to Canton, in China, where they disposed of them, and returned to the United States richly laden with teas and other China goods. One of these voyages was made by a ship called the *Neptune*, commanded by Captain Daniel T. Green (in which were two young men belonging to my native town, from whom I obtained this information). This ship was owned in New Haven, Connecticut, took from this island fifty thousand seal-skins and sold them in Canton for \$2 each, and thence returned to New York in the year 1799, with a cargo of teas, silk goods, nankeens, &c. The owners and crew cleared by the voyage about \$100,000.

This trade was carried on for several years very advantageously, until at length all the seal were killed or driven away from the island. The sealing ships were then compelled to search for a new field, in distant seas and on lonely desert islands, where the seal had never been disturbed by man. When they first commenced killing seal at Massafuero, the animals were so tame and gentle that thousands were killed with clubs. These poor animals, unconscious of the danger, made no attempt to escape; but in a few years after, they became so knowing and shy, that it was difficult to kill them, ex-

cept by stratagem. I have subsequently seen them in different places along the coast of Peru, and found them so extremely wild and timid that they would plunge into the water when approached, and at this time it is very difficult to kill them, even with spears and muskets.

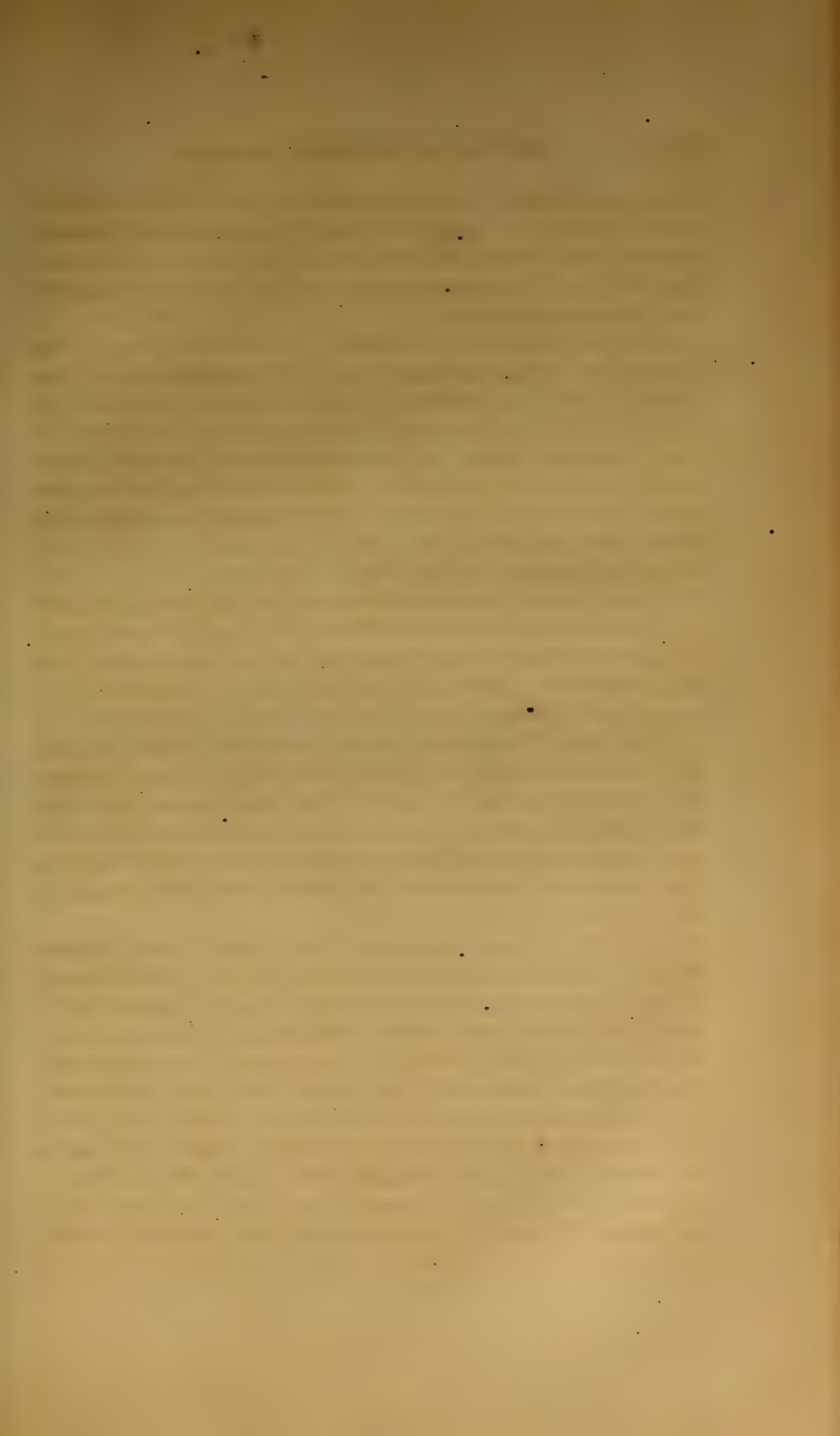
This day we also saw and passed by Juan Fernandez. This island is not so high as Massafuero, but is more fertile and productive. It lies in latitude $33^{\circ} 46'$ S., longitude $79^{\circ} 6'$ W. It belongs to Chili, and is about 400 miles west of Valparaiso. It has a tolerable harbor on the south side, and has been lately used by the Chilian government as a sort of Botany Bay for state prisoners. It has become a place of general interest to the world from its having been made the locality of Robinson Crusoe's adventures, by De Foe.

It was now one hundred days since we left New York, and we had still more than 1000 miles to sail before we could reach Lima, but as we expected to get into the S. E. trade-winds in a day or two from this time, I anticipated the remainder of the passage with pleasure.

Feb. 25th. Throughout these twenty-four hours, we had fine breezes from the southward, and very pleasant weather. We were now sailing with a fair wind, with all our light sails set. Our little schooner was well adapted to these smooth seas and gentle breezes; we made 190 miles during the last twenty-four hours, and were at noon in latitude $30^{\circ} 23'$ S., longitude $80^{\circ} 28'$ W.

Feb. 26th. Fresh breezes from the S. E., and clear, pleasant weather throughout these twenty-four hours. We had now taken the regular S. E. trades. It was delightful to sail before the wind in this mild climate and smooth sea (which is so appropriately called the *Pacific* Ocean), after having been buffeted and tossed about off Cape Horn so long in so small a vessel. During the last twenty-four hours our little vessel made 200 miles with perfect ease, and almost without shifting a single sail. Lat. by obs. at noon $27^{\circ} 4'$ S., long. $80^{\circ} 28'$ W.

From the 26th of February to the 5th of March, we had a continuation of the S. E. trade-winds, and fine, pleasant weather,



Meridian of Washington 10 Longitude East 30 from Washington 40

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Equator



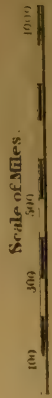
From the Government of
the States of the Empire
of Brazil
From the Government of
the States of the Empire
of Brazil
From the Government of
the States of the Empire
of Brazil



MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA

Explanation.

Figures when attached to Cities and Towns mark the population in thousands, thus Lima 99 is 99,000 when placed on Rivers their length in miles
stars of Government thus ★



Prepared for Coggeshall's Voyages in 1853.

Tropic of Capricorn.
From the Government of
the States of the Empire
of Brazil

From the Government of
the States of the Empire
of Brazil

running constantly on our direct course, and daily making from 150 to 200 miles.

Our friendly birds, who had constantly followed us for the last fifty-six days, from the coast of Brazil and round Cape Horn, still kept about us. They were not so constantly near our vessel as before we came down into these mild latitudes, but made little excursions and then returned. I sometimes missed them for an hour or two, and feared, in two or three instances, that they had entirely left us and would no more return to cheer us, but to my agreeable surprise they always came, were at this time within a few yards of our stern, and appeared attached to our little bark and to the hands that occasionally fed them. They were indeed a great source of entertainment, and their fidelity was a constant theme of conversation and interest to us.

March 5th, 1822. This day commenced with light winds from the S. E., and, as usual, fine, clear weather. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we made the island of Lorenzo, bearing about N. E., 25 miles distant. At 8 in the evening we got near the island. It being too late to run into port, I concluded to stand off and on under its lee, and wait until daylight to run in and anchor.

March 6th. We entered the Bay of Callao—the seaport of Lima—all well, after a passage of 110 days from New York.

It was not until we came to anchor that our little guardian birds left us, and flew out of the harbor.

We found Callao and Lima in the hands of the patriots (as the natives of the country were called), and the Spanish army retreated to the interior; of course, the blockade was raised, and the object of my voyage in a great measure defeated.

I have before stated that we purchased this little, fast-sailing vessel in order to evade the blockade by superior sailing; otherwise it would have been more advantageous to the owners to have bought a larger vessel at a less cost, and far more comfortable for me to perform a voyage round Cape Horn in such an one, than in a small pilot-boat schooner.

After entering my vessel and going through the necessary forms at Callao, I forthwith proceeded up to Lima, presented

my letters of introduction to several gentlemen, merchants residing in that city, and was not long in making an arrangement with Don Francisco X. Iscue, a respectable merchant, to take charge of my business, and act as my general agent and consignee. Señor Iscue was a native of Old Spain, but was married to a lady born in Lima. He had an interesting family, was an honest, worthy man, and a very correct merchant. Through this gentleman I disposed of that part of my cargo which was at all adapted to the market, such as provisions, and a portion of my manufactured goods. All the butter sold at one dollar per lb. Flour was at this time selling at thirty dollars per barrel. Some articles of my cargo sold at an enormous profit, while many others would not bring prime cost.

Soon after my arrival at Callao, the ship *America*, Captain De Koven, of New York, arrived with a full cargo of flour. I believe he brought about three thousand five hundred barrels, which were sold at a very great profit. To Captain De Koven I sold my quicksilver at invoice price, which amounted to about \$3,500.

As all communication was cut off between Lima and the interior, I was unable to dispose of the quicksilver at any price, except to Captain De Koven. He was bound to Canton, and took the article at invoice price to dispose of it in China. I subsequently lent him \$11,500 in dollars (which, together with the quicksilver, amounted to \$15,000), and took his bill on the owners of the *America*, in New York, for the amount at sixty days' sight. The owners of the ship were Messrs. Hoyt & Tom, Elisha Tibbets, and Stephen Whitney.

I soon had all my cargo transported to Lima, and in about twenty days after my arrival sold the schooner *Sea-Serpent*, for ten thousand five hundred dollars. Such goods as I could not dispose of at private sale I sold at public auction; and on the 6th of June, 1822, closed the accounts of the voyage, and I am sorry to add, made little or nothing for my owners. My own private adventure sold tolerably well; and what with my wages, commissions, etc., I made for myself what is called a saving voyage.

I waited about a fortnight for a passage to Panama, but was

unable to obtain one. On the 15th of June I was offered the command of the fine Baltimore-built brig *Dick*, burthen 207 tons, and only two years old. This vessel belonged to the Italian gentleman who came out as a passenger with me in the *Sea-Serpent*. He was desirous of employing the *Dick* in the coasting trade on the western coast of Chili and Peru. I was also glad of employment for a few months, until the sickly season had passed away in Panama and Chagrés (having decided to return to the United States by the way of Panama and across the Isthmus of Darien to Chagrés.) The Italian was an honest man, but, not having been bred a merchant, relied on me to manage the voyage.

After I had disposed of the *Sea-Serpent*, I paid off the mates and seamen, allowed each of them two months' extra pay, according to law, and then procured nearly all of them situations on board other vessels. Both mates, when I left Callao, were pleasantly situated as officers on board of English vessels coasting between Chili and Peru. The seamen got good berths and generous wages; so that none of my crew were left in distress or unprovided with employment.

As the owner of the brig had decided to proceed with her down the coast of Peru to Truxillo and Pacasmayo, and there purchase a cargo of sugar, rice, and such other articles of provision as were then much wanted in Lima, I lost no time in shipping officers and seamen, and getting ready for the voyage, which, under ordinary circumstances, would require about two months to perform. On the 28th of July we were ready for sea.

Callao is the seaport of Lima, and lies in lat. $12^{\circ} 2' S.$, long. $77^{\circ} 4' W.$, seven or eight miles west of Lima. Callao is strongly protected by forts, castles and walls, with broad and wide exterior ditches. To a stranger, the castles at first view appear like a small walled city. Outside of these vast and expensive fortifications, there is a considerable number of houses, magazines, and shops, generally lying along the bay, and in some places, extending back perhaps a short quarter of a mile.

This village is called Callao, and the fortifications, the Castles of Callao. The road between Lima and the port is level

and good. The port of Callao is formed by a bay, which is sheltered by its own points and the Island of St. Lorenzo, which lies at the south entrance, about eight or ten miles distant from the Castles. As I have no map or book before me, and write entirely from memory, I may, perhaps, make some little error in the distance, but not in the main facts. Callao Bay is a fine, broad, clear expanse of water, deep enough for a line-of-battle ship in almost any part of it; and, on the whole, I should pronounce it a very safe and good harbor, particularly in this mild and gentle climate, where there are no violent gales or tempests. In this respect the inhabitants of this coast are favored beyond any part of the world I have ever visited. The oldest men in this country know nothing of a storm or a violent gale of wind; so uniform is the weather, that the Fahr. thermometer in Lima rarely varies more than six or eight degrees. It generally ranges between 75° and 80° . Although it is sometimes hot at noonday, the nights are cool and comfortable, owing to the snow and ice on the mountains not very far distant in the interior. When Peru was a colony of Spain, Lima was a populous and comparatively rich city; but, in consequence of continued wars and revolutions, it has become poor. For the last eight years there had been a constant demand for young men to join the armies, which rendered the population less than it was previously. The city of Lima, the capital of Peru, lies about seven miles from the sea, and is pleasantly situated at the foot of the Cordilleras. The little river Rimac takes its rise in the mountains, runs through the city, and supplies the inhabitants with an abundance of excellent water. Over this stream there is a fine stone bridge with six arches. On this bridge, and in recesses, are placed seats for the citizens, which renders it a favorite resort for the *élite* of the city. It is said, that before the revolution, Lima contained about eighty thousand inhabitants; at the time of which I write it numbered only about sixty thousand, exclusive of the military, who, I should judge, were about eight or ten thousand. There are several large churches and public buildings, which have rather an imposing appearance.

The cathedral in the centre of the city, which forms the east

side of the Plaza Mayor, is the grand resort of all the better classes of people, and is a pleasant place. In consequence of the earthquakes to which Lima is subject, the houses are generally built low, not often more than one or two stories high, of very slight materials, namely, dried clay and reeds, with a light coat of plaster, and then whitewashed or painted. I believe that if it should blow and rain a few hours as it does sometimes in the Bay of Honduras, the whole town would be washed away; but, fortunately for the inhabitants, it never rains in the city. The high and long chain of Cordilleras in the interior acts as a perfect conductor for the clouds and storms. There only, the clouds break and the rain falls in torrents. It therefore becomes necessary, notwithstanding the heavy dews, to irrigate the fields and gardens in the neighborhood of Lima.

The city is about two miles long, and one and a half broad. Through the principal streets water is conducted from the Rimac. This tends very much to cool and cleanse the town, which, if blessed with peace and a good government, would be a delightful city, bating an occasional alarm of earthquakes.

A few weeks before my arrival, the Castles at Callao and the city of Lima, were vacated by the Spanish army and taken possession of by General St. Martin and Lord Cochran; the former at the head of 8,000 or 10,000 Chilian and Peruvian troops, and the latter, the Admiral, commanding the Chilian squadron of two or three frigates and several smaller vessels. I believe there was very little fighting, but a kind of capitulation agreed upon between the parties. The Spanish army marched out and retreated into the interior, when the Patriot army took possession with little or no bloodshed. Still the inhabitants of Lima were, during the time I remained there, in constant dread of a return of the Spanish army. The city and its dependencies were daily agitated and unsettled, and the whole country was convulsed with war. The Government was almost daily making forced loans and contributions upon the inhabitants, which caused them to secrete their money for fear of its being taken from them. Every fine horse, belonging to private individuals, was seized for the use of the army; even the horses of

foreigners were sometimes taken, but generally returned after a suitable remonstrance to the commanding officer.

This has been rather a long digression, and I will again return to my narrative.

The brig *Dick*, under my command, was ready for sea on the 28th of July. Before sailing, I wrote the particulars of the voyage to my owners, and also to my family up to this date, and the next day sailed for Truxillo, with the owner of the brig on board.

It was 6 o'clock in the evening when we got under way; had light winds from the S. E., and foggy weather during the night, and ran to the leeward under easy sail until daylight.

July 30th.—During the first and middle part of these twenty-four hours, we had a continuation of light winds and thick weather. After running about fifty-six miles log distance, it lighted up, when we found ourselves in mid channel between the Islands of Mazorque and Pelada, which are about two leagues asunder.

No observation of the sun, it being obscured by fog.

31st.—First and middle part of these twenty-four hours light breezes from the S. E., with a continuation of cloudy weather. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we passed a schooner beating up the coast. We set our ensign, and indicated our wish to speak him, but the unsocial fellow would not shorten sail, and appeared to avoid us. At noon saw a ship running down to the westward. We continued to run along-shore to the northward, and made about 100 miles by the log. At noon our lat. by obs. was $10^{\circ} 29' S.$, long. about $77^{\circ} 50' W.$

Aug. 1st.—At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we saw the land, bearing E. S. E. eight or ten leagues distant. We had light breezes and calm weather and only made ninety-six miles, running down along the land, generally at a distance of ten leagues. Lat. by obs. at noon $9^{\circ} 14' S.$

Aug. 2d.—Light airs from the S. E., and clear, pleasant weather. At 12, midnight, hove to and lay by until 3 A. M., daylight, when we made sail. At 5 in the morning, saw the island of Guanap, bearing S. E. about four miles distant. We then hauled in shore. Brisk breezes at S. E. and fine, clear,

pleasant weather. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the city of Truxillo bore east, and in half an hour afterwards we came to anchor at Guanchaco, in seven fathoms of water; the church at that place bearing E. by N. about a league distant. This is an Indian village situated on the beach, and the seaport of Truxillo. It lies in lat. $8^{\circ} 8'$ S., long. about $79^{\circ} 0'$ west of London.

I should perhaps rather have called Guanchaco the roadstead or anchoring ground of Truxillo, for it certainly cannot properly be called a harbor. It is open to the broad ocean, and has nothing to shelter ships that touch or trade on this part of the coast. The Indians who live in the village of Guanchaco are expert boatmen, and with their own boats transport all the goods and merchandise landed at that port for Truxillo, or exported therefrom. They are perhaps 500 to 800 in number, governed by their own alcalde and under officers, and live almost entirely by boating and fishing. The ships that touch here cannot with any safety use their own boats, and always employ the boats or canoes of the Indians, the surf being too high to venture off and on without the aid of these men, who are almost amphibious. They are trained to swimming from their infancy, and commence with a small "Balsa," in the surf within the reefs, and by degrees, as they grow older and larger venture through the surf, and out upon the broad ocean. These "Balsas" are made of reeds bound firmly together, with a hole near the after end, for one person; the forward end is tapered, and turned up like a skate or a Turkish shoe. Those for children are perhaps from five to eight feet long, and those used by the men generally about ten or twelve, and about as large in circumference as a small-sized barrel. An Indian placed in one of these Balsas with a paddle, bids defiance to the roaring billows and breaking surf. I have seen the men go off through it in one of these reedy boats, when it seemed impossible that a human being could live, and have with great anxiety observed them when a high rolling sea threatened to overwhelm them, watch the approaching roller, duck their heads down close to the reed boat, let the billow pass over them, like a seal or a wild duck, and force their way with perfect confidence

through the surf, where no white man would for a moment dare to venture. One of these men would, for half a dollar, convey a letter from the shore through the surf, to a ship lying at anchor in the Roads, when no boat dare attempt it. I was told that for a small sum of money, one of these Indians would take a valuable piece of silk goods (secured in oiled cloth and fastened round his body) on shore, and deliver it to the owner perfectly dry, even in a dark night. The moment they land, they take up the "Balsa," place it in an upright position in the sun to drain and dry, and thus it is kept ready at a moment's warning for any employment that may offer.

While here, I used sometimes to amuse myself with throwing small pieces of copper coin into the water, to see the Indian boys dive to the bottom and pick them up. I never could learn that any of these Indians were drowned, though the people of Truxillo told us of many accidents, when white men lost their lives in attempting to land in a high surf.

The morning we arrived at Guanchaco, there came in also an English ship from Lima, and anchored near our brig. Very soon after, a large launch, manned with nine Indians, came alongside of us, to take the captains, supercargoes and passengers of both vessels on shore. As there was considerable surf on, great anxiety was expressed by the supercargoes and passengers respecting the safety of landing. I had a conversation with the patroon of the boat, on the subject of landing. He said that if we would commit ourselves entirely into his hands, there was no danger; and that he supposed the gentlemen would be willing to pay half a dollar each, if landed dry and in perfect safety. This we all readily agreed to, and soon started for the shore. I think we were five in number; and as we approached the shore, a few yards outside the surf, the sea was terrific, and breaking "feather white." Some of the gentlemen were in favor of returning, but were soon overruled by the majority. I attentively watched the eye of the patroon, who appeared cool and collected, and, by his manner, inspired me with confidence in his ability to perform what he had undertaken. He requested the gentlemen who feared the result, not to survey the scene, but to lie down in the stern-sheets of the boat,

and thus give him room to manage the boat according to his own judgment. At this moment, I saw a man on the beach, on the watch for a favorable instant for us to pull for the shore. He and our patrol made signals with a handkerchief on a cane. The boat's head was kept off shore until the signal was given and answered, to dash through the surf. In an instant, the boat was wheeled round with her head towards the land, when every man pulled to the utmost of his strength, and in a few minutes we were safe within the breakers. These strong, brave fellows, then took each a passenger on his back, and carried him ashore in great triumph. We were all so sensibly touched with the conduct of these men, that many dollars were voluntarily thrown into their hats and caps; and a thrill of gratitude passed over my mind, that will remain with me till the hour of my death. We call these people savages, and say that they are incapable of great actions. I defy the white man to contend with them in the management of a boat in the surf, on the sea-shore.

The alcalde furnished us with horses, and we were soon on the road to the city of Truxillo, which is pleasantly situated on level ground, about eight or ten miles from the landing at Guanchaco. I think it contained, at this time, about eight or ten thousand inhabitants. There are two or three considerable churches; many of the houses are well built, and have a comfortable appearance. The ground and gardens around the city are well cultivated, and produce an abundance of excellent fruit; and the whole aspect of the town and its vicinity is extremely pleasant. Although this place is located so near the equator, the climate is not uncomfortably warm. There is, however, a great drawback to a residence in this place in the frequency of earthquakes. I was told by some of the most respectable citizens of Truxillo, that the town had been two or three times nearly destroyed by them, and that the great earthquakes were generally periodical—say at intervals of forty years—that some thirty years had now passed away without a very destructive one, and that they had serious fears they should experience another terrible convulsion before many years should elapse.

We found here no sugars or other produce to purchase, nor could we hear of any of consequence in the neighboring towns to leeward. Two vessels from Lima had lately been here, and to the adjacent towns, and bought up all the inhabitants had to dispose of.

After remaining here a few days, my owner and myself returned to Guanchaco, without making any purchases, except some poultry and fruit for sea stores.

On our way back to the landing, we passed over very extensive ruins, which appeared at least two miles in length; they were the remains of clay walls, and various fragments of what had once been an extensive city of the Incas. We saw also a large mound near Guanchaco. It was 50 to 80 feet high, and, perhaps, from 150 to 200 feet long. These mounds were no doubt made by the ancient Peruvians, and are found all along this coast. Some of them are very high and large, others quite small. I have seen a great variety of Indian relics, that were dug out from these mounds, such as earthen drinking vessels, made to resemble cats, dogs, monkeys, and other animals; others, again, were made exactly to resemble a fish, with a handle on its back, and its mouth open to drink from. These articles were well executed, and of very fine clay. The present race of Peruvians are altogether incapable of manufacturing any thing of the kind equal to these ancient Indian relics. I have no doubt, if these mounds were fairly excavated, that a great variety of valuable Indian relics could be found, which are now hidden from the world.

We arrived at the landing on Thursday, Aug. 8th, in the afternoon, found too much surf on the beach to attempt going on board until the next morning, and as there was no hotel or tavern in Guanchaco, took up our abode for the night with the alcalde or chief magistrate of the village. This person was an intelligent Indian, who had in early life made several voyages to Manilla, and appeared familiar with all parts of the western coast of Peru. He seemed to be a sensible, judicious person, and managed and governed the people of Guanchaco in a quiet, paternal manner. During the evening, he entertained us with a narration of his voyages from Peru to the Philippine

Islands, when Peru was a colony of Spain. He also related to us many anecdotes of his race, the ancient and rightful owners of this blood-stained soil.

The high mounds all along this part of the coast appear to be monuments of their wrongs and sufferings, and call to mind the days when Pizarro, with his band of merciless adventurers, sacrificed thousands and tens of thousands of these innocent worshippers of the sun, robbed them of their gold, and finally despoiled them of home and country. Even to the present day, these poor people are not exempt from severe persecutions in the way of taxation and oppression. They are now forcibly taken from their quiet homes to fill the ranks led by military chiefs, and thus compelled to mingle in the deadly strife of contending parties. Whether the one or the other governs, it is to them only a change of masters, for they cannot be supposed to feel any interest for, or sympathy with, either of them. And thus it has ever been in this wicked and unjust world—the strong triumph over and oppress the weak.

When the Spaniards under the command of Pizarro overran and conquered Peru in 1554, the capital of the great Inca was Cuzco. Here he resided in princely magnificence, and was almost worshipped by his subjects. Notwithstanding his great distance from the ocean, some seventy or eighty leagues, the story is common throughout this part of the country, that he was in the habit of eating fresh fish for his dinner daily taken from the sea. The order of proceedings was as follows. As soon as the fish were caught, they were placed in a basket and handed to a runner, who conveyed them some ten or fifteen miles and then committed them to the care of another, who gave them to a third, and so on to the capital. In this way the distance was soon traversed.

This mode of transportation is still prevalent in the mountainous parts of Peru. The runners are principally Indians. They carry the mails, and convey from one point to another, valuable and important articles of every description.

The good alcalde had supper prepared for us, and placed mattresses and blankets on the tables for Mr. B. and myself.

Previous to retiring to rest I took a stroll round the house, and saw, beneath a shed or back piazza, three of the alcalde's children, little boys, I should judge, between three and ten years old, lying asleep on a raw, dry bullock's hide, covered only with another. The air was chilly, and it struck me at the moment as inhuman treatment to expose children thus to the open air without other covering than a raw hide. I immediately inquired of our friendly host why he thus exposed them. His answer was, that it was their general custom to harden and give them good constitutions; that he himself was brought up in the same manner; and being thus inured to the cold while young, they felt no inconvenience from it in after life.

In the morning, the sea was smooth, and the surf not bad. After taking leave of the polite and friendly alcalde, we left Guanchaco in the Indian launch, got safe on board, and at 3 o'clock on the 9th of August, weighed anchor and made sail for Payta.

After getting our anchor on board, we found the stock broken in two pieces, and thus rendered unfit for use. We steered to the westward along shore with a fresh S. E. trade-wind and pleasant weather. Through the night we had moderate breezes and a continuation of fine weather. At 5 o'clock in the morning, daylight, saw the islands of Lobos de Mer and Lobos de Terra, bearing S. W., three leagues distant. They are of moderate height, and without trees or cultivation. Towards noon, the winds became light, inclining to a calm. Lat. by obs. $6^{\circ} 32' S.$, long. about $81^{\circ} W.$

On the 10th, we had light winds and fine weather, and made but little progress on our course during the day, still steering down along shore with the land in sight.

Aug. 11th.—This day, like the last, commenced with light airs and calm, warm weather. At 8 P. M., Point de Ajuga bore E., two leagues distant. At daylight, saw Point de Payta, bearing N. E., eight leagues distant; at 8, got near the Point, and steered up the bay of Payta. At 11, a breeze sprung up from the S. E., when we ran up the bay and came to anchor at noon, in nine fathoms of water, directly opposite the town. We had little or no cargo to dispose of, and as there was no freight

to be obtained, we remained here only twenty-four hours, and got ready for sea.

Payta is situated on a fine bay of the same name, and is the principal seaport of Puira, a very considerable town in the interior, some ten or fifteen leagues distant from this place.

The town of Payta is located very near the beach, and the whole surrounding country, for some miles distant, is a barren, sandy desert, not even affording fresh water. The inhabitants are supplied with this article, brought from a little river running into the head of the bay, at a distance of six or eight miles. The town probably contains about 1,500 to 2,000 inhabitants of all colors; a great portion, however, are Indians, and a mixture of the Spanish and Indian races.

The houses are generally built of cane and straw, with thatched roofs. It is a very healthy place, and the people, who are generally poor, live to a great age. It lies in lat. $5^{\circ} 3'$ S., long. 81° W. of London, and is one of the best harbors on the western coast of Peru. It is a great resort for American and English whale ships. The bay of Payta is large and clean; and, I believe, the whalers send their boats to the little river at its head, and soon get a bountiful supply of pure, wholesome water; at the same time, the ships are safe and quiet while they remain in this capacious bay.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th, with a fine, fresh S. E. trade-wind, we sailed out of this bay, bound for Guayaquil. At 6 P. M., got abreast of Point de Parina, about a league off shore; at the same time saw Cape Blanco bearing N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., twenty-four miles distant. During the night we had fresh breezes, with a little rain. At 6 A. M., saw the land bearing from S. W. to N. E., five or six leagues distant. Lat. by obs. at noon, $3^{\circ} 37'$ S. At this time Point Los Picos bore S. E., distant about four leagues.

August 13th.—This day commenced with light airs from the south, with very warm weather. At 4 P. M., passed near the American whale ship *Rosalie*, of Warren, R. I., which was lying at anchor near Tumbes. This ship had been thirteen months absent from the United States, and had only taken 200 barrels of oil.

At 8 P. M., we came to anchor in five fathoms of water, near the mouth of the Tumbes river, the small Island of Santa Clara bearing N. by W., distant about four leagues. Light wind at N. E. Here we lay at anchor all night.

August 14th.—This day commenced with light breezes from the N. E. and fine weather. At 8 A. M., got under way with a light wind from the N. W. by N. The tide now commenced making up the river, which enabled us to gain ground, beating up with its assistance until noon, when the wind became more favorable, from the W. S. W. At 3 P. M., got abreast of the west end of the Island of Puna; pleasant breezes and fine weather.

At 7 P. M., we came to anchor in four and a half fathoms of water; the east end of Puna then bearing N. N. W., four leagues distant. It being dark, and having no pilot on board, I judged it imprudent to make sail, and therefore remained at anchor during the night.

August 15th.—This day commenced with clear, pleasant weather, with light winds and variable. At six A. M., received a pilot on board, at 8 got under way with the flood tide and stood up the river, which had now become more narrow, but was still deep and not difficult to ascend. The banks along the river, on both sides, are low; but the land rises as you recede from the river into the interior to immense mountains, many of which are volcanic. We continued to beat up the stream, and at 6 P. M., just before dark, came to anchor in the river opposite the city of Guayaquil in six fathoms of water, a short quarter of a mile off the town.

It is about forty miles from Guayaquil to the Island of Puna, where the river pilots reside, and it is at this place that the river fairly commences, for below Puna it may more properly be called a wide bay or gulf opening into the sea.

We found lying at Guayaquil some fifteen or twenty sail of vessels of different nations, four or five of which were American ships and brigs, among them the ship *Canton*, of New York, and the brig *Canton*, of Boston. The names of the others I do not now recollect.

After lying here a few days, undecided what to do with or

how to employ the brig, my owner, on the 22d of August, sold his vessel, for \$14,000, to John O'Sullivan, Esq., captain and supercargo of the ship *Canton*. Captain O'Sullivan gave the command of the brig to Lieutenant, now Captain Hudson, of the U. S. Navy.

Lieutenant Hudson was, at that period, an active, vigilant young officer and a good seaman. From that time to the present date, 1858, he has been gradually rising in his profession, and almost constantly employed in active service. He was second in command with Captain Wilkes in the Exploring Expedition in the Southern hemisphere, in which service he acquired great éclat as a meritorious officer. Last year, he was selected by the government to command the United States Frigate "Niagara," to lay the telegraphic cable between England and the United States.* Captain Hudson has risen to distinction entirely by his own merit, is highly beloved and esteemed by all who know him in his native place, Brooklyn, New York, and it is with sincere pleasure that the author of these Voyages ranks Captain H. as one of his personal friends.

Captain O'Sullivan loaded the *Canton* in this port for a voyage to Upper Peru. At this time there were lying at Guayaquil two large Calcutta ships, with cargoes of Indian goods.

From these ships, Captain O'Sullivan purchased the greater part of a cargo for the *Dick*. The balance was made up of cocoa, and a few other articles. Myself, officers and crew, were paid off, and left the vessel in charge of the new owners.

I was anxious to return home to New York, and of course did not regret being sold out of employment. I had long been acquainted with Captain O'Sullivan, and was glad to meet him here. I also met with another acquaintance in the person of Francis Coffin, Esq., supercargo of the brig *Canton*.

Mr. C. got a fine freight of cocoa for Cadiz. I think it amounted to \$17,500. I was glad to have good fortune attend him, as he was, and is, if alive, an honorable, gentlemanly man, of sterling worth and high integrity.

* Capt. Hudson was despatched a second time, for the same purpose, this year, and on the 5th of August, 1858, while this volume is passing through the press, arrived in the Niagara at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, after successfully laying his half of the telegraphic cable. By this act he has perpetuated his name to the latest posterity.

I was now living on shore, anxiously waiting a passage for Panama, to return home across the Isthmus. Captain O'Sullivan had with him three or four young gentlemen, belonging to New York. These young men joined the ship *Canton*, in New York, as ordinary seamen, but not liking a sea life were anxious to return home. Captain O'Sullivan gave two of them liberty to leave the ship, but would not supply them with money. He told me, however, that if I thought proper to take them along with me, that he had no doubt their friends in New York would refund the money I should expend in paying their passages back to the United States. As they were here destitute, I consented to take them, pay their passages and other necessary expenses to New York, and rely upon the honor of their families to refund me the amount when we should arrive there.

After waiting a few days, we heard of a small coasting vessel which was shortly to leave this place for Panama. She was a full-rigged brig, of about twenty-five tons burthen, with a captain, boatswain, and eight men before the mast. A vessel of the same size in the United States would have been sloop-rigged, and provided with a captain, one man and a boy. In this vessel I agreed for a passage to Panama for myself and my two young American friends. This brig was called *Los dos Hermanos*. There were two other (Guayaquil gentlemen) passengers, besides myself and the before-named young men, who agreed to sleep on deck; as I paid one hundred dollars for my passage, I was supplied with a berth in the cabin, if it deserved the name, for, in fact, it was more like a dog's kennel than a cabin. It had no windows or sky-light, was nearly filled with bags and boxes, had only two berths, and no table. The two passengers belonging to Guayaquil occupied one of the berths, and I the other.

Guayaquil lies in lat. $2^{\circ} 12' S.$, long. $79^{\circ} 42' W.$, and is about one hundred and fifty miles to the southward of Quito. The city of Guayaquil lies on the right bank of the river, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants; and, although built of wood, a great portion of the houses are large, comfortable and well adapted to the climate. Several of the public buildings are

spacious and firmly built, with tiled roofs, among which are the custom-house, college, and hospital. The city is located on low, level ground, and, of course, difficult to drain, which, at certain seasons of the year, renders it very unhealthy. The educated classes of society are polite and hospitable. The ladies dress in good taste, and are decidedly the handsomest women on the western coast of this continent; in fact, the beauty of the Guayaquil ladies is proverbial. The lower classes are a desperate looking race. They are a mixture of the Spaniard, Indian and Negro, and appear ripe for any kind of villany or disorder.

The principal wealth of Guayaquil proceeds from the cultivation of cocoa, which is their staple article. They also export timber, boards, hides and some tobacco. The cocoa plantations lie on both sides of the river for several miles above the city. It is brought to Guayaquil upon floating rafts of light, buoyant wood, called in this country Balzas, which are in general use for all kinds of transportation. Many of the poorer classes live upon them. They float up and down the river with perfect ease and safety. In them the cocoa is taken on board of the ships that load here. On these Balzas they erect tents and awnings, and thus protect themselves and their cargoes from the sun and rain. Along the river, and thence down to the sea-coast, the land is very flat, and in the rainy seasons a great portion of the low grounds are inundated; consequently, the inhabitants in such places build their houses on large timbers, or posts, some eight or ten feet above the ground, and find it necessary to have ladders to get into them. When flooded in the rainy seasons, they pass from house to house in boats.

In this warm latitude, where the sun is nearly vertical, the weather is generally very hot, and the vegetation extremely luxuriant and rank; consequently none but those born and reared in this climate can reside in these low lands on the banks of the rivers and creeks, with any degree of safety.

To the eastward, some ten or fifteen leagues in the interior, you behold lofty mountains rising one above another, until at last the eye rests on the majestic Chimborazo. There it stands,

a mountain on the top of other mountains, terminating in a lofty, sugar-loaf, snow-capped peak, alone, in its own grand and unrivalled sublimity; and although some seventy-five or eighty miles from Guayaquil, appears as though it were within a very short distance. This grand sight, however, is not an every-day occurrence. On the contrary, one may remain at Guayaquil for several days, and even weeks, without getting a good view of the peak. When the clouds are dispelled, you behold the whole mountain, from the base to the top, in all its beauty and grandeur. The sight of this sublime object richly rewards the traveller for the expense and privation of coming to this country.

While I remained here the weather was extremely warm, and one can easily imagine that to be supplied with ice and ice-cream must have been a most acceptable luxury, and so we found it. As often as once or twice a week, I saw a flag hoisted at a favorite café, as a signal for ice and ice-cream for sale, announcing at the same time that some one had arrived from the mountains in the interior with a supply of ice, which was soon converted into excellent cream.

Guayaquil is supplied with great quantities of excellent fruit, common to tropical regions. Pine-apples are very abundant and cheap, as are oranges, bananas and plantains. Water and musk melons are also cheap and plenty. The beef and mutton, as in most other hot climates, are indifferent, and the beef appears even worse than it otherwise would do, in consequence of the slovenly manner of cutting it up. They do not dress it as in other countries, but tear and cut the flesh from off the bone of the animal in strings, and sell it by the yard or "vara." As this is the first and only place in which I ever bought beef by the yard, I thought it worthy of notice in my narrative.

About noon, on the 31st of August, the captain of the brig "*Los dos Hermanos*" sent me word that he was ready for sea, and wished all his passengers to repair on board forthwith. Not having much baggage to look after, I took leave of the few friends I had in Guayaquil, and hurried on board. On our way

to the brig, we passed through the market, and purchased a large quantity of fruit for sea-stores. Among other things, I purchased some twenty or thirty large water-melons, which I found preferable to every kind of fruit. I never shall forget how gratefully refreshing we found them on a hot, calm morning, under a vertical sun, with the thermometer at 85° above zero.

We did not leave the town until 3 o'clock in the afternoon; and, as the wind was light and variable, we drifted slowly down the river with the ebb tide, until about 10, when it became quite dark, and we anchored for the night. Here again I was pleased with what to me was a novel occurrence. Far away to the eastward, in the interior, I saw a great light and innumerable sparks of fire, which illuminated the sky, so as to render the scene vivid and beautiful. Upon inquiry, I found it was a burning volcano, at a great distance in the interior. It appeared to be some thirty or forty miles distant, while it was, in fact, perhaps fifty leagues off.

The next morning, at daylight, September 1st, we got under way, and made a short cut to the sea, through a passage to the northward of the island of Puna. Our brig drew very little water, and we were therefore able to pass through small rivers and creeks where larger vessels dare not venture.

I soon discovered that our captain was a vain, ignorant, superstitious man, and knew nothing of navigation. Fortunately for us, however, our *contramaestre*, or boatswain, was a good seaman and an excellent pilot. He was a native of Old Spain, and though deficient in education, was a discreet, respectable man. He disciplined and managed the crew, and left little or nothing for the captain to do, but eat, drink, smoke and sleep. The man was only an apology for a captain, and was in the habit of following the land along shore on his voyages between Guayaquil and Panama: whereas, in lieu of making a straight course, he prolonged his passage to double the number of days necessary. I had with me a quadrant and many charts of the western coast, from Guayaquil to Panama, on a large scale, and politely pointed out to him the true and straight course. I say politely, for I have ever found, that with the ignorant and su-

perstitious of all nations, the greatest possible caution and delicacy must be observed when advising them, otherwise their self-love and jealousy take fire, and they become your enemies.

This vulgar captain at first inclined to adhere to his own opinion,—said he had navigated this part of the coast for many years, and always with success, and was afraid of sudden changes. His countrymen, the two passengers, however, fell in with me, and persuaded him to follow my advice, and endeavor to shorten the distance of the passage. The two passengers alluded to were merchants, or shop-keepers, who visited Panama occasionally to purchase and sell goods, and on their way up and down, used to touch at a small place called Monte Christi, to trade, and to this place we were now bound on our way to Panama.

There were five passengers,—making, with officers and crew, a total of fifteen souls on board the "*Dos Hermanos*"—all of whom lived on deck, night and day, except the two Guayaquil traders and myself. The contramaestre had the entire management of the vessel, and appeared to be always on the watch, both by night and day. The sailors were not divided into watches, as is the custom on board of vessels of other nations, but all slept in the long-boat on deck, on a dry ox-hide, with another spread over them. Whenever it was necessary to make or take in sail, they were all called; and when the work was done, all lay down to sleep again. They appeared to work with alacrity, and were always ready to obey the boatswain without grumbling. We had been out but a few days before we encountered much hot, rainy weather. At these times our situation, in the little hole of a cabin, was deplorable. When it rained violently, a large tarpaulin was spread over the companion-way to keep the cabin dry. On such occasions, particularly in the night, the captain and the deck-passengers would crawl in for shelter, and I was often obliged to leave my berth, and struggle through the crowd to get a little air at the door to prevent suffocation.

We were provided with only two meals a day; the first, called breakfast, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, was taken always on deck. This meal was either a fricassee or puchero,

with bread and a little common, low Catalonia wine. The other meal we generally had at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and it was composed of about the same in quality, served up in one large dish placed in the centre of the quarter-deck. Our polite captain always helped himself first, and then advised everybody to do the same. The food of the sailors on the main-deck consisted of plantain and charque or dried beef. Thus situated, we passed some days, creeping along at a snail's pace, and making but little progress on our course, with variable winds, and very hot, calm weather.

On Sunday, Sept. 5th, at daylight in the morning, we ran into the little bay of Monte Christi, and came to anchor very near the shore, in three fathoms of water.

This is a clean little bay, with a fine sand beach, and a few small houses, called ranchos, at the landing. The town of Monte Christi is located three or four miles inland from the port, in an easterly direction. This lonely little harbor lies in lat. $1^{\circ} 1'$ S., long. $80^{\circ} 32'$ W. of London. It was quite destitute of shipping, there being no vessel there except our little brig. We procured horses from the rancheros at the landing, and soon galloped over a pleasant road, to the town. It being Sunday morning, the whole town, or as the French say, "tout le monde," were decked out in their holiday dresses. Our captain and the two Guayaquil traders had planned a great deal of business for the day, and were very impatient to attend mass, that they might proceed to its execution afterwards. Accordingly, we left our horses at a poor little posada, and then hurried to the church. I went with them near the door, and after having excused myself for leaving them, took a stroll about the town. Everybody appeared to be on the move towards the church, arrayed in gaudy dresses, of bright red and yellow colors. These simple people seemed as fond of displaying their gay attire as children decked out in their holiday suits.

After a little survey of the town, I entered a house for some water, when the following dialogue occurred between the master of the house and myself. After presenting me with a chair and giving me a welcome reception, he said, "I suppose you landed this morning from the brigantine, on your way to

Panama?" "Yes, I did so," I replied. "The captain and the passengers have all gone to mass, how is it that you did not go also—are you not a Christian?" I answered I was, but having a very imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, I preferred walking about the town. I then took the same liberty with him, and inquired why he did not go. He replied that he attended early mass, and was always very attentive to his religious duties. He then questioned me on the religious faith and belief of my countrymen in England. I told him I was not from that country, but from North America. He then called me an *Anglo Americano*, and seemed to have a confused idea that we were the descendants of the English, lived in a distant region of which very little was known, and inquired whether our belief and faith was the same as that of the English; that he had always been told that they were all heretics and unbelievers. I told him the religion of the two countries was about the same, that neither of them were heretics or unbelievers. He expressed great surprise, and then asked me if we believed in "*el Padre et Hijo y el Espiritu Santo.*" On my answering him in the affirmative, he appeared still more astonished, and said, then he had always been greatly deceived, that he had from his childhood been told by the priests and friars that the English were all infidels, and did not believe in the Trinity, nor yet in the "Holy Mother of God, the pure and holy Virgin Mary." I then told him there was certainly a great difference between the belief of his countrymen and mine, on the subject of worship due to the Virgin Mary, and holy reverence to a great many saints, but that the greater part of the churches, both in England and North America, professed to believe in the Trinity. He appeared very well satisfied with my explanation, said he had no doubt we had been misrepresented and slandered; and that he would inquire further into the subject from the first intelligent Englishman he should meet.

While I am on this subject, I will relate an anecdote that occurred one evening at the lodgings of Captain O'Sullivan, while I was at Guayaquil. Among other questions, the mistress of the house, a middle-aged, good looking lady, asked me whether there were any Jews in my country. I told her there

were many. She then asked me what they looked like, and whether they had tails. I was for a moment surprised, thought she was jesting, and hardly knew how to answer,—when she observed, that she had always been told that Jews were strange-looking creatures, and had long tails like cows hanging down behind them. She said she came to Guayaquil about two years before, from a village in the interior of Colombia, and that from her infancy she had been always told by the priests, that Jews had tails, and were odious, frightful-looking creatures. I was astonished at her simple ignorance, for she was not one of the lower order, but a woman of polite manners, and spoke the Spanish language with ease and grace.

I have related these two incidents from a thousand other similar ones, that have come under my observation while travelling about South America, not with a view of exposing the ignorance of these honest, simple-hearted people, as objects of ridicule, but to hold up to the world the wickedness of these vile priests and friars, who delude and darken the minds of unfortunate beings, who are the subjects of their cunning priestcraft. In the United States, we abhor the military despot who enslaves and chains the body; but is not the man who darkens and enslaves the mind, ten times more guilty than the military despot? I can overlook with some degree of patience a great many faults and superstitious prejudices in the uneducated and ignorant, but have very little patience or charity for these vile leaders of the blind, who know better than to prey upon the ignorance and credulity of their fellow-men, either in matters of church or state. The wicked policy of keeping mankind in ignorance, in order to profit by their want of knowledge, cannot but excite the indignation of all those who love their fellow-men.

Monte Christi is situated on an undulating surface, moderately high, with one considerable church located on rising ground, in the centre of the town, which probably contains about 1,500 inhabitants. The houses are generally one story high, and built of sun-dried brick; some, however, are two stories, and have tile roofs.

The weather here is so hot that the inhabitants keep within

doors during the middle of the day. In the evening it becomes cool and pleasant. This town and its vicinity, like most other places near the equator, are subject to periodical wet and dry seasons. During the heavy rains, many of the people remove to the hills, taking their cattle and other domestic animals along with them; and at the commencement of the dry season, return to their former habitations. I understood that the dry seasons last from December to April, and the wet during the rest of the year.

My stay here was so short that I could collect but little reliable information on the state of the country. I found the people generally a mixed breed of Spaniard, Indian and Mulatto.

Our captain and the two Guayaquil traders, after mass on the day of our arrival here, arranged their commercial affairs with the principal shop-keepers of the town, and when we had partaken of a tolerable dinner at the little *posada*, we all mounted our horses about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and returned to the port. Here we landed several bags of cocoa, and sundry boxes of merchandise; and took on board some dry hides, and eight or ten bags of dollars; and after renewing our sea-stores of plantain and live-stock, got under way just before dark, and steered out of the bay on our course for Panama.

I learned from the two Guayaquil traders, that they were in the habit of leaving goods with the shop-keepers at Monte Christi, to dispose of for their account, and always stopped on their way up and down from Panama to Guayaquil, to receive the amount of what they had sold, either in money or the produce of the country. I was surprised at the amount of the cargo and money transported in this trifling little craft. One of these gentlemen told me there were about thirty thousand dollars on board of our little brig, besides other valuable articles, which we were now taking to Panama, to pay debts and purchase merchandise for Guayaquil and the western coast of Colombia.

I am thus minute on the subject of this small trading vessel, to show that although a craft of this description would not be considered capable or safe to make a sea voyage along the coast

of the States, here, the mild winds and smooth seas do not endanger almost any kind of vessel that will float, whilst trading along the coast between Guayaquil and Panama.

During the night, there was a pleasant little breeze from off the land, and the next day, we had light and variable winds, with fine weather. At noon, I amused myself, while sailing along shore, by taking a meridian observation; and it so happened that the sun was vertical, or directly over head, and I could therefore sweep his image with the quadrant all round the horizon, and fully realize that we were on the equator, and consequently in no latitude. Our longitude at this time was about $80^{\circ} 00'$ W. from London.

We continued to have light and variable winds, with occasional showers, for several days after crossing the equator. The weather during the daytime was generally very warm, and we had little or nothing to screen us from the rays of the sun, in this small and very uncomfortable vessel. Our captain was an ignorant, ill-bred man, and took no pains to secure the comfort or convenience of his passengers;—these evils rendered the time extremely tedious. We had, however, got about three degrees to the northward of the line, and were now making a pretty straight course for Panama. By the persuasion of the passengers and myself, our captain consented to steer boldly on our course to the northward, and not follow the land along the whole length of Choco Bay, as he was inclined to do. He had neither chart nor quadrant on board, and, upon reflection, I was not surprised that he should not venture far out of sight of terra firma. The contramaestre was a good seaman, and an excellent fellow; and frankly acknowledged that he knew nothing of navigation, though he was well acquainted with the land, and could navigate up and down the coast almost by instinct. As we increased our latitude to the northward, the winds gradually freshened, and we got on without any material accident.

On the morning of the 16th of September, 1822, we made Point St. Francisco Solano, and the land to the eastward of the entrance of the Bay of Panama. Point St. Francisco Solano is a prominent headland, and lies in lat. $6^{\circ} 49'$ N., long. $77^{\circ} 47'$ W.

We steered up to the northward, keeping in sight of the land on the eastern side of the bay, and found the coast clear and easy to navigate. During the night the wind was light. The next day we made several islands lying in this beautiful bay,—and as the weather was fine and the sea smooth, it was very pleasant sailing among them. We steered to the northward, and now saw the land on both sides of the bay. On passing the islands, we saw several men in boats employed in catching pearl oysters. The shells, I believe, are here of not much value, though considerable quantities are occasionally shipped from Panama to England.

The next day, Sept. 18th, we came to anchor off the town of Panama, in a few minutes after went on shore, and for ever bade adieu to our captain and the brig *Los dos Hermanos*.

I was, of course, delighted to get on shore at Panama; but not a little disappointed to find the city so badly supplied with hotels. Although there were two or three tolerable cafés, where one could get something to eat and drink, still, I believe, there was not a good hotel in the place. I was told that the best way of living there, was to hire a room or two, and then get a black woman to cook. I accordingly hired a few rooms for myself and my two young friends, and engaged a black woman to dress our food and keep the rooms in order. In this way we got along tolerably well, and without any great expense.

To my satisfaction, I met here captain John Brown, of the schooner *Freemason*, of Baltimore. This schooner was lying at Chagrés, and Captain Brown expected to sail for the Havana in about a fortnight. I engaged a passage with him for myself and the two young gentlemen who came with me from Guayaquil.

The *Freemason* was the only American vessel lying at Chagrés; and we deemed ourselves fortunate in meeting with so good an opportunity to return to the United States, by way of the Havana.

Captain Brown soon introduced me to his consignee, J. B. Ferand, Esq., the American consul at this place. I found Mr. F. a polite, obliging man, and, to me, a kind friend.

As it was quite healthy at Panama, and very sickly at Chagrés, I concluded to remain in the former city until the *Freemason* was ready for sea; and not having any business to do, had sufficient leisure to walk about the town and its precincts, and view the Key of the Isthmus, as Panama is sometimes called.

The city of Panama lies at the head of a fine, broad bay, of the same name, sprinkled with islands which shelter the harbor, and beautify the surrounding scenery. It lies in lat. $8^{\circ} 59'$ N., long. $79^{\circ} 22'$ W.; and, like most other towns built by the Spaniards, is strongly walled and tolerably well fortified. It belongs to the republic of Colombia, and contains about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are generally regular—and many of the houses commodious and well built. Some of the public buildings are large and substantial, particularly the cathedral and several convents, and also the college. The college of the Jesuits, however, is now but a ruin. The environs of the town are pleasant, and the grounds in the neighborhood tolerably well cultivated. It was once a great place for trade, but had, during the last twenty or thirty years, gradually declined in its commerce. There was, however, some little business still carried on; and should a canal or a railroad be constructed across the Isthmus, Panama will revive again. The natural position of the city is excellent—and it will, in my opinion, at some future day, become a place of considerable importance.

The tide rises here to a great height—I do not recollect precisely how many feet—at the full and change of the moon, but as near as I can remember, some eighteen or twenty feet. Large vessels anchor at a considerable distance from the town, and lie afloat at low water; the small coasting vessels anchor close in near the walls of the city, and consequently lie on the mud at low tide. The inner harbor is quite dry; the sand and mud flats extend off to a great distance, which at low tide give to the harbor an unpleasant aspect; but at the flood, it rises rapidly; the mud and sand banks are soon covered, and the whole scene is agreeably changed from dreary banks to a living sheet of healthful salt water.

It often struck me while strolling about this town, how admirably it was situated for a great commercial city ; with a wide and extensive coast—one may even say, from Cape Horn to Behring's Straits, with innumerable islands in the vast Pacific Ocean—with an open and easy navigation to China, over a sea so mild and gentle, that it might almost be traversed in an open boat. All these facilities are open to this town on the Pacific ; and when we add to these its capacities of a general commerce on the Atlantic Ocean to Europe, the United States and the West Indies, its location surpasses every other on the face of the globe. And now, what is necessary to bring about this great result ? I answer—a just and good government, with a few enterprising capitalists, and five hundred young men from New England to give the impetus. *Whalemen*, merchant ships trading to China, coasting brigs, schooners, sloops and steamboats, would spring up like mushrooms ; and in a few years this place would become one of the greatest commercial emporiums on the globe. A practical, intelligent merchant, acquainted with the commerce of the world, will see by a glance at the map, that I have stated nothing respecting it either unreal or extravagant.

A few days before we left Panama, Captain Brown made an arrangement with the municipal government of this place, or perhaps with an agent of the republic of Colombia, to take as passengers about eighty Spanish prisoners and their colonel, from Chagrés to the Havana, and also a Colombian officer, by the name of Barientes (I think he was a major), to take charge of the business as commissioner.

These Spanish prisoners, I understood, capitulated at Quito, on conditions that they should leave the country, and be sent to the Havana in a neutral vessel, at the expense of the Spanish government. The Colombian government agreed to furnish them with provisions, and pay Captain Brown a certain sum to land them at the Havana ; I think it was about \$1800 or \$2000. This money was paid in advance at Chagrés.

Captain Brown had now so far accomplished his business that I began to make my arrangements to leave Panama ; and for that purpose, hired a guide and five mules to transport Messrs. B. C. and A. D., my two young American friends, my-

self, and our baggage, to Cruces. For the guide and the five mules, I paid forty-two dollars ; and after remaining at Panama fourteen days, on the 2d of October, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we left the city for Cruces. We travelled slowly along,—myself and the two young men mounted on the riding mules (the other two were loaded with our baggage), the guide generally walking, in order to pick the best of the road and take care of the animals. He, however, rode occasionally on one of the baggage mules. The road for three or four miles after leaving the city was tolerably good, or rather the different foot-paths, for I saw nothing like a road on the whole route from Panama to Cruces. From Panama to the foot of the hills, a distance of about five or six miles, there is a gradual elevation, and nothing to prevent making a good road at a small expense.

We passed over this part of the way rather pleasantly, and just before dark took up our abode for the night in a miserable posada, where neither a bed nor any thing eatable could be obtained. I got liberty to spread my mattress on the floor,—my young friends had each a blanket with them, and we all lay down in the same room ; and, though badly accommodated, were glad to get shelter for the night.

At daylight, our guide called us to mount the mules and make the best of our way. Our bedding was soon rolled up, and packed on one of the animals ; and we resumed our journey over one of the worst roads I ever travelled—up and down hill, through mud-holes, and over stony ground. Sometimes we met with large boulders lying in the mud and sand, that had been washed out of the earth and not removed. Over these stones, many of which were the size of a barrel, we were obliged to pass. At other times the mules would mire above their knees, in passing through a deep slough. After getting through a low spot of mud and water, the next turn would bring us to a cut in the rocks, just wide enough for a loaded mule to pass. These passes are frequently made through the solid rocks ; and, as they have probably been used a century and a half, the mules' feet have worn large holes, and these are generally filled with water, so that the poor animals, whether going through the mud, slough, or rocky pass, have a difficult task to perform.

On the way, we frequently met with men carrying valuable goods on their backs to and from Panama and Cruces. Almost all fragile and valuable goods are conveyed across the Isthmus by porters: such as China and glassware, clocks, and other merchandise. Coarser and heavier goods are transported by mules. During the day, we occasionally saw huts and small ranchos along the road-side, mostly inhabited by a miserable, sickly-looking set of creatures—a mixed breed of the Spaniard, Indian and negro.

There is very little cultivation of the soil. The hills and valleys are generally well wooded and watered, but in a wild, savage state; and the people that vegetate here live by raising cattle, pigs, and poultry, and are extremely filthy and ignorant. The porters that convey goods on their backs from Cruces to Panama, are paid, I was told, from five to six dollars each way. The labor, however, is extremely severe; and none but the most hardy can long endure it.

We could get scarcely any thing to eat on the road, did not arrive at Cruces until late in the afternoon, and then very much worn down with fatigue. Although the distance from Panama to Cruces is only twenty-one miles, the journey is tedious from the badness of the roads.

Cruces is an inconsiderable town, consisting of some eighty or a hundred small houses, lying on the west bank of the river Chagrés, about fifty miles above its mouth, at the head of navigation. The houses are one story high, and generally built of wood, with thatched roofs. The ground, on which the town is situated, is pretty level, and about twenty feet above the river. We found here comfortable accommodations, and had a good night's rest, after the fatigue of a long day's ride.

The next morning, the weather being fine, I walked about the town. The inhabitants are generally shopkeepers and boatmen, with a small proportion of mechanics. As Captain Brown was still in Panama, I was in no hurry to push on, being told that this place was more healthy and pleasant than Chagrés. His clerk, a young Spanish gentleman, whose name was Francisco, joined us here, and was a friendly, polite young man, and very companionable. During the day, I hired a boat, or rather

a large canoe, and four men to take us down to Chagrés; we were to furnish our own stores. The canoes on this river are very large and long. They are made by hollowing out a solid tree of Spanish cedar. Some of them carry over one hundred half-barrels of flour. Whole barrels are rarely brought to Chagrés, owing to the difficulty of transporting them from Cruces to Panama. The canoe I hired for myself and the three other passengers was of middle size, and the price agreed upon to take us down was thirteen dollars. After having purchased stores for the passage, we got a good dinner, and remained at Cruces until near sunset, when we embarked.

The canoes have hoops of bamboo bent over the after part of the craft, which are covered with water-tight awnings so that the passengers are sheltered from the sun by day, and the dews and rain by night. With our mattresses and blankets spread in the stern-sheets, we managed to sleep pretty well during the night. The river is not very wide, but generally deep and extremely crooked, and runs down very rapidly. I should think it from a quarter to half a mile wide. Its banks are generally abrupt, and from thirty to fifty feet high. Near the river, the wood is frequently cleared off, with now and then a little village or a few small plantations; but, receding a mile or two from the river, it appears like a vast forest, and a suitable habitation for wild beasts. In these jungles, one would imagine they could remain undisturbed by the slothful race of men who inhabit the Isthmus. The trees here grow to an enormous size, and vegetation is rank and green all the year round.

Our lazy boatmen knew that we were not in a hurry, and therefore let the canoe drift down the stream pretty much all night, without rowing. Early in the morning, we stopped at a small village, and bought some eggs and milk for breakfast; after remaining here about an hour, we pulled slowly down with the current. Soon after mid-day, we brought up again at a small landing-place, purchased a few trifling articles, and took our dinner under the shade of a fine, large, old tree on the bank of the river. This was on the 5th of October, and, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we re-embarked, and pulled down for our port of destination. At night-fall, it became dark and

foggy, and we did not reach Chagrés until nine o'clock in the evening. As there was no hotel on shore, we went directly to the vessel, and had scarcely got on board, and taken out our baggage, before it commenced raining, and continued to pour in torrents during the whole night. From ten o'clock till midnight we had loud peals of thunder, and vivid lightning. At daylight, it ceased raining, but there was a dense vapor-like fog until about nine o'clock in the morning, when the sun shone out, and, as there was not a breath of wind, it was extremely hot and uncomfortable, and the exhalations were so dense and bad, that we found it difficult to breathe the foul atmosphere. This was on the 6th of October. Chagrés is a small, insignificant village, lying on low, wet ground, along the eastern bank of the river's mouth, in lat. $9^{\circ} 21' N.$, long. $80^{\circ} 4' W.$ of London. To the windward, or eastern entrance of the river, is a point of land, of moderate height, projecting somewhat into the sea, and forming a shelter for vessels lying at anchor in the mouth of the river, which here widens so as to form a sort of harbor; this, together with the bar at the entrance, renders it a safe port from all gales of wind. To the leeward, and along the western bank of the river, the land is low, and overgrown with rank grass and high mangrove bushes.

At 10 o'clock, notwithstanding the sun was shining with intense heat, I went on shore to take a look at the village, or town. We soon brought up in a "pulperia" or grog-shop, which appeared to be the only resort for strangers, there being no hotel or tavern in this miserable place.

On the eastern point before mentioned, there is a small fort, at which, and about the town, there is a military garrison of perhaps thirty or forty sickly-looking soldiers. They are mostly mulattoes and negroes, badly clothed, and worse fed. The commanding officer of this little garrison, and the great man of the place, was a middle-sized mulatto, about thirty or thirty-five years old. Captain Brown's clerk, Mr. Francisco, told me we had better call on the commandant or captain of the garrison; that he no doubt expected all strangers to pay their respects to him on their arrival. This I was quite willing to do, and by all means to treat the public authorities with proper respect and

attention. We therefore forthwith repaired to the house of the commandant; we found him comfortably lodged in good quarters, and were received with much ceremony. He was dressed in full uniform, with two immense epaulettes, and assumed an air of consequential dignity; he offered us wine, and made a great flourish of male and female attendants. This visit of ceremony lasted about half an hour, when we took leave, the commandant politely bowing us out of his premises.

The Schooner *Freemason* was the only American vessel lying in port; there were two or three other small coasting vessels which are employed trading up and down the coast.

Both of the mates and two of the seamen of our vessel were ill with the yellow fever, and hardly able to keep the deck; and here we were to remain for several days, to wait for our passengers and their stores, which were to be furnished by the Colombian government, and brought from Panama. The stores for the eighty Spanish prisoners, consisted of charque, plantain and a small portion of hard biscuit. The colonel and the commissioner were better provided, and were to mess with Captain Brown and myself in the cabin. Captain B. had agreed to furnish water, and the poor, sick mates, hardly able to crawl about the deck, were endeavoring, with a few sailors, to get all the water casks filled up from the river before the captain should arrive.

Previous to leaving Guayaquil, I became acquainted with an elderly, intelligent Spaniard, who had been for many years at Porto Bello and Chagrés. He told me by all means to wear woollen stockings or socks during the time I remained at Chagrés, to bathe my feet two or three times a day with brandy or some other kind of alcohol, and by no means expose myself to the night air or noonday sun. I strictly followed the old man's advice while I remained here, and have to thank him, with God's blessing, that I escaped taking the fever. I enjoyed excellent health during my stay at Chagrés, which is, perhaps, the most sickly place on the face of the globe.

During the day, I observed the clouds were driven from the sea to the land, by the N. E. trade-winds, and when thus collected in immense masses, appeared to rest on the tops of the

lofty hills and mountains, which were crowned with forest trees. Soon after nightfall we began to see the lightning and hear the roar of thunder, until 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening, when the rain fell in sheets during the remainder of the night; at about 10 o'clock in the morning it subsided, when the sun shone out so intensely hot, that I found it dangerous to go on shore without an umbrella. I have witnessed copious showers in other countries, but nothing to compare with the torrents that nightly fell here; I have also seen it lighten and heard it thunder in other parts of the world, but never saw or heard any thing to equal what I nightly witnessed in this place. Peal after peal rends the air, and to a stranger throws an appalling gloom over this doomed portion of the earth.

As the history of one day is exactly that of another, I deem it unnecessary to write much more on the monotonous mode of life I led here. With respect to the weather, it continued about the same while I remained in this place; we had a bright, burning sun throughout the day, with torrents of rain during the night, accompanied with vivid lightning and loud thunder.

Although it is very easy to descend the river Chagrés in a large canoe, well protected from the sun by day, and the dews and rain by night, it is not easy to ascend it against a very rapid current running from three to six miles an hour, according to the high or low stage of the water. Loaded canoes are often a week getting from Chagrés to Cruces; the men are obliged to track up the stream, and with boat-hooks haul up along-shore by the trees and bushes.

To convey passengers, light canoes are taken, which generally make the passage in two days. If asked whether there is sufficient water in the river for a steamboat, I would answer that I believe there is, and no obstruction but want of sufficient employment to support the expense of a boat. At this time there were very few passengers crossing the Isthmus, and too little trade to give any encouragement to establishing a steamboat on the river.

On the 8th of October, Captain Brown arrived, with the Spanish colonel and the commissioner, Major Barientes, with all

the sea-stores, both for the Spanish soldiers and the officers, and now all was hurry and bustle getting ready for sea. The next day, I called with Captain Brown to pay our respects to the mulatto commandant, and take a memorandum from this man in authority, to purchase whatever he should please to order from Baltimore. Captain B. had already made two or three voyages from Baltimore to this place; and as he expected to return there again in a few months, of course had a great many little commissions to execute for the *élite* of Panama and Chagré. On our arrival at the quarters of the commandant, we found him decked off in a new suit of gaudy uniform,—and here I witnessed a ludicrous farce between Captain Brown and the mulatto major. The latter was a vain, conceited coxcomb, evidently bent on showing off and playing the great man. Captain Brown was a plain, blunt Scotchman, and understood not a word of Spanish, but endowed with a good understanding, and was by nature kind and benevolent. Independent of these qualities, it was his interest to keep smooth weather, and be upon good terms with the major;—he therefore waited with patience to receive the orders of the gallant commandant. I lament that I possess not the graphic powers of Dr. Smollett to describe the ludicrous.

Captain Brown's secretary, Mr. F. was seated at a table with pen, ink and paper, to note down the orders of the mulatto gentleman, who, to show his learning, endeavored to give his directions in phrases of bad French, interlarded with a few words of English. He would now and then walk about for a few moments, and admire himself, from head to foot, in a large mirror suspended at the head of the room. Mr. F. modestly requested him to give his orders in the Castilian language; but this plain dealing did not suit the taste of the major, who reproved him for his presumption, and then would reverse the order, direct him to commence anew, and strictly follow the orders given in his own way. The animated gesticulations and pomposity of the yellow major, and the unmoved indifference of the captain, formed so striking a contrast, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could command my risible faculties. This farce lasted about an hour, when we took our leave of "señor

commandant," and left him to admire himself without interruption.

I can only imagine one reason why the Colombian government should place such a vain fool in the command of so important a post, and that is, that the place is so unhealthy that no white man could live there.

Oct. 11th.—At 9 o'clock in the morning we weighed anchor, and with the boat ahead to tow, and a light air off the land, sailed out of the harbor bound to the Havana. After getting a mile or two from the river's mouth, it became quite calm. There we lay exposed to the hot sun for two hours, waiting for the sea breeze, to beat up to windward far enough to stand to the northward, and clear the land to the westward, and make good our course out of the bay.

The schooner *Freemason* was a good vessel of about 100 tons burden, and a pretty fair sailer. In the cabin were the captain, the Spanish colonel, Major Barientes and myself. In the steerage were the two sick mates, and the two young men that came with me from Guayaquil. The main-hold was left for the Spanish soldiers. Two of the crew in the fore-castle were ill with the yellow fever, and the mates unfit for duty. Notwithstanding all these evils, we were delighted to leave Chagrés for the broad ocean, once more breathe the pure sea air, and fly from pestilence and death.

At 11 o'clock, after lying becalmed two hours, a breeze sprung up from the E. N. E., when we commenced beating up to windward; and just at sunset, having made fifteen or twenty miles up along shore, steered to the N. N. E. all night with a stiff trade-wind from the east, and the next day, Oct. 12th, at 4 P. M., made the Island of St. Andrew. This island lies off the Mosquito shore, in lat. $12^{\circ} 30' N.$, long. $81^{\circ} W.$ After passing this island we kept the trade-wind, and as it was light, we made but little progress during the night. At 6 A. M., soon after daylight, we made the Island of Providence. This island is of a moderate height, and lies in lat. $13^{\circ} 27' N.$, long. $80^{\circ} 39' W.$ of London; distant about sixty miles to the northward of St. Andrew. We ran within a mile or two of Providence, namely to the westward, or in seamen's phrase, under the lee of the island.

We continued on our course to the northward, and passed to the windward of the numerous small islands, reefs and shoals, lying off the coast of the Mosquito shore.

Just at night this day, Oct. 13th (sea account), Captain Brown was taken very ill, and unable to come on deck; the second mate was sick below, and the chief mate, poor fellow, so reduced from the effect of the fever contracted in Chagrés, that he was with difficulty able to keep the deck during the day. We were now in a dangerous and very difficult situation, surrounded with reefs and shoals, and no one to take the command of the vessel. The old Spanish colonel and Major Barientes saw our situation, and begged me, for God's sake, to take the command of the schooner. I was placed in a very delicate position; but under all the circumstances of the case, consented to do so. I mustered all the men in the fore-castle, well enough to keep watch, and they numbered two. With these, my two New York friends, and the cook, I took command of the schooner; and as the weather was dark and squally, I kept the deck all night, beating about in the passage until daylight, when we again got a strong trade-wind from E. N. E., and clear, pleasant weather. We were now clear of all the reefs and shoals, and made a fair wind for Cape Antonio, on the west end of Cuba. At 10 o'clock in the morning, Captain Brown was better, able to come on deck and resume the command of the schooner.

The Spanish colonel was a gentlemanly man of about sixty. He had been in the armies in South America seven or eight years, in many severe engagements, and always fought with honor to himself and his country; but was beaten at last at the battle of Quito, where he and many of his countrymen laid down their arms and capitulated to be sent out of the country. He was indeed a war-worn soldier, and I fear had been poorly remunerated for his hard and severe sufferings. He was a kind, amiable man, with very modest, unassuming manners, and won the respect and esteem of all those about him.

Major Barientes, the commissioner, was a fine, healthy-looking young man, about thirty or thirty-five years of age; had been several years in the Colombian service, and I have no

doubt was a gallant fellow. He was now on his way to a colony of Spain, to deliver the colonel and the Spanish soldiers up to the government of Cuba, and claim from it the money and fulfilment of the capitulation made at the battle of Quito.

I was often amused with the conversation of these two gentlemen on the subject of the different battles fought in South America between their respective countrymen, each, of course, endeavoring to make his own superior and victorious. Generally, their conversations and recitals were carried on in a good spirit; sometimes, however, they would wax warm in these little disputes. I good-naturedly reminded them that here we were all friends together, and had no fighting to do; this always brought them to a just sense of their relative situations, when their arguments would take a gentler tone, and end in mutual good wishes that the war between Spain and her colonies might soon terminate. I found them both well-bred and agreeable fellow-passengers.

The mates and seamen were now convalescent, and every thing went on smoothly. In a few days we made Cape St. Antonio, and proceeded on our course without any incident worth remarking, until off Mariel, the day before we arrived at Havana. Here we fell in with a Spanish sloop-of-war, ship-rigged, and mounting eighteen guns. She ranged up near us, and seeing so many men on our decks, either took us for a privateer or a pirate. Her guns were pointed, and every thing ready to give us a broadside, although so near that she could, no doubt, see we had no guns. Our captain expected every moment to receive her fire. We were lying to, when he hailed and ordered us to send our boat on board instantly, or he would sink us. We had but one boat, and it was dried up with the sun, so that the moment it touched the water it leaked like a sieve. Still the order was imperative and must be obeyed. Captain B. requested the colonel and myself to go on board, and show him the schooner's papers. We got into the boat, and with constant bailing, made out to get on board of the ship, though not in a very good condition, being wet up to the knees. We showed our papers to the captain, who was a very young man, and,

after a little delay, were requested to take seats on the quarter-deck.

The colonel explained the substance of the capitulation, his misfortunes, &c., &c. The captain appeared rather to upbraid than sympathize with the good colonel, who was old enough to be his father. I felt vexed with the upstart. Our visit was of short duration. The captain of the ship neither invited the veteran to take a glass of wine, nor any other refreshment, nor was he at all polite. I sincerely regret I do not recollect the name of this worthy old warrior, who bore such treatment with so much patience.

While in the boat, I observed to the colonel that his countryman, the captain of the ship, did not treat him with the consideration and courtesy due to his rank and misfortunes. He mildly replied that he was a very young man, was probably promoted by family interest, and had little sympathy for the unfortunate.

The ship soon made sail, and we steered on our course, and the next day, Oct. 28th, came to anchor at Havana, eighteen days from Chagrés. The health-boat soon came alongside, and we were allowed to go on shore.

Major Barrientes went on shore in full Colombian uniform, and, I was told, was well received by the governor, but whether he ever recovered the money due to his government, I have never been able to learn. I took a kind farewell of these two worthy gentlemen, and we never again met.

I was very anxious to get home, and as there was no vessel to sail soon for New York, engaged a passage to Philadelphia, on board the hermaphrodite brig *James Coulter*, to sail the next day. I advanced a small sum of money to my young protégés, taking their orders on their friends in New York for the amount I had already paid for their passages and other expenses, and left them under the protection of the American Consul at this place.

The next day we got under way, and sailed out of the harbor, bound for Philadelphia. I regret I do not recollect the name of the young man who commanded the *J. C.* He was an active, capable shipmaster, and a worthy man. I had the good

fortune to meet on board the *James Coulter*, an old friend, Captain Frazer, of Baltimore, and as we were the only passengers on board, were very happy to see each other, and renew our former acquaintance. We had formerly met in Europe, and now, after many years' separation, it was delightful to take passage together. I do not recollect any thing remarkable during our passage home. Every thing went on in perfect good order, and we had a very pleasant voyage of only fifteen days to the city of Philadelphia.

I paid \$50 for my passage, and was well satisfied with both the vessel and the captain. We landed in the afternoon of the 14th of November, 1822. The next day I took the steamboat for New York, and arrived in that city at noon, the day following, after an absence of just twelve months.

I had not received a syllable from home during my long and tedious absence, and was extremely anxious to hear from my family and friends. I therefore with precipitation hurried to the counting-office of my friend. I met him, and not a word was spoken, but I saw in his face that I was doomed to be a miserable man, that I was bereft of the dearest object for me that earth contained. I conjured him to speak out and let me know the worst. I told him I was a man, and could bear grief. He then said that my wife had died in Brooklyn, on the 3d of October, and was interred on the 5th, that she had left me a fine little daughter, about seven months old.

I forthwith proceeded to my melancholy abode. Although I was stricken and cut to the heart, and bereft of her my soul held the dearest of earth's treasures, still, what could I say, but repeat the words of a man more afflicted than myself, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and for ever blessed be his holy name."

A few weeks after my return home, my worthy friend Richard M. Lawrence, Esq., who at this period was President of the Union Marine Insurance Company in New York, called at my house, and generously offered me a situation as inspector of ships in that company. The situation had lately been vacated, and was now offered to me with a very handsome salary. I, however, declined the kind offer of my excellent

friend, with many thanks ; not wishing at this time to remain long on shore.

Had my wife been spared me, I should have thankfully accepted the offer, but being afflicted and disappointed in my anticipations in life, I was again cast adrift and almost alone in this world of change and disappointment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO THE HAVANA, AND BACK TO NEW YORK,
IN THE SCHOONER SWAN, IN THE YEAR 1823.

IN the month of April of this year, I agreed with the Messrs. G. G. & S. Howland, of New York, to perform a voyage to the Havana, in the schooner *Swan*. This was a fine, large, Baltimore-built vessel, three years old, and burden 234 tons.

We took in an assorted cargo on freight, for the Havana. The object of this voyage was twofold with the owners—namely, to dispose of the schooner in Cuba, and take out funds in gold to load a ship, belonging to them, called the *Circassian*.

The Messrs. Howland sent out a young man with me, from their counting-office, to purchase a cargo of sugar and coffee, at Matanzas. This cargo was intended for the Mediterranean market. At this period there were many piratical vessels marauding the West Indies, and particularly about the Island of Cuba, so that fast-sailing, warlike-looking vessels, were preferred to any other description of ships ; consequently, the moment the *Swan* was announced as wanting freight for the Havana, the whole cargo was obtained in a few days, and she was ready for sea in less than a week, with a full freight. She was partially armed ; we had four six-pounders, sundry muskets, swords, pistols, etc. The crew consisted of two mates, with fifteen men and boys ; we had also two cabin-passengers. The chief mate's name was L——, and a poorer and more inefficient creature never officiated as mate of a vessel. To use a seaman's phrase, he was neither soldier nor sailor ; and when he could obtain liquor, was always half-seas over. With this mate, and a very

inefficient crew, I was to perform a voyage to the Havana, with a valuable freight, and fifteen hundred and ninety-eight doubloons.

I became, in a measure, responsible for the vessel and cargo, having signed bills of lading for the whole amount. It was of course expected that I should be able, in this vessel, to run away from every thing that floated the ocean; and if not able to escape by superior sailing, doubtless must fight to the last extremity, to defend the property; and what was the remuneration for my services? Why, fifty dollars per month, and a portion of the passage-money. I do not blame the owners for this small compensation, because it was a fair agreement between us. I merely state these facts, to show how poorly shipmasters were paid for the amount of responsibility they assumed, and ask whether, as a body, they were not worse paid than any other class of men, having the same arduous duties and responsibilities; for when they have families, it must be a difficult matter for them to live respectably on the slender allowance they receive. I shall make no further comments on this subject, but leave it to rest on its own merits.

The young gentleman sent with me by the Messrs. Howland, was Mr. H. Patterson, a Scotchman by birth, and well educated; he was one of the best men I ever knew. Although young, he was a good merchant, and indefatigable in his exertions to promote the interest of his employers.

We left New York at noon on the 27th of April, and as we had strong breezes from the southward, were obliged to beat down the bay. A great portion of the crew were intoxicated, so that I was compelled to hire four riggers to assist in beating down to Sandy Hook, and from thence return in a pilot-boat to New York. At 6 o'clock in the evening, the flood tide made against us, when we came to anchor and lay until midnight; we then made sail, and at one o'clock, A. M., got outside of Sandy Hook, where we discharged the pilot and the four riggers. At two A. M., the lighthouse on Sandy Hook bore W. N. W. ten miles distant, from which I took my departure. During the night we had strong breezes at N. N. E., with dark, cloudy weather. Monday the 28th, at daylight, we had a continuation

of fresh breezes at N. N. E., and disagreeable weather; all hands employed clearing ship and securing every thing about decks. At eight, sent down topgallant-mast and yards, double reefed the foresail and mainsail, took the bonnet off the jib, and at ten A. M., took in the mainsail; strong gales at N. E., now running off at the rate of eight or nine knots the hour. The sun came out just before noon, when, by a meridian observation, we were in lat. $39^{\circ} 9' N$. I was sorry to find the chief mate altogether incompetent to perform his duty; the second mate was a pretty good sailor, but not accustomed to command, and was in fact only an alongshore rigger; and among the whole crew we had but three *seamen*, all the rest were ordinary sailors and very inefficient men. The masts and sails of this fine vessel were large and heavy, and required a great number of good, able seamen; consequently I was obliged to carry but little sail, and endeavor by vigilant and active discipline to break in and train the mates and sailors by degrees to make and take in sail, and thus by constant practice enable me to carry more canvas and profit by the construction of this fine vessel. These schooners are built expressly for fast sailing, but require very skilful management and constant watchfulness; otherwise they are very dangerous. A captain only accustomed to sail a ship, is not always competent to manage one of these sharp and delicately-built schooners. They have often been compared to a racehorse with an unskilful rider, when commanded by a man unaccustomed to manage them. I do not mean to say that a man thoroughly bred to the sea, and an able shipmaster, may not become a good schooner sailor, but I wish to be understood that it requires a great deal of practical experience to handle them properly in all climates, and in all kinds of winds and weather.

If it be asked why I took with me such inefficient officers and men, I answer that I had no time to get better; the owners were in great haste, and in five days after we commenced loading, we sailed with nearly a full cargo, and all was hurry, bustle and confusion until we got to sea.

From the 28th of April to the 9th of May, say for a period of ten days, we met with nothing worthy of remark; we had

a variety of winds and generally fine weather. On Friday, May 9th, at five o'clock in the morning, daylight, we made the land near the south end of the Island of Abaco, bearing W. N. W. four leagues distant; the next day the winds were light and baffling, and the weather extremely warm; the thermometer at noon stood at 88° in the cabin. The winds were so light through the day, that we did not pass the Hole-in-the-Wall until 6 o'clock in the evening.

What is called the Hole-in-the-Wall is a natural arch in the point forming the south end of Abaco, and lies in latitude $25^{\circ} 54'$ north, longitude $77^{\circ} 16'$ west. Through this large arch, the sea generally breaks, and thus forms a conspicuous landmark for navigators that pass this island. The schooner Swan drew at this time over thirteen feet of water, and I judged it more prudent to pass round the Great and Little Isaac Rocks, than to cross the Bank; consequently, I steered down to the westward, leaving the Bahama Bank, Stirrup's Key, and the Berry Islands on the larboard hand, and, on this course, passed round the Isaac Rocks, keeping close along the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank, to avoid getting into the Gulf Stream.

May 11th.—First part of these twenty-four hours light breezes from the E. S. E., and very warm weather. At nine o'clock in the morning, the wind being light and baffling, I came to anchor in eight fathoms of water, near the Little Isaac Rocks. These are several small rock islands lying on the edge of the Bank, and very conspicuous marks for this passage; they are perhaps about seventy to one hundred feet high.

There we lay until five o'clock, daylight, when we made sail again with a moderate breeze from the S. E. and fine weather. At eight A. M., passed near the Great Isaacs, with a stiff breeze from the S. E. and E. S. E.; sailing to the southward, close along the edge of the Bank, and running at the rate of eight and nine knots per hour. We were enabled, by keeping in white water and close on the edge of the Bank, to avoid the Gulf Stream. At meridian the island of Bermini bore south eight miles distant, the wind became light and the weather very hot, the thermometer stood at 90° in the shade. Latitude by observation $25^{\circ} 44'$ north, longitude 79° west.

12th. — These twenty-four hours commenced with moderate breezes from the S. E. and fine weather. At two P. M. passed within a league of Bermini; we saw there a small pilot-boat schooner lying at anchor, in a snug little harbor formed by this and another small island. Thus we continued to sail during the whole of this day along the western edge of the Bank, under the lee of those small islands which lie generally in a straight north and south line, near the edge of the Bank. These islands form many good harbors for pirates and wreckers, and it always gives one a suspicious feeling to see small sloops and schooners at anchor among these lonely islands, notwithstanding they may sometimes be honest men working in their vocation, watching for vessels in distress, and catching turtle to fill up their leisure hours. At four o'clock in the afternoon we passed within a mile and a half of Cat Key. During the middle and latter part of these twenty-four hours we had fresh breezes from the E. N. E., and fine weather, and were enabled to make good progress on our course. At noon, we were in latitude by observation $23^{\circ} 59'$ north, and had made two hundred and ten miles distance per log during the last twenty-four hours.

Tuesday, May 13th.—These twenty four hours commenced with moderate breezes, and fine weather. At eight o'clock in the morning, the Double-headed Shot Keys bore S. S. E., twelve or fifteen miles distant; at nine saw a small schooner, full of men, coming out from among these keys; she soon gave chase to us. The wind being light, she came up very slowly, which gave us time to load all our guns. After getting on deck our muskets, swords and pistols, I addressed the passengers, officers and crew, on the subject of defending ourselves against the schooner in chase of us; I told them I believed him to be a pirate, and asked them whether they were all willing to fight, and sell their lives as dearly as possible? They all, to a man, answered, Yes, and with three hearty cheers, said they were willing and ready to commence the action. I then observed that if any man wished to go below, to say so, at once. No one availed himself of my offer, except one of the cabin passengers, who was a Spaniard, by the name of Don C. F. He said he did not wish to fight, and had rather go below. I told him to

retire forthwith into the cabin. I then locked up the fore-castle and cabin doors, hoisted our pennant and ensign, and steered directly for the schooner. In a few minutes he tacked ship, got out his sweeps, pulled and sailed off as fast as possible, and soon returned among the keys. I suppose he took the Swan for a United States schooner; and thus ended our expected engagement.

The sea-breeze soon sprang up, and we hauled in for Cuba; just before dark, we made the coast, about ten leagues to the eastward of the Havana. We ran to the westward during the night, under easy sail, and at two o'clock, after midnight, made the light on the Moro Castle. At six in the morning, on the fourteenth, we ran into the harbor of Havana, and came to anchor, after a passage of fifteen days.

We were soon visited by the health-boat, and got permission to go on shore.

According to the directions from my owners, I consigned the vessel and cargo to Messrs. Gutieres & Morland, whom I found to be excellent merchants, and very honorable men. The next day we got a berth for the schooner at the wharf, and commenced discharging. We then advertised her for sale, freight or charter, and in a few days landed all our cargo. Mr. Patterson left this place in the first steamboat, for Matanzas, and took all the doubloons with him, which relieved my mind from much care and anxiety.

I will here relate an incident to show the evil consequences of having a drunken mate. After the schooner was discharged, I told him to haul the Swan off from the wharf, and anchor her in a good berth, in the harbor. I was so much occupied on shore, that I could not attend to it myself, and therefore directed him to do it. The weather was fine, and the water as smooth as a duck pond; still, this miserable man managed to get the vessel off into the harbor, and in dropping one of the anchors, let all the chain run out, and the schooner go adrift. The next day it cost me ten dollars to recover the anchor and chain. He also abused and ill-treated the men so much during the day, that six of them deserted the vessel, on the following night. These are evils that we, poor shipmasters, had to submit to in conse-

quence of intemperance, at this period, and I am now rejoiced to add, that I have lived to witness the glorious triumph of temperance societies over beastly intoxication and moral debasement among seamen. Yes, it gladdens the heart of every humane man, to witness the great and glorious reform among seafaring men, brought about by the best of all societies, the temperance reformers of our age. And who could have, for a moment, imagined, that a few short years would have produced such a radical change in this class of useful, though unfortunate men? When the subject of temperance was proposed, not a great many years ago, in New York, I must confess, I was an unbeliever in its practicability on shipboard. I said, it may, perhaps, be carried out in some measure, on shore, but it never can be with seamen—sailors cannot, and will not, do without liquor, nor will they ever be willing to go to sea without it, for it is, in fact, necessary to their very existence. I am now, however, happy to acknowledge that I was entirely mistaken; for, since that period, I have made many long voyages without a drop of liquor on board, and now find that nearly all the quarrels and corroding vexation we used to have with both officers and men, grew out of that curse to human society, alcohol, in some shape or other.

After waiting a few days, and being unable to dispose of the vessel, I concluded to take a freight, and return directly to New York. I will here insert copies of two letters that I wrote at this time to my employers, which will tell the whole story, better than I can now relate it.

Messrs. G. G. & S. Howland,—

GENTLEMEN :—Your esteemed favors of the 1st and 7th instants, are now before me. I have noted their contents, and regret to inform you that I am unable to dispose of the Swan at any thing like her fair value; and the highest freight I can get offered to Europe, including primage, say to Havre, is one and a half cent per pound for coffee. This I consider too low, particularly when I can obtain a full cargo of coffee for New York, at three-fourths of a cent per pound, and have agreed with most of the shippers to consign their property to your house. I have

now on board more than half a cargo, and hope to get full by the 28th inst., when I shall make the best of my way back to New York. I shall forward a duplicate of this letter by a vessel which sails to-morrow for Norfolk, that you may be fully apprised of my determination in time to insure the Swan from this place to your city. I shall in all probability soon return, and therefore deem it unnecessary to detail every occurrence that has transpired during my absence. When we meet, I trust I shall be able to explain every thing to your satisfaction. I have a fair prospect of getting five or six cabin passengers, and although I shall not make you a great voyage, hope you will clear at least fifteen hundred dollars, and find the schooner in as good or better condition when she returns, than when she left New York. Mr. Patterson writes me from Matanzas, that your ship *Circassian* will probably sail from that port about the 10th of June.

Very respectfully, I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.

HAVANA, *May 24th*, 1823.

Messrs. G. G. & S. Howland,—

GENTLEMEN :—For fear of accident, I herewith inclose you a debenture certificate of goods shipped by your house, on account of Don Carlos Fernando. I shall, of course, bring the other copy along with me, and am now happy to advise you that I have a full cargo of coffee and sugar on freight; coffee at three-fourths of a cent per pound, and sugar at about the same rate. The greater part of the cargo is consigned to your house. I regret I am not able, at this moment, to send you a freight list, neither can I say exactly how much it will amount to, but at a rough guess, think about eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars, including the passage money. I intend to clear out this day, and sail with the convoy in the morning. I have had much trouble with my chief mate, and a bad crew; in consequence of which, I have been obliged to hire stevedores to stow

the cargo, and am this day shipping sailors. I hope to be in New York before this reaches you, and am very truly,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.

HAVANA, May 31st, 1823.

I fortunately obtained seven cabin passengers at fifty dollars each. They were nearly all natives of Colombia and the island of Cuba ; only one or two of them spoke English, but they were all agreeable, gentlemanly men, and behaved with great propriety. I will here remark, that I have frequently had Spanish passengers, and have found them easily satisfied, and generally less troublesome than those of any other nation. After getting every thing ready, we sailed out of the harbor at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 1st of June, having been here seventeen days, bound for New York in company with six sail of American vessels for different ports in the United States, under convoy of the U. S. Schooners Greyhound and Jackall. At this period there were so many piratical vessels cruising around Cuba and the Bahama Islands, that it was not safe for American merchant vessels to navigate these seas without government protection. At six in the afternoon, the Moro Castle bore south, seven leagues distant. At nine o'clock in the evening, I was boarded by an officer from the schooner Greyhound, under the command of Lieutenant Kearney, all the fleet still in sight. During the night we had light winds, and made but little progress on our course.

Monday, June 2d.—These twenty-four hours commenced with light airs from the E. N. E., and clear, pleasant weather. At 10 A. M. the convoy still in sight to the southward. Latitude by observation at noon, $23^{\circ} 59'$ north. Longitude about 82° west.

Tuesday, the 3d.—These twenty-four hours commenced with strong breezes at E. S. E., and cloudy weather, with a high head-sea running. At seven, made sail to the northward and left the fleet. At eleven A. M. spoke the schooner Jackall. She had also left the convoy, and was bound on a cruise in pursuit of pirates. Latitude by an indifferent obser-

vation, $26^{\circ} 10'$ north. Longitude about 80° west; two sail in sight.

Wednesday, June 4th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with strong gales at E. S. E., and S. E., with dark, squally weather. The schooner under reefed sails, and going at the rate of ten or eleven miles the hour, on a straight course to the northward, and with the Gulf Stream in our favor, we were sailing at a great rate, and thus it continued to blow from the S. E. during the whole night. At noon, we found ourselves, by a good observation, in latitude $30^{\circ} 28'$ north, longitude $79^{\circ} 3'$ west; so that we had differed our latitude 4° and eighteen miles the last twenty-four hours, thus making a direct northerly course of two hundred and fifty-eight miles.

Thursday, June 5th.—First part of these twenty-four hours strong gales at E. S. E., and dark, cloudy weather, with a high sea running; middle part dark and rainy, steering to the northward under easy sail. At two A. M. split the jib; close reefed the fore and main-sails. At six o'clock, daylight, it became more moderate; turned the reefs out and made sail. Latitude by observation, $32^{\circ} 40'$ north. Longitude about $77^{\circ} 13'$ west. During these last twenty-four hours, we had only about half a knot northerly current.

From the 5th to the 10th of June, nothing remarkable occurred; we generally had baffling and contrary winds, and were obliged to beat about and ply to the northward the best way we could. On this day, however, we made the land near Cape Henlopen, bearing N. N. W., about three leagues; the wind being at N. E. directly ahead, with a high sea running, we stood off and plied to the windward under reefed sails, as the wind was blowing a strong gale from the N. E.; towards noon it moderated. Latitude by observation, $38^{\circ} 11'$ north. Several sail in sight, spoke the schooner Curlew, bound to New York.

Wednesday, June 14th.—We had light winds from the eastward, and clear, pleasant weather throughout all these twenty-four hours; we were still beating to the northward, tacking generally every four or six hours; several sail in sight. At meridian

the winds were light, and the weather very warm. Latitude by observation, $39^{\circ} 14'$ north.

Thursday, the 15th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with moderate breezes from the southward, and fine weather. At noon this day took a pilot, and at two o'clock in the afternoon passed Sandy Hook. At four, came to anchor at the quarantine ground at Staten Island, after a rough and boisterous passage of eleven days from the Havana—all well.

The health-boat soon visited us, and permitted all my passengers to go directly up to the city. The health-officer ordered me to discharge in lighters all our goods, which consisted of sugar, coffee, indigo, and sundry other articles of merchandise. This cargo was all taken up to the city, while the schooner was compelled to lie in quarantine. On the fallacy of this regulation, it is unnecessary for me to comment, and I will therefore leave the merchants and politicians to settle the question.

In six days, all the cargo was discharged, in good order. The owners, at my request, sent down several lighter-loads of stone-ballast; and on the 22d of June, I settled the voyage with the Messrs. Howland, was paid off, and I believe they were satisfied with my conduct and management of their business. I was just two months in their employ, namely, from the 22d of April to the 22d of June.

And here I am sorry to add, that the worthy Mr. Patterson, sent out with me to attend to loading and dispatching the ship *Circassian*, took the yellow fever at Matanzas, soon after I left the Havana, and died in a few days, sincerely regretted by all those who had the pleasure of knowing him.

*Remarks and Comments on the Piracies in the West Indies,
in the year 1823.*

At this period, the leeward West India Islands swarmed with pirates, particularly around the Island of Cuba. The Isle of Pines, on the south side of the main land, was a famous rendezvous for them. There were also hordes of these wretches in the bays and creeks about Cape Antonio; and whenever an unarmed vessel passed near, these miscreants would sally out, cap-

ture it, and not unfrequently kill every soul on board. Scarcely a week passed without accounts of robberies and murders having been committed by these vile outlaws from all nations. I was personally acquainted with several individuals who were murdered by these desperate renegades. From month to month they increased in numbers and ferocity, and their barbarities augmented in proportion, until the indignation of England and the United States was aroused to avenge the death of the poor victims who fell into their hands, and whose blood cried aloud for revenge. In this just retribution, England and the United States combined to put them down; and for that purpose, equipped suitable brigs, schooners and cutters, which were able to pursue them into shoal water, and there ferret them out in their hiding-places, and dens of death and pollution. Sometimes they shot them without mercy; at others, they carried them to Jamaica and New Orleans. At the former place, more than fifty were hung at a time; and at the latter, several were executed—the number I cannot state with precision.

I deem it unnecessary to enumerate the different ships and vessels taken and destroyed about this time, and will only mention a few which came within my own immediate knowledge, namely: the American brig *Edward*; the captain and part of the crew were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the sea; Brig *Laura Ann*, Captain Shaw, from Buenos Ayres, loaded with jerked beef, bound to Havana; the captain, mates and crew were all murdered, except one man who secreted himself below; they set fire to the brig, and then left her, after which he escaped on a piece of the wreck, and finally got safe to the Havana.

While I was there in May, 1823, I conversed with an American captain, who had recently arrived from the Isle of Pines with his mate and a part of the crew. He told me his brig was laden with salt from Cadiz, bound for New Orleans; that he was taken to the Isle of Pines, where his vessel was stripped of all her sails and rigging, and then burned. The captain said, while they were seeking for hidden treasure, one of his men told the leader of the pirate gang that there were \$2,000 hid under the cabin floor, when they instantly seized the

captain, and were going to execute him on the spot: he begged for mercy, and said there was no money on board, but if they found any he would not complain, but submit to his fate. They accordingly took the sailor, and after searching where he said the money was secreted, and finding none, the pirate captain said to him, "I will shoot you, you d—d rascal, for lying against your captain," and instantly ordered him to be lashed to the windlass, and had him shot on the spot. The brig being destroyed, the captain, mate, and a few of his men were released, and after landing on the Island of Cuba they walked to the Havana, glad to escape with their lives.

I was told by several Americans who were concerned in the Havana trade at this time, that it often happened that the same coffee was sold in this market two or three times over; that the spies of the pirates watched the vessels about to sail, and as soon as they left port would capture them; take their cargoes on shore to some part of the coast, put the coffee into new bags, bring it back to the city and dispose of it as coming fresh from the plantations. At other times even this precaution was not attended to; they would merely obliterate the marks and numbers, and dispose of it with impunity. It often happened that the former shipper would recognize his coffee, but was afraid to make a complaint.

A captain of a Baltimore vessel, in the trade to this place, told me he was robbed on one of his late voyages, near this port, and that he recognized one of the principal pirates in the streets of the Havana, but dare not divulge the fact, for fear of assassination. I mention these circumstances to prove that the pirates were aided by the inhabitants of Cuba, to an alarming extent, and that these statements cannot, with truth, be contradicted. During the height of these piratical days, I made several voyages from Europe to New Orleans, and always took care to avoid coming in sight of Cuba, and, if possible, to pass by Cape St. Antonio in the night.

After the piracies were suppressed, many of these miscreants made their escape to New Orleans and other places, and went into the merchant service again, mingling with their fellow-men, as though they had been guilty of no crime.

Seven years after this period, two or three of these desperate men who had escaped from Cuba, and thus far evaded punishment, were in New Orleans, and there shipped with Captain Thornby, in the brig *Vineyard*, for a passage to Philadelphia, in November, 1830. As soon as these men ascertained that there was a considerable sum of money on board, they decided to have it at all hazards, and not long after leaving port, conspired to murder Captain T. and his mate, Mr. William Roberts, destroy the brig, and divide the money. Their leader, Charles Gibbs, and his associate in crime, Thomas J. Walmsley (a colored man), planned the bloody business. These hardened pirates had been long accustomed to robbery and murder, and probably desired a renewal of their former life.

The crew of the *Vineyard* consisted of seven men exclusive of the captain and mate; a portion of them, probably, united with Gibbs and Walmsley from motives of cupidity, and the remainder from the fear of losing their own lives by the hands of these desperate villains. Be that as it may, on the night of the 23d of November, fourteen days after leaving New Orleans, the bloody tragedy was performed; the unfortunate captain and his mate were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the sea. There were fifty-four thousand Spanish dollars on board, and the day after the murder, they got the money and other valuable articles on deck, and divided the spoil. They then steered for Long Island, and after getting near Southampton, manned the two boats, putting half the money into each, scuttled and set fire to the brig, and then pulled away for the shore. In the surf the jolly-boat filled, and a considerable portion of the money was lost. At length they landed on Barron Island, and there buried in the sand what they had saved. Some of them soon divulged the whole transaction to the inhabitants of Southampton, when they were all arrested, taken prisoners to New York, and there tried in the United States Court, in February, 1831. Gibbs and Walmsley were condemned to be hung on the 23d of April, and their bodies given to the College of Physicians and Surgeons for dissection. The others were acquitted.

I had been acquainted with Captain Thornby for many

years, and always found him a kind, humane gentleman, and deeply regretted his untimely fate.

After these two men were condemned to death, a friend of mine, captain in the United States Navy, and who was long employed in the laudable service of hunting out and punishing these desperate pirates in and around the Island of Cuba, told me he had the curiosity to visit Gibbs while in prison, and there conversed with him about the different gangs of these brigands and their places of resort, hiding holes, etc., etc. After a free communication, Gibbs said to my friend: "I suppose, Captain ———, you think it quite a difficult matter to make a pirate, but I can assure you it is not so; on the contrary, I can make an excellent pirate in the course of a few weeks, even of a pious young man." On being questioned how, he replied as follows: "In one of our cruises we took a vessel with a crew of some eight or ten men. Among them were two stout young fellows, who we thought would be useful to us, and therefore agreed among ourselves to make them join us. Accordingly, all the crew were killed in their presence. After this we put a rope around each of their necks, with a block to the main-yard, to hang them. They were then blindfolded. When every thing was thus prepared, we asked them whether, to save their lives, they would join us, and become pirates? They gladly assented to the terms, which were not only to unite with us, but also to do all the killing required of them. Accordingly, the next vessel we captured, they performed all the butchery, and, in a few weeks, became first-rate pirates."

CHAPTER XXX.

VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO CADIZ, AND THENCE TO ST. THOMAS AND ALVARADO, IN THE BRIG "NYMPH," OF NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1823 AND 1824.

THE *Nymph* was owned by Richard M. Lawrence, Esq., and myself, jointly, and commanded by Freegift Coggeshall, junior. We purchased this vessel in New York, on the 22d of August, 1823, and after making some little repairs, commenced loading her, on the 1st of September, with an assorted cargo of beef, pork, flour, bread, rice and other articles of provision for Cadiz.

At this period Cadiz was besieged by a French army, commanded by the Duke of Angoulême, and blockaded by a large fleet of French men-of-war, consisting of twelve line-of-battle ships, several frigates, sloops-of-war and gunboats, amounting, in all, to twenty sail. Most of them were anchored at the mouth of the harbor.

The King of Spain, Ferdinand VII., was at this time confined to Cadiz, and not allowed to leave that city; he was, in fact, a state prisoner to the Cortes and to the generals commanding the armies of Spain. The principal general and commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies, at this period, was Riego. Knowing that Cadiz was a strongly fortified place, I thought the town would probably hold out for several months, at least long enough to give me time to get there with a cargo of provisions before it should yield, and consequently, I predicated the success of the voyage on evading the blockade.

The *Nymph* was a good sailing brig, burden 181 tons, or 1,500 barrels. We had a large quantity of butter and lard; the whole invoice of the cargo amounted to \$9,069. I was super-

cargo, having taken a young cousin of mine as captain. I also took with me Mr. Edward Brown as chief mate. Mr. Brown had been in my employ for many years as master and mate, and was fully competent to act in either capacity, being a thoroughbred seaman, and a most faithful, trustworthy man. The Mr. B. here spoken of I have frequently mentioned in my early voyages, and, in particular, on one to the West Indies in the "*Betsey and Polly*," of New Haven, in which vessel he was chief, and I second mate. With these officers and a crew of six men, we sailed from New York on the 10th of September. We cleared for Gibraltar, but in fact were bound for Cadiz. We had generally light and contrary winds during the greater part of the passage, and made slow progress to the eastward. Every thing went on quietly, and in good order. We had an excellent crew and good officers. The brig, it is true, leaked a little too much for comfort, and the sailors were obliged to spend a great portion of their time at the pumps; still, there was no grumbling or discontent, every one was happy, and willing to do his duty cheerfully.

On the 12th of October, we made Cape St. Vincent, thirty-one days from New York. The wind was light from the southward, and the weather clear and pleasant. I hauled close in shore, and the next day made Cape St. Mary; at eleven A. M., it bore north three or four miles distant. Lat. by obs. $36^{\circ} 55'$ N., long. $7^{\circ} 52'$ W. I hugged the shore during the day, and spoke several fishermen, in the hope of getting some information respecting the blockading squadron off Cadiz, but found them so stupid and ignorant, that I could obtain no reliable intelligence. I had been several times to Cadiz, and was well acquainted with the harbor and its vicinity, and therefore resolved to rely on my own resources, and trust to good fortune and perseverance. It was blowing fresh from the westward, and my plan was to pass rapidly through the fleet, so that in the confusion which would naturally be created by my sudden dash, I concluded it would be impossible for them to fire into my brig without doing more injury to each other than to me. On a dark night it is extremely difficult to throw shot into a small vessel, when quickly passing through a fleet.

I cautiously approached the port, got sight of the light-house just before midnight, and then hove to for an hour for the moon to go down. Thus far, every thing appeared to favor my prospects of success. At half-past twelve, midnight, it being dark and somewhat squally, I filled away, passed the light-house at two A. M., and soon after let go my anchor in the inner harbor of Cadiz. Here I anxiously waited for daylight. I had seen no men-of-war at the mouth of the harbor, and began to fear that the blockade was raised, and impatiently watched the first dawn of the morning to ascertain the situation of things around me.

Light soon came, and I found myself surrounded by the French fleet; the ships-of-the-line and the frigates were at anchor off in the bay, while the sloops-of-war and gunboats were all around us.

I was at first disappointed and chagrined at my bad fortune, and observed to the captain that I feared I should never be able to profit by entering a blockaded port, as this was the second time I had been defeated in a similar attempt; the first time, in the *Sea-Serpent*, we were too late entering Callao. He observed, "it is true we have been disappointed; but I have no doubt you will surmount every difficulty, and ultimately make a good voyage." I thanked him for his good opinion; and observed, in reply, "that we should always be governed in this world by circumstances, and not repine at what had already transpired."

It soon appeared that we had arrived a little too late. We got in on the 14th of October, after a long passage of thirty-three days, and the place had surrendered to the French fleet and army about a week previous to our arrival. Ours was the second American vessel that arrived after the city fell into the hands of the French. The Baltimore pilot-boat schooner *Blucher* arrived, with a full cargo of flour, four days before us, I think two days after the blockade was raised.

We were soon visited by the health-boat, and ordered to remove up the bay to the eastward of the city, and there perform twelve days' quarantine, although every person on board was perfectly well. To enforce the quarantine laws, a small

Spanish government schooner, commanded by a lieutenant in the navy, with about thirty men, was placed in the quarantine-ground to watch me, and prevent my having any communication with the shore, or any other boat or vessel, during the prescribed period of my detention.

I did not regret being placed in quarantine for a few days; on the contrary, I deemed it a privilege, under present circumstances, to delay the sale of my cargo in a glutted port. Stagnation always takes place on the removal of a blockade, and, as extremes generally follow each other in quick succession, I knew it was my policy to wait patiently a reaction in the market.

There was a garrison of French soldiers and a large fleet to be fed, besides the inhabitants of the city, and the adjacent towns of Porto Santa Maria, St. Lucar, and many other small towns and villages in the vicinity of the once beautiful and flourishing city of Cadiz, now broken down, spiritless, and sinking under the pressure of party dissension, priestcraft, bigotry and foreign interference.

It is a singular fact that, in Spain, defrauding the revenue is not considered a moral wrong by a large portion of the people, and, by many, rather a merit than a disgrace; they consider it as only falling in with the practice of the nation, from the king down to the petty contrabandista, who smuggles a single pound of tobacco. This principle, sanctioned or connived at by so large a portion of the community, is, no doubt, one great cause of their degradation and approaching downfall. With the masses, the prevalent feeling is, that their rulers make bad laws, and that it is a virtue to break them in every way in their power.

Among the upper classes, duplicity and intrigue are studied as a science, and, though parties may disagree in other respects, they each strive in a smaller or greater degree to defraud the church and state government; still, perhaps, there is no country on earth where individual punctuality and honor are held more sacred than in Spain; this principle is carried out to an astonishing degree even among the professed contrabandistas. While I was lying in this port, an American captain, from an eastern

port of the United States, who was rather "green" with respect to the Spanish character, and knew not a word of the language, attempted to smuggle a considerable portion of his cargo, without the knowledge of his consignee in Cadiz. After disposing of several articles at a great profit, he grew bold, and gave his custom-house officer so small a compensation that a quarrel ensued between them; the officer, in a great rage, went on shore and informed against the captain; the custom-house search-boat came immediately off to examine the vessel, and seize all the cargo not manifested. Fortunately for the captain it was very near night, and the officers had only time to find a few trifling articles, but made their arrangements to go off in the morning, and take out all the cargo not on the manifest. In the evening, after the custom-house boat left the vessel, the captain came on shore to the house of his consignee in a great fright, and told the whole story to Don H. I was conversing with the worthy merchant at the time, and he observed that he should be a ruined man if Mr. H. could not get him out of the scrape. Mr. H. heard the captain's story, and told him he had done very wrong to attempt smuggling on so large a scale, without any knowledge of the place or language, but directed him to keep cool and quiet, and said that he would get him out of trouble; that it would necessarily cost considerable money, and he hoped it would be a good lesson for him hereafter to act more prudently.

I told the unhappy, agitated captain to sit down and remain quiet, and leave every thing in the hands of his consignee. Mr. H. rang the bell for a servant, who soon appeared, and was ordered to request Mr. —, the head clerk of his counting-office, to come to him without delay. The order was promptly obeyed, when he sent for the chief of a gang of notorious smugglers, told him the whole story, and observed that every thing not reported on the manifest of the vessel must be taken out before daylight the next morning, and the goods all concealed in a place of perfect safety, to be forthcoming when he should require them. For a certain sum a bargain was made with this desperate man, that he and his comrades should perform their part of the business in good faith. The merchant then gave the

captain a note to the custom-house officer, or guard on board, to come directly to his house, and directed the captain to remain on board himself, and deliver every article of merchandise not inserted on the manifest to the smugglers. The guard came on shore, and agreed to keep out of the way for a fair compensation, and to return on board just before daylight, and then be ready to assist the officers of the customs to find all the contraband goods. Agreeable to promise, the smugglers took out all the goods during the night; and the next morning, when the custom-house boat went on board, they found nothing but what was regularly entered, and thus the whole affair ended without further trouble. The merchant sold the goods very well soon after, and the captain saved his vessel and cargo by this adroit management of his consignee.

It is absurd for a stranger or a parsimonious man to attempt smuggling in Spain. What I mean by a stranger is a man who knows nothing of the character of the people, and attempts to cheat the officers out of their proportion of the duties. In a word: with smugglers, and even with robbers, good faith must always be observed to the letter and the spirit.

After this digression I will return to the question of right and wrong with respect to smuggling. I have before said that it is all wrong; still, when a whole nation agrees to deceive and defraud the government, it is difficult for a stranger to stem the current. For example: I will commence with King Ferdinand VII. The liberal party declared him to be a vile bigot and a consummate hypocrite, and that he connived with the bishops and priests to gull and rob the people; that his prime minister defrauded the nation of many millions yearly; that the high officers of state pocketed all in their power for their own private purposes; and thus this system of fraud and speculation descended down to the petty custom-house officers, who are always ready to take the smallest "gratification" in the way of fee or presents.

At this period, it was melancholy to see a whole nation divided against itself. The liberal and enlightened party leaders were obliged to fly their country. Many members of the Cortes

went to Gibraltar and other places, to save their lives from the fury of the King's party. In fine, the French officers found it difficult to restrain the parties from destroying each other. Many of the best and most enlightened patriots of the country were cut off by treachery and violence; and the general cry of the ignorant, bigoted classes, by night and day, was "Viva el Rey Fernando Septimo; viva la religion catolica; viva la inquisicion; abajo los infideles liberales."

The government of France, under Louis XVIII., at this time sent a powerful army into Spain, under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, to liberate and assist Ferdinand VII., and his party of priests and bigots, and to disperse and chase away from Spain the enlightened, patriotic band, who were endeavoring to regenerate their unhappy country. Thus the little light that began to dawn on this unfortunate nation was soon extinguished by the priests and ignorant classes, in combination with the old Bourbon party in France, with Louis XVIII. at its head.

At the expiration of twelve days I got pratique, and was allowed to discharge my cargo. By a regulation between the French and Spanish governments, flour and provisions for the French army and navy were admitted duty free. I accordingly sold my cargo to the French commissary, and by this arrangement made a freight on the whole.

In about twenty-five days after my arrival, I had sold nearly all my cargo, and soon engaged a freight for Alvarado. During our stay here, we had much bad weather, which is generally the case at this season of the year. Cadiz is very subject during the winter months, to strong gales from the westward and much rain. The unfavorable state of the weather prolonged my stay, and frequently prevented me from landing any thing for two or three consecutive days. Having now sold and discharged every thing, my first care was to send home to my friend Lawrence all the money I had, except \$1,300, which I kept to purchase sundry small articles to fill up the brig: I also retained sufficient funds to pay all my port charges, &c., &c., while in Cadiz. I remitted \$2,000 to New York, by the schooner *Imperial*, Captain Gill, and also from Gibraltar, through Horatio Sprague, Esq., \$5,500. My freight to Alvarado, exclusive of owners'

property, amounted to \$3,000. Besides this, I had twenty-two cabin passengers, including men, women and children;—for these, the price of passage was—for adults, \$130, and half price for children and servants.

The *Nymph's* cabin was large, she having been formerly a Mobile packet. I made an arrangement with my captain and mate, for a certain gratuity, to lodge in the steerage, and had a small house built on the quarter-deck for myself, giving the passengers the whole cabin for their accommodation. Several of them were gentlemen and ladies of considerable distinction. They were generally military men, and among them were a colonel, a major, two captains and several lieutenants and their wives—mostly natives of Caraccas and Porto Rico, who had been many years in the armies of Spain during the peninsular wars. Though *some* of them were native Spaniards, they *all* belonged to the liberal party, and were now leaving Spain to seek shelter and employment in Caraccas, Porto Rico, and other parts of Spanish America.

About ten days before leaving Cadiz, while in the midst of apparent prosperity, I received a letter from my long-tryed and worthy friend, Jonathan Lawrence, Esq., of New York, giving me the melancholy intelligence that my only little daughter was no more. She died on the 18th of October, 1823, aged about eighteen months, after an illness of six weeks. She was a promising, interesting child, and this stroke of death was to me a most severe affliction.

One little year had but just elapsed since the decease of my beloved wife, and I began sensibly to feel that

“ ’Twas ever thus ; from childhood’s hour
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a plant or flower
But it was first to fade away ;
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To soothe me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me—it was sure to die ! ”

I will not indulge further in my own grief, but again resume the thread of my narrative.

It was a sad sight to witness the persecutions practised against the leading men of the liberal party. They were, as I have before said, flying in every direction. Some of the most talented and conspicuous were so obnoxious to the tyrannical government of Ferdinand VII., that in many cases they were afraid to apply to the public authorities for passports. Several of my passengers were placed in this unpleasant predicament; and I was happy to have it in my power to aid them in making their escape from Cadiz. For example, Colonel Muñoz, in a sort of disguised dress, took my arm at twilight, passed through the gates of the city, and went on board my brig, where he remained quietly unobserved for two days before I left Cadiz.

A day or two previous to our sailing, Captain Letamindi, of the Spanish army, applied to me for a passage for himself, wife and two children. I had then eighteen passengers engaged, and had no more room in the cabin. He was extremely anxious that I should take him with his military friends. He said himself and family would lodge anywhere I should choose to place them, and put up with any kind of fare; that his means were nearly exhausted, and that he could pay me but \$100 for himself and family. His friends and former companions were all anxious that he should go, but none of them were overstocked with money. They all said Captain L. was an excellent man, and that his wife was a charming, lady-like person; and if I would consent to take them, they (the passengers) would club together and purchase stores for him and his family. I told Captain L., that if himself and family would consent to sleep in the after hold of the brig, I would have a room fitted up for them there, and endeavor to make them comfortable; that they should eat at the table with the cabin passengers, and, if his friends were willing to provide him with some little necessary stores, they could do so; but if this was not perfectly convenient to him, I would lay in enough for every person on board. Captain Letamindi and his wife were delighted at my offer, and forthwith embarked.

We got all our stores and passengers on board on the 5th, and the next day, Dec. 6th, at eight o'clock in the morning, sailed from Cadiz bound for St. Thomas, after remaining in that

port fifty-three days. At noon we discharged the pilot outside the harbor. Had light airs from the N. W., and fine weather. At five p. m., the light-house bore east, five leagues distant.

As usual, a large proportion of my passengers were sea-sick during the first two or three days; after which time, however, they all recovered, and appeared to be happy and agreeable to each other. The winds were light and the weather generally good for several days.

At eight o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of December, we made three islands called the Deserters, in the neighborhood of Madeira. These islands lie in lat. $32^{\circ} 22'$ N., long. $16^{\circ} 25'$ W. Three days after, at five o'clock in the afternoon, passed near two small islands called the Salvages. I have on a former voyage described these rock islands, and will only remark that they lie in lat. $30^{\circ} 13'$ N., long. $15^{\circ} 42'$ W. The next morning at eight o'clock we saw the Peak of Teneriffe, bearing S. by W., seventy-five miles distant; at ten a. m., saw the Island of Palma, bearing S. W., about ten leagues off. December the 18th, at noon, passed very near the Island of Gomera; the weather being fine, I ran close in shore on the S. E. side of the island, and hove to off the little harbor of St. Sebastian. I sent the mate and two seamen, with two of our Spanish passengers on shore in our own boat, to get a few casks of water, and if possible, some poultry, and a sheep or two. The mate returned in about an hour without water or any thing else. The Governor sent word that he had no provisions in the town, but if we could wait until the next morning, he would send into the country for sheep, poultry and various kinds of fruit, and that we should be supplied with all the provisions and water we required. I was inclined to take him at his word and remain off the harbor until the next morning, but most of my passengers objected; they said the island belonged to Spain, and they were afraid they should be detained if once placed in the power of an ignorant Governor. I reluctantly complied with their request, and left the island and the same little port at which Columbus first touched for water and fresh provisions, in 1492, sixteen days after leaving Palos, in the bay of Cadiz. He left Gomera on the sixth of September, after remaining there sixteen days; this

island lies in lat. $28^{\circ} 6' N.$, long. $17^{\circ} 8' W.$ The next day we took the N. E. trade-winds, and ran down to the southward and westward, precisely on the same track taken by Columbus on his first voyage to St. Salvador, in 1492.

We now had fine weather, and constant fair winds day after day. We took our meals under an awning on the quarter-deck, and every thing went on pleasantly, and all appeared happy and contented. In the evening, the sound of the guitar, accompanied with sweet voices, beguiled the time, and the whole scene was peace and tranquillity; I never saw a more agreeable company of passengers on ship-board than were these ladies and gentlemen. Not an unpleasant word was uttered during the whole voyage, to mar our social intercourse and friendly enjoyment. So far as my experience and observation go, the educated classes of Spain are very social and agreeable.

For many days, running down the trade-winds to the westward, we averaged about one hundred and seventy miles per day, scarcely shifting a sail. During this passage I had many a long conversation with Colonel Muñoz, Captain Letamindi, and the other military gentlemen, on the situation of Spain, both with respect to its then moral and political position.

These gentlemen had been for many years attached to the armies of Spain, and one of them was perfectly familiar with all the court intrigue at Madrid, having been for some years attached to the royal household. It is true they all belonged to the liberal party, and appeared to have very little feeling or charity for their opponents: still they were perfectly acquainted with the state of the nation, and I have since found that their representations and prognostications were just and true. They all averred that the leaders of the liberal constitutional party had made a great mistake in exercising so much lenity towards the priests and bigots of the royal party; and in particular their famous leader, General Riego, who at one time had the supreme power in his own hands, and who boasted that he should be able to regenerate the nation, and give them a permanent constitution and a liberal government, without shedding a single drop of blood. This visionary belief, and too much confidence in royal honor, cost him his life, and overthrew his party, not-

withstanding he had spared the life of Ferdinand the Seventh on several occasions when he was within his power, particularly in one instance when the king and General Riego were on their way from Madrid to Cadiz, and were obliged to pass through a certain town where the people were very much incensed against him, and threatened to destroy him. Ferdinand, fearing an outbreak, and trembling for his personal security, took the general by the arm, calling him his Querido Riego, and begged him for God's sake to save him from the fury of the populace; but mark the contrast between the conduct of a liberal, humane general, and a bigoted, hard-hearted king. When the tables were reversed, and he and his party came into power by the assistance of the French, he ordered General Riego to be tried by a military tribunal, who condemned him to be publicly executed at Madrid. At the execution, the fury of the bigoted populace knew no bounds; they cut his body into a thousand pieces, and vied with each other in desecrating his remains. Even at this time many of the best patriots and the most enlightened men belonging to Spain, were hunted and pursued like wild beasts. The grand mistake the liberal party made was, in not cutting off the heads of the royal leaders, breaking up the convents, and destroying the power of the priests. Had such a man as Napoleon or Bolivar been at the head of the constitutional party, the whole nation would, long ere this period, have been radically and thoroughly regenerated.

It is vain, in an old, corrupt country like Spain, to think of a thorough and permanent reform without much blood-letting, and of this fact all the enlightened men of the nation are now fully convinced. One of these gentlemen told me that during Riego's administration, committees were appointed to visit every part of the country, converse with the small farmers and peasants, endeavor to establish schools among them, to enlighten them and their children, and diffuse elementary and useful books through the whole nation. This gentleman told me he was one of the number, that he had visited and conversed with many of the country people, stated to them that the object of the constitutional party was to reduce their taxes, educate their

children, and in every respect to benefit their condition. He said they would listen to his representations, and for a moment appear to concur with him, but at the next breath, the force of habit and superstition would predominate, and then their answer was, that all these things appeared good and fair; still, said they, we are told that the liberal party wish to destroy our faith in our holy Catholic religion, and make infidels of us and our children; and certainly, if this is the case, it is far better for us to live here in ignorance and poverty for a few years, than to have all the wealth the world can give, and then die and go to a place of torment for ever. He said it required the patience of a saint to talk with the poor, ignorant peasantry, and with old people it was a hopeless case to expect any change for the better; but when their children were removed to the towns and cities, they had been successful in training them to think a little on the subject of popular instruction, and had not France intermeddled with their quarrels—even without a master spirit at the head of the nation—they would eventually have succeeded in bringing about a general reform. These patriotic men sighed over the unhappy state of their country, and one of the ladies wept like a child when she took her last look at Cadiz. She said she loved her country, and hoped to revisit it again when God should bless them with a liberal government, founded upon just and enlightened principles.

On Wednesday, January 7th, at four o'clock in the morning, we made the Island of Deseada, bearing west, five leagues distant. Two hours after, we saw the Island of Guadaloupe. The wind was constantly from the eastward, and the weather fine, and thus we sailed down among the West India Islands, passing one and making another ahead, which created renewed interest to my passengers, and kept up a very pleasant excitement during the whole day.

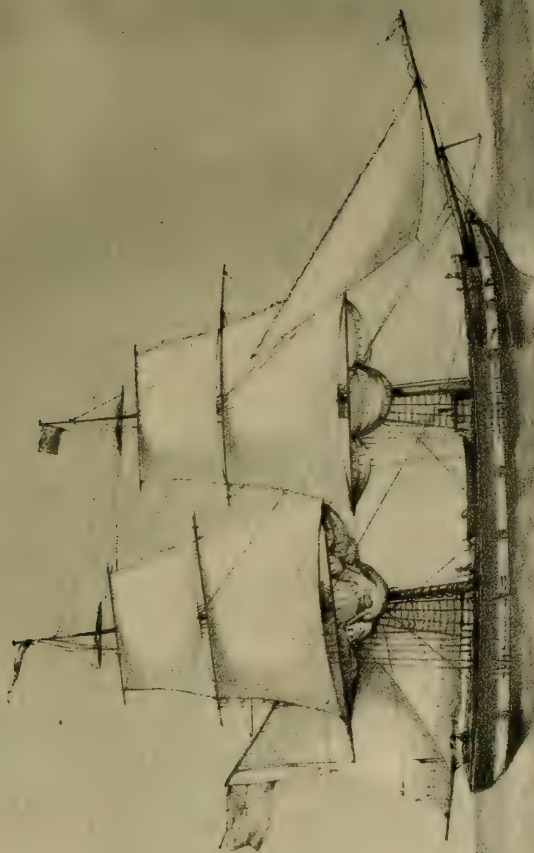
Jan. 8th, 1824.—In the morning we passed St. Kitts, St. Eustatia and Saba Islands. We had fresh breezes from the N. E., and fine, pleasant weather. At noon, Virgin Gorda Island bore north, ten miles; St. Croix in sight, bearing south-west, fifteen miles distant. At four o'clock in the afternoon, came to

anchor at St. Thomas, after a passage of thirty-two days from Cadiz, every person on board in perfect health.

Jan. 9th.—Landed all my passengers, twenty-one in number, except one, (a native of Vera Cruz, a female servant, sent from Cadiz by her friends in that city to her family in Vera Cruz.) The greater part of my passengers left St. Thomas in a few days for Caraccas, some few went to Porto Rico and Lagaira, and with the exception of four of them, namely, Captain Letamindi and his family, whom I subsequently met in Guayaquil, we probably separated forever. I parted with these ladies and gentlemen with sincere regret, and should be most happy to meet them again, if chance should ever throw us together.

At St. Thomas I discharged my young captain, he being desirous to return home. I here laid in a fresh supply of cabin and ship stores, and also purchased sundry articles to dispose of at Alvarado, such as a few barrels of sugar, sundry bags of coffee, and some other small articles. We also had some calking done on the brig, got both pumps repaired, &c., &c., and after lying in the port of St. Thomas eight days, made sail at seven o'clock in the morning, on the 16th of January, bound for Alvarado, in the Gulf of Mexico. For several days after leaving St. Thomas, we had moderate breezes from the N. E. and E. N. E., and generally averaged about one hundred and thirty miles distance per day, during a period of three or four days. We ran down to the westward, along the south coast of the islands of Porto Rico and St. Domingo, and thence along the south side of Jamaica. In this vicinity we experienced much calm weather, and were in sight of the island for the space of five days. The passage thus far had been extremely long and tedious.

On the 25th, a fresh breeze sprang up from the N. E., and fine weather; we now steered more to the northward, and ran through the passage between the west end of Cuba and Cape Catoche, and then along the coast of Yucatan. The *Nymph* leaked badly, and the leak appeared to increase daily. After getting clear of the north coast of Yucatan, we experienced a norther which blew with great violence; double reefed the topsails, and furled the mainsail and trysail, and though the wind blew tremendously, the weather was quite clear. This gale oc-



Lith of F D'Angnon

BRIG NYMPH,
Entering the Port of Alvarado, the 9th of April 1824.

323, Broadway, N.Y.

curred on Sunday, February 1st, in lat. $22^{\circ} 7' N.$, on the Catoche bank, in twenty-five fathoms of water. The next day the weather moderated, when we again made sail and steered on our course with light winds from the eastward.

On Friday, the 6th, made the high land on the coast of Tobasco, and the next day saw Point Roca Partida. The latitude of this point is $18^{\circ} 43' N.$, long. $94^{\circ} 59' W.$ We had, during the day, light winds from the eastward, and clear, pleasant weather.

On the 9th, in the morning, we arrived off the bar of Alvarado. The entrance to the harbor lies between two sand-banks, some thirty or forty feet high. These sand-banks render Alvarado a very blind port, and I found it very difficult to discover the gap or entrance until we approached within a short distance of the bar. At one hour after noon, we took a pilot and ran over the bar, and at three o'clock came to anchor, and moored ship with two bower anchors; twenty-three days from St. Thomas, all well. I felt myself extremely fortunate in getting safe into this little port; the weather was fine, with a light breeze from the N. E., and a very smooth sea. There were only ten and a half feet at this time on the bar, and the *Nymph* drew about ten feet, so that we had very little water to spare.

I here employed the very respectable house of Messrs. Reilly & Suberville, to assist me to transact my business. I found in this port but a small number of vessels, and nearly all of these were American: the brig *Merced*, Captain Russell, and the schooners *Dolphin*, Captain Copeland, and *Fly*, Captain Van Dine, of New York; there were also two or three small vessels from Philadelphia and Baltimore, one U. S. schooner, commanded by Lieutenant Zantzinger, and I think two Mexican schooners; one of them was the *Anahuac*, Captain Cochran. These schooners were placed here to guard and protect the trade at Alvarado. At St. Thomas I cleared out for New Orleans as a precautionary measure, and put into this port in distress, so that if I should meet with any difficulty in consequence of my having loaded in a Spanish place, I should have liberty to leave it, and pursue my voyage to New Orleans. We had some difficulty for a day or two at the custom-house, on the subject of allowing me to enter and discharge my cargo. The

question grew out of the construction of a decree of the Mexican government, passed in the city of Mexico, on the 8th of last October. That decree allowed the goods and productions of Spain to be admitted into Mexican ports until four months after the passage of the act, and then declared that all the goods and productions of Spain brought into Mexico after the expiration of the four months, should be seized and confiscated to the Mexican government.

I arrived at this port on the 9th of February, one day after the expiration of the four months, but as the law was not promulgated here until the 14th of October, it still gave me four or five days to enter and discharge, and so it was finally construed and settled, that I should have liberty to discharge and sell my cargo. The fact is, the government wanted the duties, and the people wanted the goods. In the management of this voyage, I made one grand mistake. If in lieu of sending my funds home from Cadiz, I had laid them out in the goods and products of Spain, I should have made an immense voyage for myself and my friend. The small amount that I invested for paper, oil, raisins, etc., in Cadiz, say about \$1,300, sold here for \$4,200, and netted, after paying duties, commissions and all other charges, \$3,500. Barrels of wine that cost \$9, were here worth from \$35 to \$40, and small barrels of brandy \$50 per barrel. Oil that cost in Cadiz \$1 per jar, was here worth from \$5 to \$6; paper that cost in Cadiz \$2 per ream, brought \$7; raisins that cost but 90 cents per box, I sold for \$3, and almost every other article in a like proportion. The whole country appeared to be quite bare of the goods and productions of Spain, and my little cargo commanded almost any price.

At this period the castle of *San Juan de Ulloa* was in possession of a Spanish garrison, and no vessels were allowed to enter the harbor of Vera Cruz; consequently the whole commerce of Vera Cruz was carried on through Alvarado; this was the nearest port, and could only be entered by small vessels. The castle of *San Juan de Ulloa* was at war with all Mexico, it being at this time the last and only place where the Spanish flag was flying on the continent of America, except Callao, the seaport of Lima.

I had now, after some difficulty, obtained permission to land my cargo, and early in the morning, on the 11th of Feb., commenced landing some light articles in our own boats. At noon, however, we were obliged to stop discharging, clear the decks and prepare for a violent norther, which had commenced in good earnest. We sent down top-gallant masts and yards, braced the lower and topsail yards to the wind, veered out a long scope of chain cable, and made every other preparation to ride out a violent gale from the north.

The U. S. schooner *Shark*, commanded by Captain Stevens, was lying at anchor at Point Liserdo, some eighteen or twenty miles distant from Alvarado, and as the Spanish garrison at *San Juan de Ulloa* was at open war with Mexico, Captain Stevens was closely watching the trade, both at Vera Cruz and Alvarado. He was an active, vigilant officer; and always ready and willing to protect his countrymen and their commercial interests. Not long previous to this period, Peter Harmony, Esq., of New York, had placed in the castle of *San Juan de Ulloa* a considerable amount of property, for safe keeping, and being anxious to avail himself of the influence of Captain Stevens to recover and secure it from both of the belligerent parties, wrote to Captain Henry Russell, commanding the brig *Merced* of New York, to open a communication with the castle, through the influence of the commanding officer of the United States squadron in the Gulf of Mexico. Captain Russell communicated his wishes to Captain Stevens, on the subject of proceeding with him to the castle of *San Juan de Ulloa*. Captain Stevens promptly complied with the request, and said he would proceed with him the next day. Captain Stevens was at this time at Alvarado, in his gig boat, with his second lieutenant, Mr. Hobbs, four stout seamen and a cockswain; besides his own boat's crew, he took with him Captain Henry Russell and George Dekay, Esq. The last named gentleman went with them as interpreter, being perfectly familiar with the Spanish language. After having provided themselves with all necessary stores for the voyage, at seven o'clock in the morning, on the 11th of October, they started from Alvarado in this little boat for the schooner *Shark*, then lying at anchor at Point

Liserdo, in a direct line with the castle. When they left the port, the weather was fine, and not wind enough to ruffle the water. After taking leave of their countrymen on the beach, they started—to use their own words—“with light hearts and joyous spirits,” alternately sailing and rowing, expecting in a few days to return and meet us, and talk over the incidents of the boat voyage to the seat of war.

They proceeded slowly on their course about twelve or fifteen miles, so that at noon they came in sight of the schooner *Shark*, lying at anchor: and now mark the change,—in an instant as it were, the calm was succeeded by a violent norther, leaving them no alternative but to bear up and run before the wind, and endeavor to regain the little blind port of Alvarado, which was, fortunately for them, directly under their lee. They scudded for a time under bare poles, until the sea rose so high that they found it dangerous to run without something to force the boat faster than the sea, which began to comb and break over them. Captain Stevens calmly ordered his men to set a reefed foresail to accelerate the motion of the boat, and thus drive her like an arrow through the water. The sail was soon set, and the boat propelled by the fury of the wind, so that at times the water was some inches higher than the gunwale of the boat. Lieutenant Hobbs took his station on the look-out at the bows of the boat, supporting himself by the mast; Captain Stevens conning the cockswain at the helm; Captain Russell and Mr. Dekay sitting in the stern-sheets bailing out the water with their hats, and the men lying close down in the bottom of the boat.

It must have been a sublime sight to witness the silent and calm resignation of the whole party, to the will of Him who rules the ocean, and governs the whirlwind at his own good pleasure.

The most perfect order and self-possession prevailed; not a word was heard except from Captain Stevens to his lieutenant, to look out sharp for the bar at the entrance of the port, with now and then the words “steady, steady; thus, my boy, thus,” to the man at the helm. At times the boat was forced through the water with such rapidity that there was great danger of running her under. The water was combing over the bows like

a river ; still it would not do to take in sail, and their only hope was in keeping the boat out of the way of the sea, and hitting the channel through the bar at the entrance of the little river, where the fury of the wind had lashed the sea into a white, boiling foam. In the midst of this appalling scene, the plug got out of the bottom of the boat, when Captain Russell thrust his thumb into the hole, and it was some moments before any thing else could be found to fill it. The sea was so high, that at times, notwithstanding the rapidity of the boat's motion, the tops of the white billows were washed over their heads, the boat struggling to free itself from the weight of the water that had forced itself on board. For two hours this heroic little band contended with these dangers, until a kind Providence aided their own good judgment, and directed them to the entrance of the channel, when Lieutenant Hobbs conducted them through a little passage, between two immense breakers, and in a few moments after, they were within the bar and in the smooth water of the river.

The writer of this miraculous escape was watching, with others on the beach, listening to the roaring of the surf and the howling of the tempest, and lamenting the sad fate of his worthy, but unfortunate countrymen, with expressions like these to each other—"Well, poor Stevens, Hobbs, Russell and Dekay, are no doubt all gone ; they are inevitably lost ; they can never survive the fury and violence of this tempest ; they have not had time to reach the *Shark*, and are now all doubtless swallowed up in the foaming billows." Judge, then, what must have been our joy and delight a moment after, to behold the little boat inside the bar, and a few moments after, in taking these half-drowned, whole-souled Americans by the hand.

Those who have never witnessed such scenes, cannot fully understand and feel the full force of sympathy. The power of the pen and pencil cannot bring the subject home to the heart and soul, as the heart and eyes combined lay the whole scene open and naked before you.

During my stay at Alvarado, I had many conversations with Captain Stevens on the subject of his miraculous escape. He said it was indeed a miracle, and that the finger of God was no

doubt in it. He said that he was now more than ever convinced that man should be a religious being; that he had passed through many dangers at sea and on shore, had been in the battle and the storm, but had never felt himself in such imminent danger as in this instance. He was a brave, gallant man, and bore a conspicuous part on Lake Erie, under the heroic Perry, and I think he was also engaged in other naval actions during our late war with England. I do not recollect to what part of the Union Lieutenant Hobbs belonged, I think, however, it was Virginia; he was a polished, gentlemanly, young man, about thirty or thirty-five years old, an excellent officer, and won the esteem of all who knew him. Captain Stevens is now dead, and whether Lieut. Hobbs is still living, I know not.

The gale continued to increase, and at three o'clock in the afternoon it blew a perfect hurricane; at four, my brig took the ground, brought home the anchors, and drove on shore on a hard sand-bank, where she lay thumping during the whole night, and making much water.

The next day, February the 12th, the gale continued to blow with great fury from the north, our vessel still lying on the sand-bank, thumping with great violence; the wind blew so severely that it was difficult for the inhabitants to get about the town; the sand and dust were driven in clouds, and all kind of business was entirely suspended for the space of three days. Although the wind was so violent, the weather was perfectly clear and there was not a cloud to be seen in the heavens. On the 15th it moderated, and we discharged several boat-loads of cargo. The next day, we hove the vessel off the sand-bank, moored ship, and went on discharging the remainder of the cargo, which all came out dry, and in good condition.

On the 18th I called a survey of ship-masters on the *Nymph*. The survey ordered the sheathing of the brig taken off and the bottom calked temporarily, until it could be thoroughly and permanently done at some other port, there being no facilities for repairing ships or vessels at this place. Alvarado lies in lat. 18° 46' N., long. 95° 38' W. of London; it is situated on the west bank of the river Alvarado, about one mile and a half

above its mouth, and forty miles S. E. of Vera Cruz. The town is an insignificant place, with one church, and about one hundred to one hundred and fifty houses, most of which are one story high; it may perhaps contain about 800 to 1000 inhabitants of all colors. They are a motley, mixed breed of various races, the Spaniard, Indian and African. The immediate vicinity is a barren, sandy desert, though at some distance from the town the land becomes very fertile and productive. After advancing a few miles up the river, it opens into a kind of salt-water lake, which abounds with immense quantities of excellent oysters; wild game is also abundant, such as deer, hares and other animals; wild ducks and sea-fowl are also numerous, and persons who are fond of shooting find here abundant sporting. The climate is mild, and man can subsist with as little labor as in any part of the earth. The poorer classes live along the banks of the river in bamboo houses, which they erect in an hour or two; they plant their Indian corn on the banks of the river, where it grows almost without cultivation, and I am told produces abundantly; when ripe enough to gather, they go in canoes and bring it to their houses, and hang it up by the husks on poles erected upon stakes driven into the ground.

From the oyster banks, they can load a boat with fine oysters at low water in a few minutes. The plantain trees supply them with bread, and they are absolutely the most independent people I ever met with. If required to labor in town or on ship-board, they appear very careless about it, and always make their own terms for their services. If any objection is made to the price of wages, they reply that there are fish enough in the river to supply them with food, and that God has provided them with all that is necessary for their sustenance; consequently they become very indolent, and live a drowsy, sleepy sort of life, with but little more activity than the oysters that nourish and sustain them. By nature man is an indolent animal, and will only labor from necessity. It is true, that in cold, bracing climates, where men are compelled to labor and provide for winter, the habit of daily employment becomes to them a pleasure; but it is only from habit that they like it. Witness the In-

dian tribes in the vast forests of North America, where they hunt the wild animals for a support;—after killing a buffalo or wild ox, they build a fire, around which they gorge themselves with the flesh of the animal, and then sleep for several days, and when roused by hunger they again pursue the chase for something to supply them with more food: so that it is in fact, necessity alone that compels them to action.

I had now decided to go from this port with my brig to the Havana, and accordingly advertised for freight and passengers to that port. I wrote to my friend R. M. Lawrence, of New York, to get two thousand dollars insured on freight from this port to the Havana, on a valued policy. I ballasted the *Nymph* with sand, and got her ready for sea with all possible dispatch; settled my business with my consignees; received the amount of my proportion of the cargo sold, freight money, &c., &c.; and after getting about ten ceroons of cochineal, and eleven bales of red peppers on freight, with eleven cabin passengers, at one hundred dollars each, I was ready for sea. Previous to leaving this port, however, I shipped on board the schooner *Fly*, Captain Henry Van Dine, five thousand dollars for account of R. M. Lawrence and myself, joint owners of the brig. There remained with me about sixteen hundred dollars more, belonging to ourselves jointly, which amount I concluded to take with me to the Havana.

Having arranged my business matters and got all my passengers on board, we sailed on the 11th of March for the Havana.

The next day, notwithstanding the weather was very fine and the sea smooth, the brig commenced leaking so that we found it necessary to pump every four hours.

March 13th.—Commenced with light winds from the E. S. E., with fine, clear, pleasant weather; the leak still increasing to 200 strokes the hour. My passengers were clerical men and merchants, namely, six priests and friars, the remainder merchants and shop-keepers. The priests and friars began to be alarmed at the brig's making so much water, and inquired of me the cause, and whether it was not best and more prudent to return to Alvarado. I had laid in sufficient stores and provisions

for the voyage to Havana, and was very reluctant to return into port;—I had received all the passage money, and felt that it was a hard case for both parties; and was therefore determined to persevere on my course, as long as safety and prudence would authorize my doing so.

March 14th.—The leak had now increased to 260 strokes an hour: all my passengers were very much alarmed, and the clerical gentlemen implored me to run for the first port, and offered me freely all the passage money they had paid, and were willing to sign a contract to that effect. The merchants and shop-keepers were more obstinate, and refused to give up any portion of the passage money; consequently, I told them I should pursue my course for the Havana, until it was the unanimous desire of all the passengers to return into port; that I would not claim all their passage money, but thought it but just and fair for me to retain one half of it; having expended about that amount for their provisions and stores; and if they thought proper to agree to this arrangement, I would steer for the first port. They all soon came into the measure. The wind had been light from the N. E. for the last two days, and the current had swept us to the westward, so that on the 18th, four days after leaving port, we made the highlands about ten leagues to the northward of Vera Cruz. We now had fresh breezes from the northward, and fine weather. At noon, this day, passed near the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and attempted to gain the anchorage at the islands of Sacrificios, but could not fetch in. We then bore up for Alvarado.

The next day, March 16th, by turning and shifting the sand ballast, we found the principal leak was in the skarf of the keel. It proceeded through the opening of the skarf with great force and violence; and although we saw this frightful leak, we were not able to stop it. It appeared evident that the skarf must have been started when the brig was thumping on the sand-bank, during the severe weather of the 11th and 12th of February, and that the aperture had filled up with sand, which did not wash out until after we left Alvarado and got into clear ocean water.

On the 17th, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we took a pi-

lot off Alvarado bar, the wind being then from the northward, with clear, pleasant weather; we soon ran into port, and at three in the afternoon came to anchor, after a week's absence. I now landed all my passengers, retaining the one-half of their passage money, and had no difficulty with them, as they were reasonable men, and were convinced that it was no fault of mine, but pure misfortune. I returned the goods on freight to the owners, or shippers, without any charges or expense to either party. I then noted a protest, and the next day Mr. S. Malsan, acting American consul and commercial agent at this port, appointed a survey of three experienced ship-masters, Capt. Henry Russell, James Copeland and Henry Van Dine, to repair on board the brig, examine her situation, and report to him. Accordingly, these gentlemen ordered the brig hove out; I, with great difficulty, borrowed blocks from one vessel, and falls from another, and the next day managed to heave the brig down, so that the survey could examine the keel and bottom. They made the following report:—

“We the undersigned, shipmasters of the United States, now in Alvarado, named and appointed by S. Malsan, acting commercial agent for the United States, at the port of Alvarado, to survey the brig *Nymph*, of New York, Coggeshall, master, lately returned to this port in a leaky condition,

“Report as follows:—That we have this day repaired on board said brig, and after a thorough and careful examination, found the skarf of the keel started, and otherwise much injured, the water forcing through in great quantities, and that it is impracticable to fasten and secure the same from the inside. We are therefore unanimously of opinion, that to make her seaworthy it will be absolutely necessary that the said brig should be hove keel out, the keel rebolted and properly secured, the remainder of the sheathing taken off, the bottom calked and resheathed. It is also our opinion that the expense of the before-mentioned repairs at this place, would far exceed the value of the vessel, it being doubtful, at the same time, whether it would be possible to accomplish the necessary repairs to make the *Nymph* seaworthy, with the means and facilities that this place offers. We recommend Capt. Coggeshall, therefore to dismantle said

brig *Nymph*, and dispose of the materials, viz.: spars, sails, cables, anchors, boats, hull, in short, all the tackle and apparel in detail, to the best advantage for whomsoever it may concern.

“Witness our hands, in Alvarado, March 19th, 1824.

HENRY RUSSELL, of Brig *Merced*.

JAMES COPELAND, Schooner *Dolphin*.

HENRY VAN DINE, Schooner *Fly*.”

We found the main keel of the *Nymph* in a very bad situation, the false one almost entirely knocked off, and the main, amidships, broomed badly for ten or twelve feet, the skarf opened, and violently wrenched. All this damage, no doubt, occurred while she lay thumping on the sand-bank with a heavy cargo on board, on the 11th and 12th of February. Agreeably to the advice of the consul, and the official survey, I proceeded forthwith to dismantle the brig, and through Messrs. Bools and Treat, auctioneers, sold the hull, and also her materials in detail; paid off the officers and seamen according to law, and soon settled all my business at Alvarado.

About this period, Mr. Andrews, agent for the United States Bank, arrived from the city of Mexico, and related the following story. Messrs. Andrews and Crawford, of Philadelphia, were appointed agents for the United States Bank, to proceed to the city of Mexico, and there transact some important business for that institution. After having accomplished their mission, the Government furnished them with a military escort, to protect them on the road from the capital of Mexico to Alvarado. In company with these gentlemen, was the captain of a British man-of-war, then lying at anchor at Vera Cruz, whose name I do not recollect. The English captain and Mr. Andrews rode in a carriage, driven by a postillion, and Mr. Crawford on horseback alongside of the carriage. After getting down to Perote, the captain of the guard assured them that the danger was over, and there left them to perform the remainder of the journey without one. Soon after leaving Perote, while travelling on the road, they were attacked by ten or twelve well-armed men in masks, mounted on fine horses. Their first act of violence was shooting Mr. Crawford through the body; this unfortunate gen-

tleman fell to the ground, bleeding profusely. They then ordered the captain and Mr. Andrews to leave the carriage, and lie flat on their faces on the ground, while they rifled the vehicle of all they could find. After having robbed them of their watches and all their money, the robbers were about to let them go, but at this moment the mail carrier from Vera Cruz came in sight; he was mounted on horseback, and did not discover the robbers until very near the carriage, which several of them were overhauling; on rising a little hill he discovered his danger, but too late to make his escape; he however spurred his horse, and endeavored to pass them. In an instant several of them went in pursuit; the fleet horses of the robbers soon overtook him, when they shot the unfortunate man, and left him dead on the road. Mr. A. told me that while the captain and himself were lying on the ground, the robbers pricked their sides with the points of their swords, and threatened to dispatch them, accusing them of having concealed a portion of their money. Mr. A. said one of their gang (he thought it was the captain) appeared to intercede for them, and told his men not to kill them, that they had taken all they had, and that it was useless to murder them. After the robbers were satisfied that they could find no more booty, they rode off and left them.

Mr. A. concluded, from the manner they rode and managed their arms and horses, that the whole gang were military men. As soon as the robbers were fairly out of sight, they lifted the poor, wounded gentleman, who was bleeding and suffering from the effect of his wound, into the carriage, and returned slowly back to Perote. On the road, about a mile from where Mr. Crawford was shot, they saw the mail-carrier lying dead. Mr. Crawford lived but a few hours after they returned to Perote.

Alvarado was formerly a poor little fishing village, and was brought into notice from the circumstance of the castle of *San Juan de Ulloa's* being in the possession of Spain, so that no commerce or trade could be carried on with Vera Cruz except by land, from Alvarado. Consequently, as soon as the castle of *San Juan de Ulloa* fell into the hands of the Mexicans, Alvarado naturally fell back into its former insignificance.

About the 27th of March, I got a copy of all my protests

and surveys from the American consul, and now only waited an opportunity to return home to the United States. As there was no vessel bound direct to the port of New York, I decided to return to Philadelphia in the pilot-boat schooner *Mexican*, with Captain Dawson. There were six cabin passengers: Mr. Andrews, R. Willing, Esq., a young Englishman by the name of Sagg, myself, and one or two other gentlemen. The price of passage was \$100, which we paid in advance.

While waiting for Captain Dawson to get ready for sea, we had much leisure to stroll about the town and the sand-hills in its vicinity, and to observe the peculiarities of this, in many respects, singular place. Alvarado is badly supplied with fresh water: that in the river and harbor is salt and brackish, but by digging a few feet deep in the sand six or eight feet from the river, and inserting a barrel with holes bored in the bottom, fresh water is easily obtained, and in this way the shipping is abundantly supplied. We sailed from Alvarado about the middle of April. We encountered contrary winds in getting out of the Gulf of Mexico, and made a long and tedious voyage. The cabin passengers were intelligent and agreeable men. We did not reach Philadelphia until the 18th of May, which made our passage about thirty-three days from Alvarado. I remained but two days in Philadelphia, and then came on to New York, where I found my mother, sister, and all the rest of my friends well.

The underwriters paid our claim for the brig and freight in an off-hand, honorable manner, and although I had much trouble and anxiety on the voyage, still, it turned out a very profitable one. I was absent a few days over eight months, with a small capital of about \$10,000, and cleared on the voyage just \$8,000 for my friend Lawrence and myself. We settled every thing to our mutual satisfaction.*

It will be recollected that while lying in St. Thomas, on the 10th of January, 1824, I discharged Capt. Coggeshall, at his own request. From that port he returned home to Milford, where he soon sickened and died, leaving a wife and one son. On my return to New York, on being made acquainted with the early

* And thus ends this troublesome though lucrative voyage in the brig *Nymph*.

and unexpected death of my young friend and cousin, I wrote, as applicable to him, the following :

EPITAPH:

Here in this lonely, humble bed,
Where myrtle and wild roses grow,
A son of Neptune rests his head,
For, reader, 'tis his watch below.

Long hath he done his duty well,
And weathered many a stormy blast ;
But now, where gentler breezes swell,
He's safely moored in peace at last.

Tread lightly, sailors, o'er his grave,
His virtues claim a kindred tear ;
And yet why mourn a brother brave,
Who rests from all his labors here ?

Though here below his body lies,
To mingle with the dust,
His soul has flown to brighter skies
To dwell among the just.

CHAPTER XXXI.

VOYAGE IN THE SHIP GOVERNOR CLINTON, DAVID HEPBURN MASTER, FROM NEW YORK TO CHILI, PERU AND COLOMBIA, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, THENCE TO GIBRALTAR AND BACK TO NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1825, 1826 AND 1827. MYSELF SUPER-CARGO.

ABOUT the 20th of March, 1825, I agreed with Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold, merchants in New York, to perform a trading voyage from that city to the western coast of Chili, Peru and Colombia, in their ship "Governor Clinton." This was a good, fast-sailing ship, about two years old, and burden three hundred and eighty-three tons, well fitted and found in every respect. We had a valuable assorted cargo of flour, provisions, white beeswax, chairs, soap, American cotton goods, such as shirtings, sheetings, etc., besides German, English and Russian goods. In fine, it would be useless and tedious to enumerate one-tenth part of this extensive cargo of every kind of merchandise. For we had, as the saying is, "every thing, from a German flute to a penny whistle."

The invoice of Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold alone, amounted to the gross sum of \$51,320. Benj. L. Swan, Esq., also shipped on board of this ship, by an arrangement with his friends the owners, an invoice of American, English and German goods to the amount of \$36,203, and consigned the same to me. Besides the above invoice, there were sundry other goods sent by different persons on half profits, such as chain-cables, saddles, etc., etc., so that the whole cargo amounted to nearly one hundred thousand dollars, all of which was consigned to my management.

Knowing from experience the great length of time necessary to retail such a cargo on the western coast of South America, I proposed to the owners to employ a captain to act under my directions, and also a young man as assistant supercargo and clerk. I told them that this arrangement would eventuate to their interest : that I should never be able to fulfill all the duties of a captain and supercargo. They readily complied with my suggestions, and allowed me to appoint the two gentlemen in question. I accordingly chose as captain, David Hepburn, of Milford, who had been my cabin-boy on his first voyage at sea, in the brig *Henry and Isabella*, to St. Bartholomew, in the year 1809. He had also some years after that period commanded two vessels in my employment, the ketch *Maria*, and the schooner *Catherine*, in the West India trade. I chose for my assistant supercargo and clerk, my young friend, Mr. ———. He had been liberally educated, and had been for several years initiated in commercial affairs in the counting-house of one of the first mercantile firms in the city of New York.

Captain Hepburn took for his mate or first officer Mr. L. B. Griswold, with a crew of twelve men and boys, together with a cook, steward and carpenter, so that we mustered in number about eighteen or twenty souls.

We commenced loading on the 22d of March, and on the 13th of April got ready for sea. Here follows the substance of Captain Hepburn's orders from the owners of the *Governor Clinton* :

CAPTAIN D. HEPBURN,—

DEAR SIR : You will please take charge of the ship *Governor Clinton* as master, and proceed with all possible dispatch to Lima ; at that port you will be guided by the instructions and advice of Captain George Coggeshall, who goes with you as supercargo. Mr. C. holds our power of attorney to dispose of the ship and cargo, in short, to do and act for our interest the same as though we were personally present ; we therefore request you will comply with his wishes, and should any untoward accident befall Captain C., we desire that you will strive to pro-

mote our interest to the best of your abilities. Wishing you a prosperous voyage, we remain

Your obedient servants,

N. L. & G. GRISWOLD.

Substance of my agreement with the owners of the G. Clinton on a trading voyage on the coast of Chili, Peru and Colombia. The owners agree to allow me two and a half per cent. clear commission on the gross sale of the whole outward cargo, also two and a half on all purchases, and one per cent. on returns in specie, with the further privilege of ten tons of merchandise free of freight during the entire voyage, with one quarter part of the net passage money.

After my agreement was completed and all the preliminaries settled relative to the voyage, the owners handed me a letter to Captain Hatch, who commanded their brig Brazilian, which vessel was then at Lima or trading on some part of the coast of Peru. I herewith insert a copy of that letter.

NEW YORK, 14th April, 1825.

CAPTAIN A. HATCH,—

DEAR SIR: This will be handed you by Captain George Coggeshall, who is on the eve of sailing in our ship Governor Clinton, direct for Lima. You will give Captain C. all the information in your power, that will promote the object of his voyage, and consult with him relative to the business of the Brazilian.

Captain C. is an experienced shipmaster, and his advice will be useful to you. We have requested him, if he thinks best, to put such part of his cargo on board of the Brazilian, as is suitable for other markets on the coast, and to let Mr. — go with you, to assist in disposing of them, together with such remaining part of your cargo as is adapted to such ports. You will please co-operate with Captain Coggeshall in such arrangements as he may deem proper.

We are your obedient servants,

NATHANIEL L. & G. GRISWOLD.

And now being assured that I had the entire confidence of my enterprising employers, and satisfied they had allowed me a liberal compensation for my anticipated services, I felt that they were entitled to my utmost exertions and untiring industry to promote their interest in every honorable way in my power. Under these circumstances I embarked with a good heart and a willing mind, and on Friday, April the 15th, 1825, at ten o'clock in the morning, we left New York with a light air from the N. E., and at noon the same day came to anchor at the quarantine ground, Staten Island, where we lay all night, the wind being light from the eastward. The next morning at eight, we made sail with a light, variable wind and ebb tide, and stood down the bay. At three o'clock in the afternoon we got fairly outside of Sandy Hook, when a breeze sprung up from the southward. We discharged the pilot, and proceeded on our course to the eastward.

There is so much sameness and monotony at sea, that I shall pass over much of the dull routine comprising the record of winds and weather, and only note the most prominent incidents that occurred during this passage (except off Cape Horn, where I shall insert detailed particulars from day to day.) The first day out we had a smooth sea and a favorable breeze from the southwest, and ran off at the rate of eight and nine knots the hour. The next day being Sunday, all hands had a day of rest. I have always made it a standing rule never to keep the officers and crew at work on Sunday, except in cases of absolute necessity.

On the 20th of April, four days after leaving Sandy Hook, the wind shifted to the S. E., and blew a strong gale from that quarter attended with rain, and a high sea, which made it necessary to double-reef the topsails. As the motion of the ship caused my young friend Mr. — to feel sea-sick, the following dialogue took place between us.

“ Well, Mr. C., this is a miserable life; what fools men are to let pride and ambition drive them to sea, and thus suffer and endure sickness and every kind of discomfort. It is far better to live on shore in the most humble manner, even in a log-cabin on the wild prairies of the western States, than lead such a

miserable dog's life as this. I only wish I was once more on shore, and nothing should ever tempt me to leave the land again."

"My young friend," said I, "your feelings on the subject are perfectly natural; I have heard the same resolves a thousand times from the uninitiated in the mysteries of a sea life. Just wait until you have seen foreign lands, and felt the excitement which the dangers and vicissitudes of such a life are sure to produce, and then after having made a good voyage and got safe back, only think how delightful it is to meet one's friends, and find every body glad to see you, and greet you with a hearty welcome. Depend upon it, sir, you will not willingly remain two months on shore, before you will sigh for another voyage."

The Governor Clinton was a good sea-boat and a fast-sailing ship, and when the winds were favorable, we made great progress on our voyage. Although deeply laden, we frequently made two hundred miles and over in twenty four hours. Before leaving New York, I had purchased a new chronometer, and as we were bound on a long voyage, I judged it prudent to make one of the Cape de Verde Islands, and test the correctness of the instrument, and therefore requested Captain Hepburn to make the Island of St. Anthony, which lies nearly in the direct track out, and about in the usual longitude of crossing the equator. Accordingly on the 12th of May we steered south for the aforesaid island, and made it at six A. M., daylight, bearing S. by W. seven leagues distant.

Brisk breezes at N. E. and fine weather, latitude by observation at noon $17^{\circ} 14' N$.

When the body of the island bore south, I got several sights of the chronometer, and found the mean result to be $25^{\circ} 17' W$. longitude. The longitude of the same part of the island is laid down in my nautical books in $25^{\circ} 19' W$., differing but two miles, consequently I found the chronometer correct. St. Anthony is a high, barren, rocky-looking island, and I should think not of much value for the purposes of cultivation.

We were now twenty-seven days from New York, and as we had got into fine weather, I found abundant leisure to

read, and brush up what knowledge I had of the Spanish language.

Temperature by Fahrenheit's thermometer this day was 80° at noon in the shade. We had light trade winds at N. E. for several days while steering down south towards the line, and met with nothing worthy of remark until we got near the equator, where the weather is always hot and disagreeable. The sun is generally hidden by clouds and mist during the morning, but usually shines out at meridian. Being vertical, the heat and vapor are extremely unpleasant. Frequently through the night there is much rain, and though at times the clouds look frightfully black, and the squalls wild and threatening, still they are, generally speaking, harmless, and end with abundance of rain, with but little or no wind.

I can easily conceive that a stranger on visiting these regions, should be at times very much alarmed with the threatening aspect of the sky and the general appearance of the weather, when in reality there is no danger.

It is in these latitudes that we generally fill up our water casks, and the sailors always profit by washing all their clothing.

We are usually obliged to fan through these low latitudes, say from two or three degrees north of the equator to one degree south of it, and it is not uncommon to lose several days here amidst calm and baffling weather. I have found, by many years experience, that the best longitude for crossing the line is in about 26° to 27° W. Some navigators prefer crossing further to the eastward, say in 23° W., but I think there is more fear of meeting calm weather in 23° than further to the westward; namely, from 26° to 27° . Baltimore vessels, which are generally fast-sailing clippers, cross still further to leeward, some as far as twenty-eight or twenty-nine degrees, and find the winds fresher and more favorable; still this would be a dangerous experiment for very heavy sailing ships to attempt for fear of falling to leeward, and being swept so far to the westward as not to be able to weather Cape St. Roque.

On Saturday, May 28th, we crossed the equator in the longitude of $26^{\circ} 16'$ W. The thermometer this day, and for several consecutive days, was from 82° to 85° Fahrenheit, in the shade.

Latitude at noon, $0^{\circ} 52'$ south. And thus our passage from New York to the line has been forty-one days, which is rather long for a fast-sailing ship. We have, however, for the last ten or twelve days, been sadly impeded by light and baffling winds.

Sunday, May 29th.—We are fortunate in falling in with the S. E. trade winds so near the line, and have now fine, pleasant weather, which is very agreeable after having been for several days under a vertical sun, and soaking showers of rain. We have made one hundred and fifty-four miles distance per log, the last twenty-four hours, notwithstanding the ship has been close-hauled upon the wind. This is another welcome day of rest; I read one of Bossuet's Sermons, Locke and Bacon's Essays, and felt at peace with all the world. Latitude, by observation, $3^{\circ} 5'$ S. Longitude at noon, $28^{\circ} 12'$ W. Thermometer 83° in the cabin.

Thursday, June 2d.—During the last three days, we have had fresh and steady breezes from the S. E., and clear, pleasant weather, and have made, by the log, one hundred and sixty-eight miles per day, with the yards braced up. We are now sailing through those pleasant regions (mentioned on a former voyage in the Sea-Serpent), where the weather is generally fine, the air pure, and the skies bright and clear. Our captain is a good seaman, very watchful and attentive to the duties of the ship, and has tact enough to make the crew contented and happy. As we have a drummer and a fifer, besides a man who plays the violin tolerably well, we have music on board almost every evening when the weather is fine, to keep up the spirits of the men; and I am pleased to add that every body appears contented. There is of course some occasional remark or evil foreboding on the subject of doubling Cape Horn; but this reflection soon subsides by the consoling fact that we have a good ship under foot, and that she is ably commanded, with as good a crew as ever floated on salt water, in proportion to their number. We found ourselves this day in latitude $10^{\circ} 51'$ south; longitude $33^{\circ} 44'$ west.

From the 2d to the 9th of June, we had generally light winds and pleasant weather, and made but slow progress on our

course. We have kept a little too far to the westward, and too near the Brazil coast, consequently have found the S. E. trades very light. I would, therefore, advise all young and inexperienced navigators bound round Cape Horn, to give the coast of Brazil a good berth, and thus avoid light trades and baffling winds. I have found from experience that by keeping further to the eastward on this coast the trade winds are much stronger.

Saturday, June 11th.—This day, the weather being fine we took several observations of the sun's and moon's distances to ascertain our longitude; and after taking the mean of the whole, found the longitude to be $35^{\circ} 52'$ west of Greenwich, which differs but a few miles from the chronometer; we therefore conclude they are both correct. Latitude at noon, $20^{\circ} 19'$ south.

Thursday, June 16th.—Winds light, from S. E. to N. E., with clear, pleasant weather. At one P. M. spoke the brig "Syren," four days from Rio de Janeiro, bound to Boston. Several whales playing round the ship. Variation of the compass, per amplitude, $2^{\circ} 32'$ east. Latitude by observation, $28^{\circ} 56'$ north; longitude $38^{\circ} 48'$ west.

Monday, June 20th.—Moderate breezes from the S. E. and fine weather. This day, set up the lower shrouds, bent a new main-topsail, and other storm sails, sent down royal masts and yards, rove new braces, and are making every preparation for bad weather as we draw up into higher latitudes, and approach Cape Horn.

June 25th.—Latitude 43° south; longitude 50° west. The thermometer in the cabin stood at 52° . The days are getting shorter, and the sky daily wears a more wintry aspect, as we increase our latitude. The "Magellan Clouds" are now about 45° above the horizon, and are nightly seen when the sky is clear.

In these high southern latitudes, besides the "Southern Cross" there are many constellations and single bright stars seen, that are not visible to the inhabitants of the Northern Hemisphere, and are therefore a fruitful theme of contemplation for those who visit these distant regions of the globe. From the 26th of June to the end of the month, we generally had

head winds, and squally, disagreeable weather; consequently we made but slow progress on our voyage.

July 6th.—At 7 o'clock this evening, by an observation of the moon and the star Antares, found we were in longitude $53^{\circ} 15', 30''$, west longitude per chronometer, $53^{\circ} 18' 0''$. Latitude $46^{\circ} 0'$ south, variation of the compass per amplitude, $23^{\circ} 26'$ easterly.

Friday, July 8th.—During the whole of these twenty-four hours, we had fresh breezes from west to northwest, and clear, pleasant weather. At eight A. M. made the land, namely, the island of Terra del Fuego, near the Straits of Le Maire, bearing from south to west about fifteen leagues distant. Latitude by observation at noon, $54^{\circ} 3'$ south; distance run by the log, one hundred and fifty-eight miles. At eleven o'clock A. M. the longitude per chronometer was $64^{\circ} 54'$ west.

At this time Cape Diego, at the entrance of the Straits of Le Maire, bore S. W. This cape is laid down by Bowditch in latitude $54^{\circ} 37'$ south; longitude $65^{\circ} 5'$ west, which differs little or nothing from my chronometer.

Saturday, July 9th.—Up to this period, we have been favored with a fair share of good weather; but, as it is now in the dead of winter in this dreary region, I look for nothing but stormy weather, and constant changes from bad to worse.

I believe I have remarked, in my narrative on a former voyage, that the severe weather and mountainous seas off Cape Horn and its vicinity, are, in reality, bad enough to encounter; but the passage round this cape is rendered tenfold more gloomy from its remote position; for should any serious accident occur, such as losing a rudder, there is no resource. For many hundred miles along this coast, there is no vegetation except a few stunted trees, and a little moss and sorrel growing among the clefts of these dark gray and black rocks, piled one upon another, to the height of several hundred feet; and no inhabitants, save a thin, scattered population of miserable, savage Indians, but one grade above the brute creation, and no friendly port to obtain relief, short of Monte Video, which is more than 1300 miles distant.

This reminds me of the melancholy loss of a Spanish seventy-

four gun-ship, with every soul on board—captain, officers, crew and passengers—amounting, in number, to between 700 and 800 men, women and children. This ship sailed from Cadiz, in company with a frigate bound to Lima, some eight or ten years before Peru shook off the Spanish yoke and became an independent State. These ships met with no serious accident until they arrived off Cape Horn, where, in a violent tempest, while lying to, the seventy-four lost her rudder. She hoisted a signal of distress, but the sea was so high, and the weather so bad, that the frigate was afraid to approach her consort. Shortly after, the weather became thick, when they separated, lost sight of each other, and never again met. The frigate, a few weeks after, arrived in safety at Lima, but the seventy-four was never afterwards heard from, except a mere vestige of her—just enough to establish the fact of the sad catastrophe of this ill-fated ship. Soon after the New South Shetland Islands off Cape Horn were discovered, a gang of American sealers on one of these islands report having seen the rudder of a large ship, which they supposed to have belonged to a seventy-four, lying on the shore of one of these desolate islands.

After this digression, I will resume my narrative.

July 10th.—Commenced with fresh gales from the westward, directly ahead, with a high head sea running. During the night we had strong gales from west to southwest, attended with violent squalls of snow and hail.

At eight o'clock A. M. got down the main-topgallant yard, rigged in the jib-boom, close-reefed the topsails and course, and stood off shore to the southward. We have now met with Cape Horn weather, in good earnest. No observation; the sun obscured. Latitude by dead-reckoning, $56^{\circ} 18'$ south. Distance made, by the log, seventy miles. Longitude by calculation, $62^{\circ} 31'$ west. Thermometer at noon, 34° above zero.

Monday, July 11th.—These twenty-four hours, like the last, commenced with strong gales from the west and southwest, with violent squalls of snow and hail. At four P. M. the wind blew so violently that we were obliged to take in all sail, except a close-reefed main-topsail, and the main and mizzen staysails. At eight in the morning, the gale was so violent, that we

took in the main staysail, and laid the ship's head off shore to the southward. The gale continued to rage with great fury from the westward, with a very high sea running directly ahead, through the night. At half-past eleven A. M. the sun shone out, and by a sight at the chronometer, we found the longitude to be $61^{\circ} 52' 30''$ west. Latitude by observation at noon, $55^{\circ} 46'$ south. Thermometer, at noon, in the cabin, stood at 31° above zero.

July 12th.—These twenty-four hours are only a repetition of the last—a continuation of strong gales from the westward, with a high sea running. At four P. M. wore ship to the northward, and lay to, all these twenty-four hours, under a close-reefed main-topsail, and main and mizzen staysail. We lost about thirty-one miles drift to the eastward, which is about one degree of longitude. We are now in latitude $56^{\circ} 8'$ south; longitude per chronometer, $61^{\circ} 30'$ west; thermometer same as yesterday.

Wednesday, July 13th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with strong gales from the southward. At midnight, we set close-reefed topsails, reefed courses and storm staysails. At one hour after midnight, wore ship to the southward. The wind has again veered to the westward, and increased to a violent tempest. At four P. M. took in all sail, except a close-reefed main-topsail, and hove to. We have now very cold weather and much snow, with a high sea running from the westward. At eight A. M. the gale moderated a little, when we set a close-reefed topsail and a reefed foresail. Latitude by observation at noon, $56^{\circ} 3'$ south; longitude, by chronometer, $60^{\circ} 38'$ west. Thermometer down to 27° in the cabin. We have now much ice and snow about the rigging and decks.

July 14th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with moderate gales from the S. S. E. At meridian we made sail, set close-reefed topsails, and reefed courses. Strong gales and a high sea, with heavy squalls of snow and sleet throughout the night. At nine A. M. the wind moderated, and the sky cleared up a little, when we saw a ship, bearing about south, two or three miles distant, lying to, under a fore and mizzen staysail, with the most of her sails blown to pieces. Her topsails and

courses were hanging to the yards, half-furled, and flapping in tatters and ribbons in the wind. We set our colors, when she, being to windward, set a French ensign, bore up, ran down near us, and hove to again. We were under close-reefed topsails and reefed courses, and had every thing snug and comfortable. We gazed at each other for a few seconds, when I requested Captain Hepburn to inquire of the captain of the French ship whether he was in distress or wanted any thing, and whether we could render him any assistance. When in the act of asking him these questions, he hailed to know whether *we* were in want of any thing, and whether he could be of any service to *us*. We, of course, thanked him, and told him we wanted nothing. She appeared like a French sloop-of-war, mounted twenty-two guns, and had a great number of men on board; still she lay looking like the picture of distress, with nearly all her sails blown to ribbons, and every thing hanging about in a careless, slovenly manner, worse than any merchant ship I ever saw with less than one-tenth her number of men; and what most surprised us, was the careless inactivity displayed on board. No move was made to repair damages, and every thing appeared to be left to the mercy of the winds. Finding we wanted nothing of each other, we wore ship and stood on opposite tacks, when we soon lost sight of this mysterious ship. No observation—the sun obscured. Latitude by account, $55^{\circ} 44'$ south. Distance per log, eighty-one miles. Longitude, per chronometer, $62^{\circ} 32'$ west.

Friday, July 15th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with moderate breezes from the S. W. At six A. M. wore ship to the S. S. E. At seven A. M. the wind hauled to the N. W., and blew a fresh gale from that quarter, attended with squalls of snow, and a high sea running from the westward. At nine A. M. the wind moderated a little, when we again made sail, set double-reefed topsails, and a reefed foresail. At meridian, the wind and weather moderated, and the sea became somewhat smoother. Lat. by account, $55^{\circ} 40'$ S. Distance per log, one hundred miles. Long. about 65° W. Thermometer in the cabin, 38° above zero.

I am fully aware that the record of making and taking in

sail, and giving a daily account of the winds and weather in the log-book style, must often be extremely tedious and uninteresting to those unacquainted with the sea, but to seafaring men, it is quite the reverse; for to them it is often a source of amusement, and sometimes beneficial to read in detail the experience of their seafaring brethren. It enables them to compare and contrast the different tracks taken by ships on long voyages, and it is for them that I have given the particulars of our passage off and around Cape Horn.

It will therefore be easy for those who feel no interest in storms, gales, or ships' courses on the ocean, or such as have no disposition to trace on a map the track of the ship, to turn over the leaves of this part of my narrative without reading them. I have therefore concluded to give an exact copy of my journal, as it occurred from day to day, and although it may possess but little interest, it will, at least, show a spirit of determined perseverance to surmount every obstacle.

Saturday, July 16th.—During the whole of these twenty-four hours we experienced a continuation of strong westerly gales with a high head sea running against us, still plying to windward, under close-reefed top-sails and a reefed foresail. In this dismal region, now in the dead of winter, we have long, dreary nights, and short days, the sun appearing for a few hours, making, as it were, but a small circle to the north of us, and then sinking into deep banks of dark clouds.

Lat. by obs. $56^{\circ} 55'$ S. Long. per chronometer $65^{\circ} 7' 30''$ W.; distance run per log, ninety miles. The variation of the compass at sunsetting, was $22^{\circ} 57'$ E. Found a strong current setting to the eastward, all these twenty-four hours, so that we gained little or nothing. In fine, it is very difficult to hold our own against these strong gales and lee currents.

Sunday, July 17th.—These twenty-four hours, like the last, commenced with strong gales from the westward, and a high sea running. At four p. m. the gale was so violent that we took in all sail except a close-reefed main-topsail, and a storm main-staysail. At midnight, it suddenly became calm, when the ship rolled and tumbled about for several hours in the trough

of the sea, with not wind enough to keep her steady. At six A. M. a light breeze sprung up from the eastward, when we sent up the main-topgallant yard, and set the sail with a fore-topmast studding-sail, to steady the ship. Saw a sail bearing E. S. E., some eight or ten miles distant. No observation; the sun obscured. Lat. by dead reckoning $57^{\circ} 10'$ S., long. about $65^{\circ} 8'$ W.

Monday, July 18th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with light airs from the eastward, but owing to a high sea still running from the westward, we made but little progress on our course. At twelve, midnight, a strong breeze sprung up from the S. W., attended with heavy squalls of snow and hail. Close-reefed the topsails, and handed the main and foresails. At seven A. M., the gale moderated a little, and at eight A. M. daylight, saw the land about Cape Horn, bearing by the compass N. W. half W., distant about eight leagues. The land being at this time covered with snow, gave it a very dreary appearance. We soon saw the high, snowy mountains in the interior of Terra del Fuego, bearing about N. E. some sixty or seventy miles. We also saw several small islands near Cape Deceit. At noon, the weather being clear and fine, we had an uncommonly good view of Cape Horn, and the land in its vicinity. It was about seven or eight leagues to the northward of us. I may say we were directly off the pitch of the Cape, beating to windward day after day, to weather this conspicuous landmark, placed, as it were, in the midst of storms and tempests. Latitude, by a good observation at noon, $56^{\circ} 21'$ south; longitude, by chronometer, $67^{\circ} 40' 30''$ west. The longitude of the Cape, as laid down by Bowditch, is $67^{\circ} 21' 0''$ W. Making a just allowance for the bearing and distance of the Cape, I find the chronometer differs but a mere trifle from the longitude laid down in the nautical books referred to.

Tuesday, July 19th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales from the W. and W. N. W., with squally, snowy weather. The land about Cape Horn still in sight. At two P. M. saw a ship bearing about S. E., standing upon the wind, to the northward. We continued to have strong gales from the westward, with frequent and heavy snow squalls

throughout all these twenty-four hours. Still beating against the westerly gales, tacking and wearing every four or six hours. At meridian, saw the land about Cape Horn, bearing N. W. by compass, ten or twelve leagues distant. Lat. by obs. $56^{\circ} 31'$ S. Long. the same as yesterday, $67^{\circ} 21'$ W.

Wednesday, July 20th.—These twenty-four hours, like the last, commenced with fresh gales from the westward, with a high sea running, attended with squalls of snow and hail. At midnight it blew so violently, that we could only carry a close-reefed main-topsail, and a reefed foresail, with now and then the storm, main and mizzen staysails. At noon this day, the thermometer fell down to 28° in the cabin, and the water that came on deck instantly froze. The decks and rigging were covered with ice and snow, so that it was difficult to work the ship, and almost impossible to gain any thing by beating to windward, against these violent storms and tempests. Lat. by obs. $56^{\circ} 44'$ S. Long. about the same as yesterday, say $67^{\circ} 20'$ W.

Thursday, July 21st.—These twenty-four hours, like the last, commenced with a violent gale from the westward, with squally weather. Still plying to windward under close reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail. At midnight, wore ship to the S. S. E.—the gale a little more moderate; set close-reefed topsails and reefed courses. At four P. M. wore ship to the northward and westward. The wind now hauled to the S. S. W., with much snow, and dark, gloomy weather. At eight A. M., soon after daylight saw Cape Horn again, bearing N. by W. by compass, distant six or seven leagues. At the same time, Barnevelts Island, near Cape Horn, bore N. by E. by compass, distant nine or ten leagues. At this time the weather became clear, which gave us another good view of Cape Horn, St. Francis' Bay, and the adjacent land. Cape Horn is the extreme southern point of Hermite's Island. It is a high hill, or small mountain, and is, at this time, covered with snow. The land immediately adjoining the Cape to the northward being low, makes it appear, at a distance, like a detached headland, or a separate island. The mouth of St. Francis' Bay seemed to be about five or six leagues wide, and I should judge very easy of access; I conclude, if compelled by necessity to seek a port for

shelter, that many good harbors may be found in the Bay of St. Francis, and to the northward and eastward of Cape Horn, in what is called, on the charts, Nassau Bay. I also observed, that when we approached near the land, the wind and weather became more mild and moderate, and the sea much smoother. During these twenty-four hours we have had little or no current, notwithstanding the gales have been so violent from the westward; still it is very difficult to make much progress under close-reefed sails, with a high head sea always running against us. At seven A. M. wore ship, and stood off shore to the southward; wind more moderate.

At 11h. 0' 19'' A. M. the longitude per the chronometer was $67^{\circ} 35' 0''$ W. At this time Cape Horn bore N. by E. true course, distant thirty-eight miles, which makes the chronometer differ but two miles from the longitude of the Cape, as laid down by Bowditch. No observation of the sun at noon, it being dark and cloudy.

Friday, July 22d.—These twenty-four hours commenced with brisk breezes at S. W., with dark, cloudy weather. At one o'clock P. M. passed near an American ship. We showed our ensigns to each other; she standing on shore to the N. W., and we standing off shore to the S. S. E.; wind about S. W. by W. At six o'clock in the evening it blew so violently from the S. W., and the sea was so high, that we were obliged to take in all sail again, except a close-reefed main-topsail and mizzen staysail. The weather was now very cold and dreary, with much ice and snow about the decks, so that the ship was completely cased with ice. Thermometer in the cabin down to 27° . I think this gale was more severe than any of the preceding ones. These twenty-four hours end with a continuation of the same violent tempest from the S. W., with a mountainous sea running. Latitude by observation $57^{\circ} 6'$ south; longitude per account, say $67^{\circ} 10'$ W.

Our seamen are a fine set of men; not one of them has flinched from his duty since we left New York, although they have been so severely tried by heat, cold, tempest and storm. Perfect order and good discipline reign throughout the ship, every man obeys with alacrity, and they seem to vie with each

other to buffet the tempest, and with the most indomitable perseverance to weather Cape Horn at all hazards.

Saturday, July 23d.—These twenty-four hours commenced with a continuation of the same S. W. gale which we had yesterday, and it has been decidedly the worst and most disagreeable one we have encountered since we left New York. Throughout the night it blew a perfect hurricane, with violent squalls of hail and snow, with a mountainous sea running. We have been lying to all these twenty-four hours under a close-reefed main-topsail and mizzen staysail. The decks are now loaded with ice and snow, and the ropes about the bows of the ship are all cased and covered with ice to thrice their usual size.

At a moderate calculation we have on deck and about the sides of the ship, at least fifteen tons of snow and ice. Our situation at daylight this morning was very gloomy; lying to off Cape Horn in the depth of winter, the ship covered with ice and snow, with constant and violent gales from the westward, roaring at times like letting off the steam from a powerful engine.

No observation of the sun. Latitude by D. R. $57^{\circ} 0'$ south; longitude by account, about $66^{\circ} 45'$ W. Thermometer in the cabin at 24° above zero.

Sunday, July 24th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales from the south, with a high sea still running from the westward, from the effect of the late severe gales from that quarter. At one P. M. wore ship to westward, and set close-reefed topsails and storm staysails. The weather being a little more moderate, we were enabled to proceed on our course at the rate of two or three knots the hour.

At six P. M. strong gales, with squalls of snow and hail, handed the fore and mizzen topsails. At six A. M. set close-reefed fore and mizzen topsails again. At ten A. M. saw the land about Cape Horn, bearing W. by S. per compass, distant about six or seven leagues. Wore ship to the S. E., and stood off shore, not being able to weather the land about Cape Horn: much ice and snow still about the decks and rigging; the thermometer in the cabin generally down to 24° above zero. Latitude by an indifferent observation, $56^{\circ} 6'$ south. Longitude

per account, about $67^{\circ} 0'$ W. The gales are so violent, and always so contrary, that it is with the greatest difficulty we are able to hold our ground, with the utmost vigilance and unremitting perseverance.

Monday, July 25th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh gales at S. by W., with violent squalls of hail and snow, attended with a high sea: now under close-reefed topsails and reefed courses. At four P. M. saw Barnevelts Island, near Cape Horn, bearing S. W. by compass, about six leagues distant, and notwithstanding we now have a southerly wind, are not able to profit by it, as we are not far enough to the westward to weather Cape Horn. We are still doomed to beat to windward, under close-reefed sails, and can barely hold our own against the stormy tempest and high, prevailing, contrary sea, which we are daily struggling against, and hoping for some favorable change. We have generally stood off eight hours, and on shore six, and with great exertion have thus far nearly held our ground against a long continuation of contrary gales, adverse currents, and a high, rolling sea. Latitude by observation, $55^{\circ} 51'$ S. Longitude by account, about $66^{\circ} 50'$ west.

Our seamen all hold out remarkably well. Up to this date not one of them has been sick, or disabled in any way from doing his duty manfully.

Tuesday, July 26th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh breezes from the southward, with occasional snow squalls. At eight P. M. saw the land about Cape Horn, bearing W. S. W., about three or four leagues distant. Wore ship off shore to the eastward, not being able to stand any longer on the other tack. During the night we wore and tacked ship generally every four or six hours, under double-reefed topsails and reefed courses. At seven A. M., daylight, Cape Horn bore W. S. W., distant about six or seven leagues. At eight A. M. made several short tacks to windward, hoping to weather the Cape; but the wind being contrary and baffling, with a strong current setting to the N. E., we were not able to do so. Moderate breezes from the southward, and dark, cloudy weather. No observation of the sun this day. Latitude by D. R. $55^{\circ} 59'$ S. Longitude about $66^{\circ} 20'$ W. One of our largest hogs died last

night with cold and fatigue, notwithstanding the animal was sheltered and covered with a sail along with four others, who thus far have survived the cold and bad weather.

Wednesday, July 27th.—First part of these twenty-four hours, moderate breezes from the S. S. E., and open, cloudy weather. At four P. M. Cape Horn bore by compass S. W., distant ten or eleven leagues.

We found a current setting to the N. E., say about half a mile the hour. The wind being moderate and the weather clear, we stood in near the land until nightfall, when we tacked ship and stood off shore for several hours. Strong breezes at S. W. by S. At nine o'clock in the morning, saw Cape Horn again, bearing S. W. by S., about twelve leagues distant. Strong gales at S. W. and clear weather. We found during the whole of the last twenty-four hours, a sensible difference in the temperature of the air. At noon this day, the thermometer rose to 37° above zero, and all the ice and snow have disappeared from the decks and rigging; and notwithstanding the wind is contrary, things generally wear a much better appearance than usual. Latitude by a good observation, $55^{\circ} 56'$ S. At noon Cape Horn bore W. S. W. by compass, ten leagues distant. The variation of the compass is about 22° , or say two points easterly.

Thursday, July 28th.—First part of these twenty-four hours, we had fresh gales from the S. W., and open, cloudy weather. At three P. M. Cape Horn bore S. W. by compass, eleven leagues distant; and Barnevelts Island W. N. W. by compass, about five leagues. Took in fore and mizzen topsails, fresh gales at S. W., and a high sea running. At six P. M. wore ship, and stood off shore to the S. E. It continued to blow a strong gale from the S. S. W. during the night. At seven A. M., daylight, it became a little more moderate. Set close-reefed topsails, and a reefed foresail. We have had one and a half knot current, setting to the S. E. all these twenty-four hours. Latitude by observation, $55^{\circ} 52'$ S. Longitude per account, $66^{\circ} 0'$ W.

Friday, July 29th.—These twenty-four hours commenced with fresh breezes at S. S. W., with open, cloudy weather; now

standing off to the E. S. E., under close-reefed topsails and reefed courses. At eight p. m. let one reef out of the topsails, and at seven a. m., soon after daylight, saw the snowy mountains on Terra del Fuego, bearing about N. W. by the compass. At nine o'clock a. m. wore ship to the S. E., the wind having hauled to S. S. W. These twenty-four hours end with dark, gloomy weather, the current still setting to the N. E. at the rate of a mile and a half the hour. No observation of the sun. Latitude by D. R. $55^{\circ} 50'$ south. Longitude about $65^{\circ} 0'$ west.

Saturday, July 30th.—First part of these twenty-four hours we had fresh breezes at S. S. W., with dark, disagreeable weather; now under double-reefed topsails and whole courses. Middle and latter part of these twenty-four hours we had a continuation of fresh breezes from the same quarter; although we have had occasional squalls of snow, still the weather is milder. Thermometer at noon, in the cabin, stood at 35° above zero. Distance per log seventy miles, latitude by an indifferent observation $56^{\circ} 37'$ S.; and longitude per account, $64^{\circ} 30'$ W. Still beating off dreary Cape Horn, and not able to weather it.

Sunday, July 31st.—These twenty-four hours, as usual, commenced with strong gales from the S. S. W., and dark, cloudy weather; steering off to the S. S. E., at the rate of three or four knots the hour. Middle part, fresh breezes at W. by S., and cloudy weather. At 10h. 44' 52" a. m. the longitude, per chronometer, was $64^{\circ} 50'$; and the latitude, by a good observation, $58^{\circ} 6'$ south. Distance made per log, seventy miles. At noon this day, the sky was clear, and the temperature milder, which is very remarkable weather to meet with off Cape Horn, particularly at this season of the year.

Monday, August 1st.—These twenty-four hours commenced with moderate breezes from the westward, and a high rolling swell from the same quarter, with very pleasant weather, which continued through the day. At sunsetting we found the variation of the compass to be 22° easterly. Latitude at noon $58^{\circ} 48'$ S. Longitude about $65^{\circ} 30'$ W.

Tuesday, August 2d.—First and middle part of these twenty-four hours we had light airs and calm, cloudy weather. At two hours after midnight, there sprung up a light breeze from the

N. E., which continued about an hour, and then hauled round to the westward again, when it began to snow. At noon single-reefed the topsails, and took in the main-topgallant sail. Latitude by a good observation, $58^{\circ} 43'$ S. Distance run per log, fifty-two miles. Longitude per account $67^{\circ} 10'$ W. Thermometer in the cabin 34° above zero.

Wednesday, August 3d.—First part of these twenty-four hours we had light breezes from the W. N. W., with light squalls of snow, and dark, hazy weather. Toward the latter part of these twenty-four hours it became warmer and the winds light. Our prospects begin to brighten, and our hopes to revive. We have this day gained about seventy-two miles on a south-west course. Latitude by a good observation, $59^{\circ} 18'$ S. Longitude per chronometer, $68^{\circ} 28'$ W.

We are now, after a hard struggle, a few miles to the westward of Cape Horn; but having been detained so long off the cape, we concluded to husband the water, and consequently put every soul on board on an allowance of three quarts per day.

Thursday, August 4th.—First and middle part of these twenty-four hours we had fresh breezes from the northeast and fine, pleasant weather. At four A. M. the wind suddenly shifted to the southward, and continued to blow a fresh gale from that quarter. During the remainder of the day we had fine, fresh breezes from the southeast, with occasional squalls of snow; and it is worthy of remark, that this is the first day of fair wind we have had since we made Staten Land, on the 9th of last month. We have made one hundred and forty-four miles, per log, on a direct course, and have now a fair prospect of weathering the Cape in a few days from this date. Latitude by observation at noon, $58^{\circ} 36'$ S.; longitude per chronometer, $72^{\circ} 31'$ W.

Friday, August 5th.—Fresh gales from S. S. W. to S. E., with squalls of snow and sleet throughout all these twenty-four hours. We have generally been running under double-reefed topsails and whole courses, with a main-topgallant-sail set, all these twenty-four hours, and have made one hundred and sixty-one miles, log distance, on a direct course. Latitude, by a good

observation, $56^{\circ} 50'$ S. ; longitude per chronometer, $76^{\circ} 53'$ W. Thermometer in the cabin, at noon, 33° above zero.

Saturday, August 6th.—First part of these twenty-four hours, we had fine fresh breezes from the S. S. E., with light squalls of snow ; middle part, light and baffling winds from the westward, and somewhat squally. At two hours after midnight, there sprung up a fresh gale from the southward, attended with snow and sleet ; but as the wind was fair, we were happy to proceed on our course, without complaining of the weather. In fine, we had become so much accustomed to hail, sleet and snow, that we looked upon these storms with but little dread or fear ; and whenever we were favored with a few hours of fair wind, considered ourselves very fortunate. We made one hundred and sixty-one miles per log, and at noon found the latitude to be $54^{\circ} 40'$ S. and the longitude, by the chronometer, $77^{\circ} 0'$ W.

Sunday, August 7th.—It is now twenty-nine days since we made Staten Land, since which time we have been constantly beating and battling against violent gales from the westward ; and I am now happy to say that, after this long and severe struggle, we have fairly weathered Cape Horn, and got once more into the mild and gentle Pacific. Latitude at noon, $50^{\circ} 0'$ S., longitude $78^{\circ} 57'$ W.

I shall hereafter discontinue my daily journal, and only notice the little incidents that occasionally transpire, while sailing on this tranquil sea. None but those who have doubled Cape Horn in the winter season, can fully realize the delightful sensations produced by leaving that dreary Cape, with its cold, stormy blasts, and then, in the course of a few days, getting into the bland and exhilarating Pacific.

We are now sending up the topgallant mast, and preparing to set all our light sails, to waft us over the deep blue waters to where the skies are bright and clear, there to inhale the pure air, and luxuriate in a lovely climate.

After fairly getting into the southeast trades, the winds are so fresh and constant, that it is scarcely necessary to shift or change a sail for several consecutive days.

August 12th.—This day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, we saw four strange fish; they were but a short distance from the ship, and appeared to be about twenty or thirty feet long, with large heads—say about the size of a barrel—which, in swimming, they held above the water. They seemed to be in pairs, and were to us a great curiosity, as no one on board had ever seen fish of this description. Latitude by observation, $42^{\circ} 40'$; longitude, $81^{\circ} 0' W$.

Sunday, August 21st.—Throughout this day we had fresh trades and fine weather. At ten o'clock in the morning we made the St. Felix Isles; they are two in number, of a moderate height, and but a short distance asunder. We ran within two miles of them; they appeared rocky and barren—have but a few stunted trees and bushes; are uninhabited, and of no importance to the world, except to a few small sealing vessels that occasionally touch here for seal-skins. They have no good harbor, and lie in latitude $26^{\circ} 20' S.$, longitude $80^{\circ} 4' W$.

In this delightful climate the sea and air seem teeming with life: schools of flying-fish and a great variety of sea-birds are joyfully sporting around our ship, and all appear conscious of a beneficent, protecting Providence. Over our heads are white, fleecy clouds and beautiful blue skies, while gentle breezes silently waft us onward toward our destined port, and promise a speedy termination to our outward passage.

Tuesday, August 23d.—We continue to have the same fine, fresh southeast trade-winds daily, with studding-sails set below and aloft. We this day got the anchors on the bows, bent the cables, cleared out the cabin, and made every preparation for going into port. The thermometer daily ranges from 75° to 78° .

Sunday, August 28th.—At five o'clock in the morning, at daylight, made the Island of St. Lorenzo; we soon hauled in shore, ran round the north end of it, and steered up the bay for the harbor of Callao; but as we approached the port, I saw a Spanish flag flying on the castle, and a Peruvian ensign at a little distance on a fort, in a little village called Bella-Vista. These forts were perhaps a mile asunder, and kept up a constant firing at each other. At seven A. M. I boarded the American brig Herald, of Salem, then lying at anchor near St. Lorenzo.

The captain of this vessel informed me that it was unsafe lying at anchor in the harbor of Callao. He said the Spaniards and Peruvians were at war—that the castles at Callao were in possession of the Spaniards, and that they were besieged by the Peruvians, both by land and water—that all the merchant ships had left Callao, and gone to a little port called Chorillos, about five leagues to the southward.

We accordingly tacked ship, and stood out of the bay. While standing out, we were boarded by an officer from the Peruvian frigate *Maria Isabella*, under command of Admiral Blanco. The officer treated us politely, and confirmed the information given us by the captain of the *Herald*; that nothing could be done, in a commercial point of view, at Callao, and that Chorillos had for the present become the port of Lima. We accordingly stood out the bay, bound to Chorillos, with a light breeze at S. E., and somewhat hazy weather. We continued to hear firing at intervals of four or five minutes during the whole of these last twenty-four hours. In the afternoon of this day the wind freshened, and enabled us to reach the little bay of Chorillos about six o'clock, P. M., when we came to anchor in six fathoms of water, and moored ship—having had one hundred and thirty-three days passage from New York. We found lying here about forty ships and vessels of all descriptions, including several English, French and American men-of-war. I remained on board all night, and the next morning proceeded on horseback to Lima—the distance being twelve miles, over a pretty good road.

The following is an extract from my first letter to my owners :

LIMA, *Sept. 3d*, 1825.

Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold,—

GENTLEMEN: I am happy to advise you of my safe arrival at this port, on the 29th ultimo, after a passage of one hundred and thirty-three days. It has been rather long, still, its length is not to be regretted, as I fear I have come to an overstocked market, particularly for flour; in this case, therefore, it is better to delay selling (except such articles as are in active demand),

and wait for a further advance in prices, for such goods as will not command a profit at present.

On my arrival, I found all my mercantile friends anxious to get the consignment of the Governor Clinton and her cargo, but none of them were willing to divide commissions with me, or to abate any thing from their very high charges, particularly the three American houses established here, and thus, after repeated trials and offers to these commercial gentlemen, I could do nothing towards an arrangement.

I then agreed with an English merchant, by the name of Thomas Green, who had every privilege of a native citizen ; he agreed to do my custom-house business for a reasonable compensation. I have hired a warehouse at \$40 per month, into which I shall put a small portion of my cargo, and keep samples of what I have on board ; by this arrangement I shall be able to dispose of such articles as are in demand, without the assistance of a merchant or broker, and hope, by so doing, to save you several thousand dollars. I have already sold all my white beeswax, viz., twenty-two bales, at \$105 the quintal ; my claret wine, I have also disposed of at \$6 per box, and several other articles at a corresponding profit.

As the ship that conveys this letter is on the eve of sailing, I have not time to enter into a detailed account of my transactions, I can only assure you that I shall do all in my power to promote your interest.

A person acquainted with commercial affairs, will readily perceive that I must have met with numerous difficulties, in thus attempting to transact my own business in a country where it is a universal custom to employ an established commercial house, to perform and manage the business of strangers ; consequently I had a powerful combination of bakers, speculators and merchants to contend with, not, indeed, openly, for many of them were too liberal and gentlemanly to avow it ; still it was a bold and daring experiment for a stranger to attempt, and brought down on my head much ill-feeling, and secret wishes that I should not accomplish successfully what I had so presumptuously undertaken.

On the other hand, I found lying at Chorillos the ship *Ann Maria* and the brig *Brazilian*, belonging to my owners, who, it will be perceived, had authorized me to employ the latter vessel in any way that I should find expedient, to promote the interest of my voyage. I had also the efficient aid of Mr. ———, my assistant supercargo, and Captain Hepburn, to manage the ship, and dispose of whatever portion of the cargo he could do to advantage at Chorillos, together with considerable assistance from Captains Griswold and Hatch, of the before-named vessels.

Not long previous to my arrival at Peru, so many cargoes of flour had been imported from the United States and Chili, that the market had absolutely been glutted for many months. It had at one time been sold as low as four dollars per barrel, but was now getting more in demand, and as none had recently arrived, I had, in a measure, the control of the market, still I could not get offered over ten dollars. I had 1800 barrels of this article, and deemed it advisable to dispose of it, for fear of other arrivals; accordingly, in a few days after this period, I sold to Messrs. Robinet & Wheelright, a Guayaquil house, 1000 barrels, at twelve dollars and a half, deliverable at that place; the balance I soon retailed, say about a hundred barrels at a time, to the bakers, at thirteen dollars, and thus weathered upon a powerful combination of speculators, who imagined that I should never be able to carry out my independent plan. I also shipped to Guayaquil, by Captain Hatch in the *Brazilian*, a quantity of crockery ware, sheet-lead and sundry other articles, that were not saleable here.

After I had dispatched the *Brazilian* to Guayaquil, I continued, from day to day, to dispose of whatever portion of my cargo would pay a fair profit. It was my intention, when this object was accomplished, to leave Chorillos, with the residue, for Guayaquil; this, however, depended on the news I should receive from Valparaiso, and the intermediate ports.

It was the prevailing opinion here, that General Rodil would be able to hold out and keep possession of the castles but a few months longer, and should he receive no succor from Spain, it was confidently asserted that he would be obliged to surrender in the course of six months from this date.

On my arrival at Lima, I learned the following facts: that Generals Bolivar and Sucre had, on the 6th of August, 1824, compelled the royalists, under General Cantarac, to evacuate Lima, and retire into the interior, where, after much skirmishing, a general battle finally took place at Ayacucho, on the 9th of December, 1824, which resulted in the entire defeat of the royalist force, consisting of 9,300 strong, while that of the patriots only amounted to 5,800.

This was a bloody battle, mostly fought with bayonets and spears, without much manœuvring on either side. I was told by one of the Peruvian officers who was present and took part in the terrible slaughter, that it was a sort of hand to hand butchery, and extremely sanguinary. The half civilized Peruvians fought like mad devils, and all seemed determined that this should be their last conflict with the Spaniards. Two of the Spanish generals were taken prisoners, and Cantarac, the commander-in-chief, capitulated on the field of battle that the whole Spanish army should lay down their arms and evacuate the country. Consequently this was the last battle fought between the Peruvians and Spaniards, and decided the fate of South America.

At the time Cantarac left Lima, on the 6th of August, 1824, General Rodil, with about fifteen hundred or two thousand Spanish soldiers, threw himself into the Castles of Callao and there remained until the 22d of January, 1826, being a period of nearly two and a half years, without aid or succor from Old Spain. He strenuously refused to surrender to the patriots, as the Peruvians were called, and would not submit to the capitulation of General Cantarac.

The fortifications at Callao consist of two round castles connected with subterranean arches, and another fort or castle on the point stretching towards San Lorenzo, all commanding the inner harbor of Callao Bay. They are surrounded by deep ditches and high walls, and appear very formidable. All these forts together contained more than sixty pieces of cannon, mostly of a large calibre. The principal castle was formerly called by the Spaniards, "St. Felipe," but is now called by the Peruvians, "Independencia."

When I arrived in Callao Bay on the 28th of August, 1825, Rodil had already been shut up and closely besieged (both by sea and land) in these forts for more than a year, and at this time, still refused to listen to any terms of capitulation from the Peruvians. He was a stern, iron-hearted warrior, and it was said, very regardless of human life. He had scarcely a hope of any relief from Spain, and in my opinion should have capitulated upon honorable terms, and by so doing, saved the lives of hundreds of his unfortunate fellow-beings who were subsequently sacrificed by famine and disease, to gratify his selfish and inordinate ambition.

A large portion of the Spanish population, and others suspected of belonging to the Spanish party, men, women and children, left Lima and took refuge with Rodil in the castles and town of Callao. I was told their number amounted to from eight hundred to a thousand souls. My worthy old friend and consignee on a former voyage, Don Francisco X. Iscue, was one of the number. He finally died by extreme suffering and starvation.

I was informed that the authorities of Lima would not allow these unfortunate people to return there again. Some months after the commencement of the siege, when provisions became scarce and very difficult to be obtained, Rodil turned them out of the castle into the town of Callao, and reserved all his eatables for himself and his soldiers, so that these poor, ill-fated beings were thrust out between the fire of the two belligerent parties, and left literally to starve to death. A great portion of the garrison, and particularly the civilians, had already died of hunger. They had eaten all their horses, and what provision they had left was sparingly served out to sustain the officers and soldiers of the garrison. About this time my old friend, Iscue, contrived to get a letter to his family in Lima, stating that he was very ill, that he had now and then been able to purchase a few eggs at a dollar each, and for a small chicken was obliged to pay from four to five dollars, and for all other eatables in a like proportion. The poorer part of their number who had no money, of course were left to starve. Such was the treatment

these miserable beings received from the two fighting parties, who no doubt called themselves Christians.

The following barbarous butchery occurred about eight months previous to my arrival at Lima. On the 3d of November, 1824, a patriot force of new recruits which had been collected on the northern coast, entered the city. They were commanded by the Colombian General Urdaneta, and consisted of about seven hundred men. As soon as they entered, all the bells were rung, and in a few moments the streets near the Grand Plaza were thronged with people, mixed in a dense and promiscuous crowd of all ages and conditions. The Cabildo or city authorities assembled, when a dinner was immediately prepared and thirty covers were ordered for the officers. Although fatigued with marching, the troops were not allowed to halt, but passed through the city in a very disorderly manner and took the road for Callao, to encamp on the field under the command of some of their inferior officers while their chiefs remained feasting in Lima.

As they approached the half-way house (La Legua), they were set upon by Alaix, an officer sent by Rodil, from the castles at Callao. This officer with his men, about two hundred dragoons, were lying in ambush, and when these raw troops approached, they sallied out, speared and cut them to pieces in every direction; no quarter was given, and all who came within the reach of cutlasses and lances, were put to death. The fugitives were panic-struck, and fled in every direction. Those that escaped to the city were pursued to the very gates, and the dragoons even entered the town. The fugitives continued their flight for several leagues until they arrived at Chancay, in complete dispersion. More than seventy were killed on the road, and twelve within the gates of the city. The Spanish loss was only one man killed, and he was stabbed by a citizen while in the act of plundering an officer, whom he had cut down in the street.

An American gentleman told me, that from a balcony he saw the bodies of the patriot officer and the Spanish soldier, and afterwards saw the twelve men who were killed within the gate: that their mangled bodies were collected and laid side by side

immediately after the action, if such it could be called. One man had received at least five mortal wounds, and I was told by an English gentleman who resided near the gate, that he saw from his balcony, that the poor wretch was attacked by at least half a dozen Spanish cavalry; that he was on foot, without arms, and while begging on his knees for quarter, they told him "they would give him quarter in hell." Immediately a lance was driven through his body, the lower part of his face was chopped off by a stroke of a cutlass, two balls passed through his throat, and one through his breast. Two or three of those killed within the city were recognized as citizens; and were without arms or uniforms. They had followed the patriot troops on their advance towards Callao, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. There were only about twelve of the Spanish dragoons who entered within the gates, and the slaughter was committed in a few minutes, when they rapidly retreated back to Callao.

General Bolivar had just left the patriot army in the interior, and arrived at Chancay, at the moment the fugitives entered that place. He inquired into the cowardly affair, and by his order three or four of the officers were shot, and several others cashiered. He said the men would have stood their ground if the officers had set them the example; for it appeared on the trial that the officers of the leading platoons first turned to the right-about, and this threw the whole column into confusion. The Commanding General, Urdaneta, upon whom the chief censure ought to have fallen, escaped without punishment. In extenuation of this dastardly affair, it is true that these raw troops had that day marched many leagues over a bad, stony road, had not halted during the heat of the day, and were consequently very much fatigued, as well as their horses, and did not expect to meet an enemy lying in ambush. Thus this column was evidently taken by surprise, dispersed and butchered without resistance, like a flock of sheep.

Immediately after this affair, Rodil decreed the punishment of death for the removal of the remains of those who fell on the Callao road on this occasion, and said they should be left

there to be devoured by the dogs and turkey-buzzards. He also said he would make fifes of all the bones of the d—d rebels that fell into his hands. Forty-two bodies were lying on or near the road, and there they remained, until they were in fact devoured as Rodil had decreed. They were frequently ridden over by the Spanish cavalry on passing up and down the road, and their skulls trampled upon and crushed to pieces by the horses' hoofs, as if another pang could be inflicted on the dead.


These, it is true, are minute details, but they will serve to show the scenes of vindictive murder and butchery practised during the fierce and stormy war of the South American Revolution.

From this period, November 3d, until after the battle of Ayacuacho, which took place on the 9th of December following, Rodil had not only the command of the castles at Callao, but over all the grounds between the two places, and strictly enforced his decree with respect to the before-mentioned dead bodies on and near the Callao road. When General Bolivar returned to Lima with his victorious army, he would not bury the remains of these slaughtered victims; and thus, I suppose, from state policy they were left to incite a vindictive feeling of revenge among the natives of South America against their deadly enemies, the Old Spaniards or "Godoas,"* as they were familiarly called by the South Americans.

Soon after the patriot army returned to the capital. Rodil and his troops were soon shut up in the castles at Callao. The Peruvian party had erected at Bella-Vista (a small village about a mile from the castle) a strong fort of twelve or fifteen pieces of heavy cannon, and thus Rodil was closely and rigidly besieged both by sea and land. From this position (Bella-Vista), they cannonaded the town and castles during the whole siege, which lasted until January 22d, 1826; and from this battery constant firing was kept up night and day, with the exception of short intervals of an hour or two to eat and sleep; and in the same manner it was returned from the forts and castles of Callao. From the fort at Bella-Vista they dug a ditch in a zig-zag

* The word "Godoas," means Goths or Vandals.

direction towards the castle; this ditch was about four feet deep and six wide, and by stooping a little, the men could not be seen from the forts. General Rodil had a canvas tent erected on the principal fort in the castle, under which he and some of his principal staff officers sat, watching daily with spy-glasses the effect of the shot and shells thrown from the castle at his enemy at Bella-Vista. In the bay at Callao, the Peruvians had a frigate, several sloops-of-war, and a number of gunboats, so that nothing could go out or enter the castle by water. Occasionally, as if for mere sport, the ships-of-war and gunboats would run in near enough to fire into the castle and town of Callao, and after keeping up a warm contest for fifteen or twenty minutes, would haul off again, sometimes with the loss of a few poor devils on both sides. They all appeared to enjoy the sport of shooting at each other without any definite object.

One day I rode down, in company with several American gentlemen, from Lima to Bella-Vista, where we arrived about one hour after noon, when both parties had ceased firing, to dine and take their siesta. There was scarcely a house in the village standing that was not riddled like a grater with shot, and the ground in every direction was torn and ploughed up with shot and shells. We entered the ditch, or covered way, ducking our heads low enough so as not to be seen from the castles. The ditch was made to approach the castle in this manner . We went to the last angle of the covered way, where they had planted a gun and a mortar or two; I should think it was somewhat less than half a mile from the castle, at the turning of these angles. It was always necessary to have a great quantity of fascines (bundles of brush-wood) with bags of sand to form a shelter from the shot.

The engineer then directing the progress of the work, was a French gentleman, with whom I was acquainted. He told me they had a short time before completed the last angle, and showed me the handle of a shovel, which had just been shot asunder; the shot had covered the men with dust and dirt, but no one had been hit that day.

For the amusement of our party, a soldier, with a long speaking-trumpet, stood upon the top of the works and hailed

the fort, calling General Rodil all sorts of bad names, such as "Rodil, tu Hijo de p—a picaro—Bribon," and other low, vulgar names. Fortunately the man was not noticed from the castle, and no firing took place while we remained there.

A few weeks, however, previous to our visit, while the Peruvian soldiers were turning one of these angles, the men dodged and ducked to avoid the shot, when a colonel of engineers, somewhat provoked at them for dodging, sharply reproved them for their fears, and placing himself on the top of the works, exposed his whole person to the shot of the enemy, to show his men that he was not afraid. In another instant, a shot came and severed his body. He was taken to Lima, and had a pompous military funeral. I saw his remains in a church, laid out in great state, and after a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted, he was interred with great *éclat*. The roaring of cannon, and the sound of solemn music produced a profound, patriotic sensation, and no doubt the youthful portion of the community envied him his glorious, heroic death. Such has ever been, and will long continue to be, the feeling in favor of the barbarous trade of war, and its vainglorious attendants. Perhaps, at some future period of the world, when the pure spirit of Christianity shall become general, and the peaceful and benevolent principles of Jesus Christ shall be carried out, both in the letter and spirit, the barbarous profession of arms will be laid aside for a more just and humane method of settling disputes among the children of men.

Although more than eight months had elapsed since the butchery on the Callao road, I often saw, while riding between Lima and that place, the carcasses and bones of these slaughtered victims, and I can truly say, they presented a spectacle too disgusting for language to describe.

During my stay at Lima, I frequently saw General Bolivar, and regret I had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. Several Americans possessed his entire confidence, and one of my American friends was on very intimate terms with him, and spent many days at his residence. From him I gathered many particulars of the life and character of this great man. He was slightly built, and I should judge, about five feet seven inches

in height, thin visage, dark complexion, with a dark, piercing eye, high forehead, and a very expressive, intellectual countenance, quick in all his motions, and possessed a very irascible temper. He was extremely generous in money matters, and very regardless of wealth. In February, 1825, the Peruvian Congress voted to the Liberator, as General Bolivar was called, a million of dollars, which he thrice refused, but afterwards requested that it should be given to the army. He also refused a salary of \$50,000 a year, and, like Washington, asked only that his expenses should be paid, which, though arbitrary, doubtless amounted to a less sum. He was not avaricious, though extremely fond of military fame. About this time the Peruvian Congress presented him, and his friend, General Sucre, each an elegant sword, with a gold scabbard, and the hilt richly set with diamonds. General Bolivar left Peru in September, 1826, and returned to his native country, Colombia.

I heard, from the person alluded to, many little sayings and anecdotes relating to this iron-hearted warrior, whom the Peruvians called the Washington of the South—a few of which I will narrate. He once said, “I suppose you and your countrymen take me for a savage, which is true, in a measure: I am not so by nature, but have been made almost one by campaigning so many years over the wild mountains of Colombia and Peru.”

“Your Washington had to manage men that were moral and patriotic, and could therefore pursue a different course from what I am compelled to do: I am leading and governing a race of half civilized beings, and must cut down all opposition with the sword; were they more enlightened, I could pursue a different course; but situated as I am, and knowing the character of those I command, I am constrained to shed much blood for the benefit of these unfortunate States, which have been so long kept in superstition and darkness by the wicked policy of Spain.”

The same gentleman once observed to him, that no permanent peace or tranquillity could be sustained in Peru, until the power of the clergy was reduced or abolished; and then ob-

served, that the sooner the church property was confiscated to the State, and all the bells of the churches run up and cast into cannon, the sooner the country would be regenerated and become intelligent; and further observed, that the eternal jingling of bells helped to perpetuate and keep alive the old Spanish superstition. Bolivar replied, "You are right in your opinion on this subject; but the time to do this has not yet arrived; it must be done not suddenly, but gradually; and when the younger portion of the country come upon the stage, it can be effected, but not at present."

I often witnessed one judicious arrangement of General Bolivar, while I remained at Lima. On Sundays and holidays he ordered all the schoolmasters, with their pupils, to assemble on the Grand Plaza, in front of the Palace, where himself and his principal officers were seated in the balconies, and here accompanied by a fine band of military music, they were all taught to sing hymns and national songs of liberty and independence. I shall never forget the joy and enthusiasm with which these patriotic songs seemed to inspire the numerous young hearts who were chanting in the presence of the brave and distinguished warriors who had achieved their independence, and driven from their country the tyrants who had so long enslaved and oppressed their fathers. And when they were addressed by an orator appointed for the occasion, and beheld the Peruvian flag wave over their heads, the applause and enthusiasm were astounding.

While trading up and down this coast, whether at Guayaquil or Lima, I never felt that my person or property was safe, when far from the influence of General Bolivar, or some one acting immediately under his command. In short, to sum up all in one word, the Liberator was in these States what Bonaparte was in France, in the height of his power.

In my visit to Callao, I was forcibly struck with the effect of habit on the minds of those who were employed in carrying on the siege. To the uninitiated of every clime and nation, I believe there is, on the first firing of shot and shells, an involuntary desire to dodge and duck, as the shot approaches. It no doubt proceeds from the sense of fear implanted in every hu-

man bosom, and is overcome only by a feeling of duty or pride, in the man of education and refinement; while in the masses of soldiers and sailors, it is nothing but habit and stoical indifference to life or death. I was told that, at the commencement of the siege, it was difficult to keep the men at their places to receive the fire of the enemy; and now, after the firing had continued for the last ten months, the sense of fear appeared to be entirely banished from the camp, by the daily habit of exposure. Even the women appeared to disregard the danger of a shell or cannon-ball.

The following conversation occurred between a good-looking young woman, whom I saw sitting at the door of her house, and myself. She was apparently unmoved at the danger, for at any moment a shower of shot or shells might have been hurled about her head. "Good woman," said I, "are you not afraid to sit thus exposed to the shot from the forts, when your house has already been so often hit by cannon balls, and you are liable to be killed at any moment?" Her answer was, "No, Señor, I am not at all afraid, though I must confess I was very much alarmed for the first week or two; but now I have become quite accustomed to the firing." I could not but reflect, that from habit, this woman felt less fear than many an epauletted general unaccustomed to war and the impartiality of a cannon ball, which is just as likely to hit the captain as a private soldier. In truth, the profession of arms, and the constant habit of exposure, render men almost entirely devoid of the fear of shot, and thus it follows that one thousand such men will accomplish more than ten thousand new recruits who have never stood fire.

While in Lima, about this period, I witnessed the execution of two distinguished individuals for high treason committed against the State and government of Peru. One of the two was Señor Berin-Doago, a celebrated lawyer, who had been Secretary of State under the patriot government, and a leader in the revolution against the Spaniards. Under his administration a law was passed (I was told at *his* suggestion), that any

person found guilty of treason, should suffer capital punishment, and that his body should be publicly exposed as a degraded spectacle, for several hours after death ; and strange to relate, he was the first person to suffer the penalty of this law.

He was a good-looking man, about five feet ten inches in height, and from his appearance I should judge, about forty or forty-five years old.

I do not recollect the name of the other person ; he was a tall, good-looking man, about sixty or sixty-five years of age, straight in stature, with hair almost entirely gray, and when standing erect had a venerable, and I may add, an imposing appearance. These men had wives and children living in Lima, and previous to this act of treachery and treason, were highly respected and esteemed by their friends and fellow-countrymen.

Their families resided within the sound of the muskets which were the instruments of their disgraceful death. To render the sad catastrophe more distressing, the wife of Berin-Doago was at this time *enccainte*.

The history of their treason as related to me, at the time of their trial and conviction, was in substance, as follows :—

While the Spanish army, under the command of General Cantarac, was encamped in the interior of Peru, Berin-Doago, with several others, were in communication with Cantarac and his principal officers, and secretly concerted a plot to deliver up the city of Lima, and consequently the whole of Peru, into the hands of the old Spaniards. In order to perfect their plan, the *ci-devant* Secretary of State employed this venerable gentleman to visit and communicate with General C. in person ; and in order to carry out their scheme and avoid suspicion, the old gentleman assumed the character of father confessor, and adopted the costume of a friar. In this disguise he made frequent visits from Lima to the army in the interior, and from time to time advised the Spaniards of the exact strength and position of the patriot force in Lima.

This intercourse was carried on for a considerable time, until at length their wicked plot to betray their country into the hands of the enemy partially leaked out, and Berin-Doago made his escape from Lima and took refuge in the castle at

Callao, and there placed himself under the protection of General Rodil. The old man, his friend and associate in the plot, continued to reside quietly in Lima unsuspected.

Some months after, while Rodil was closely besieged in the castles of Callao, both by sea and land, Berin-Doago contrived, in the darkness of the night, to escape from the castle and seek protection on board of the frigate *Preuba*, the flag-ship of the blockading squadron. The first lieutenant of this ship was Mr. Coe, an American; and at the time officer of the deck. Mr. C. told me that Berin-Doago came on board the *Preuba* on a very dark night in a small boat, and claimed the protection of the captain of the frigate. He said the ex-secretary appeared to have no fears with respect to his situation, and evidently expected to be set at liberty the next morning, and be allowed to proceed to Lima unmolested.

In this opinion, however, he was disappointed, for the next day he was sent a prisoner to Lima, and in a few weeks after, was tried by a military court-martial and condemned to death. Berin-Doago, being a lawyer, was so confident of his acquittal, that he employed no counsel, but defended and plead his own cause. In the course of the trial he implicated the old man, who was convicted as an accomplice in the treason, and thus they were condemned to be shot together on the grand plaza, or public square, and their bodies, after death, to be hung for several hours on a gallows subject to the gaze of the public, as objects of utter degradation.

After their condemnation, the family and friends of the delinquents made every exertion in their power to get them reprieved, and as a last resort, appealed to General Bolivar to interfere in their behalf, and save them from an ignominious death. This he refused to do; he said they had had a fair trial by their own countrymen, and were found guilty of death, that a salutary example was absolutely necessary for the safety of the state; and that the law ought, and should be enforced. He referred to the case of the British Major André, who was condemned as a spy in the American Revolution, and said General Washington would not pardon him; and concluded by repeating that they ought to suffer death.

Accordingly, on the day appointed, several regiments of infantry were drawn up on the public square, where a gallows was erected. The doomed men were taken from prison to a neighboring church to attend mass, and from thence they were escorted by a strong guard under arms, to the public square to be executed. The spectacle was exciting and highly imposing. With muffled drums and solemn music, they marched slowly towards the fatal spot in front of the cathedral; only a few yards from it, so that the balls from the muskets should pass to the walls of the church, and harm no other person than those for whom they were intended. The two prisoners were each attended by a priest bearing a silver image of the Saviour on the cross, and every now and then a halt was made, when the priest presented the crucifix to them to kiss, and after a short prayer their march was resumed. There was every appearance of deep and sincere repentance on the part of the prisoners, and a devout and solemn feeling visible on the countenance of each of their clerical attendants. In this way they moved slowly on, stopping at short intervals to repeat prayers and devoutly salute the crucifix. When near the centre of the plaza, the troops opened to the right and left to make room for these unfortunate men to pass to the seats placed for their reception. They were soon seated in high-backed chairs placed a few yards asunder, when a negro tied a napkin over their eyes and round the chair; he also tied another round their waists to secure their bodies just above the seat. I stood with a friend on the steps of the cathedral, only a few yards from the prisoners, and distinctly saw every movement that was made.

Every thing being arranged, twelve soldiers with loaded muskets were detailed to perform the execution. Six of them were placed directly in front of each of the prisoners, at a distance of ten or twelve feet. An officer directed them how and when to fire; he ordered three of the six to aim at the breast, and the other three at the forehead. At the word given to fire, the twelve muskets were simultaneously discharged. The bandage round the head of Berin-Doago was shot in two, and his body instantly writhed and bent forward, and was partly suspended by the napkin around his waist attached to the chair,

and thus in an instant death ensued. The old man remained bolt upright, without the least convulsion or sign of life. He was without doubt quite dead, but owing to the upright and motionless position of his body, the officer who directed the execution, appeared uncertain whether he was dead or alive; and therefore ordered two other soldiers to discharge their muskets into his breast; this order was instantly obeyed. In a few moments after, their bodies were put into large gray sacks and suspended on the gallows for several hours. The remains were afterwards given to their friends for interment. I would here remark that these men both bore their fate with fortitude and composure, particularly the old gentleman; he died like a hero. He was perfectly composed and firm, and appeared altogether self-possessed, and as far as I could judge seemed to have no fear of death. It was not quite so with Berin-Doago, although as I have before said, he bore his fate with becoming fortitude. I thought he appeared to struggle hard to sustain himself, and in haste to be seated, for fear his courage should fail him at the trying moment.

From the time the prisoners left the church under a military escort, to the termination of the execution, the most perfect order and silence prevailed. Not a sound was heard, save the solemn dirge of martial music, and the voice of the officer who directed the execution, and even after their bodies were hung up on the gallows, no noise was heard. The scene was silent and solemn. It was the first military execution I ever saw, and I hope and trust it will be the last. One circumstance struck me with peculiar force, that was the small number of spectators present on the occasion. With the exception of the military, there were but very few individuals present, and to the honor of the fair sex I saw not a single female on the plaza.

It was now about two months since I arrived at Chorillos, and had already disposed of a considerable portion of my cargo, still I had many articles of merchandise that were unsaleable, and as the ship *Ann Maria*, Captain Henry Griswold, was about sailing for Valparaiso, and the intermediate ports between Lima and that place, I determined to send by this ship an invoice of such goods as were adapted to that market, and send Mr. —,

my assistant supercargo, to take charge of this shipment. As the Governor Clinton and the Ann Maria both belonged to N. L. & G. Griswold, I considered it my duty to unite with Captain H., for the mutual benefit of our employers, and here follows the substance of my letter of instructions to Mr. — on the subject.

Mr. —,

DEAR SIR: I have this day shipped on board the Ann Maria, Captain Griswold, an invoice of Calcutta goods; rice, loaf-sugar, and some other articles, the whole amounting to the round sum of \$5,500; you will accordingly proceed in said ship with Captain G. to Valparaiso, and there dispose of the above invoice to the best advantage, for the benefit of our employers. Captain Griswold will doubtless assist you with his advice and kind offices.

Please write me by every opportunity. Wishing you health and prosperity,

I remain, your friend
and obed't serv't,

G. C.

LIMA, Oct. 29th, 1825.

Mr. — left Chorillos with Captain Griswold, in the ship Ann Maria, on the 4th of Nov., 1825, bound for Valparaiso and the intermediate ports.

Extract of a letter to my owners, written from Lima, on the 8th of Nov., 1825.

GENTLEMEN;—As Captain Copeland, late of the General Brown, is about returning to New York by the way of Panama, I improve this opportunity of writing to you the substance of my transactions since I last wrote. I dispatched the Brazilian for Guayaquil, on the 24th of September, with the flour sold to Messrs. Robinet & Wheelright, and also shipped by this vessel sundry articles of my cargo that I could not sell to advantage in this place. I have requested Capt. Hatch to dispose of what articles he could at a profit, and take what freight he could ob-

tain without waiting over one week, and then return direct to Lima.

The *Ann Maria*, Captain Griswold, will leave here in a few days, for Valparaiso and the intermediate ports in Peru and Chili.

I have now disposed of nearly all that part of my cargo that was saleable, and have sent the ship to the Island of San Lorenzo, for stone-ballast. I am collecting as fast as I am able what is due me in this place, and thus preparing to leave it as soon as possible. My funds up to this date are about as follows, namely: deposited on board the U. S. frigate *United States*, Commodore Hull, twenty thousand dollars, and also in the British sloop-of-war *Mersey* eight thousand, and have on hand fifteen thousand dollars, in doubloons, making a sum total of forty-three thousand.

I have thus given you a hasty sketch, or general outline of my business up to this period; of course, I have not time to enter into particulars. If I am not detained collecting my funds, I shall probably be able to leave Lima in about a week from this date.

Very respectfully yours,

G. C.

Captain Hepburn returned to Chorillos with the Governor Clinton on the 25th of November after having ballasted the ship, and we were soon ready for sea. Before leaving port, however, I will make a few general remarks on the face of the country, climate, etc. At first sight the hills and mountains about Chorillos and Lima appear high, rocky and barren, and as desolate as one could imagine they were left after the deluge. All along the coast in this region, the land is rather flat and undulating for some twenty or thirty miles from east to west, but on penetrating a few miles farther into the interior, it rises from hills to lofty mountains. Some of the valleys are cultivated, and produce Indian corn, apples, grapes, oranges, lemons, bananas and cherimoyas. The latter is a delicious fruit, and, I believe, peculiar to this country. It is about the size of a small melon, with a green rind or covering. The interior is of a beautiful cream color containing black seeds, and by many is

esteemed the best fruit in the world. The fields and gardens generally suffer with drought, and it is found indispensably necessary to irrigate them by artificial means. The climate in the low lands is hot and sultry during the day, but cool and comfortable at night.

I had now sold goods at this port and in Guayaquil to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars, and had still remaining a large invoice of English and German goods, which were not saleable here; I therefore considered it safer to proceed up to windward, namely to Arica and Valparaiso, than to run to the leeward, and trade in the northern parts of Peru. We accordingly sailed on the 28th of November, bound for Arica and Valparaiso.

We stood off shore to the southward and westward with a moderate breeze from the S. E. and E. S. E., and very pleasant weather. I employed myself for about a week arranging all my accounts and drawing samples from the cargo, so that on my arrival at Arica, I should be ready to dispose of my goods at a moment's warning.

We continued to stand off shore on the same tack for ten days, generally laying up S. and S. S. W., with pleasant breezes at E. S. E. and S. E., with remarkably fine weather. On the 8th of December, when in latitude $25^{\circ} 30'$ south, longitude 86° W., we tacked ship and stood to the eastward for our port of destination. We judged it better thus to stand wide off shore, than to hazard beating up along the land, where light baffling winds and calms generally prevail. It is rather remarkable that during this passage we did not see a single sail of any description, until we got into the neighborhood of Arica.

On Saturday, December 17th, we made the high mountains in the interior of Peru, some sixty or seventy miles distant. The next day, Sunday the 18th, the wind being light, we caught fifteen dolphin, a large albicore, and a turtle weighing about twenty pounds. These fish were very palatable to us, having had nothing but salt provisions since leaving Chorillos. In the afternoon of this day we approached within five leagues of the land, and then ran down along shore to the northward towards our port, being now about fifty or sixty miles to the southward

of Arica. We found the coast high and rocky, and it had altogether a barren and dreary appearance. We continued to run down along shore to the northward until the next day, Monday, December 19th, when we came to anchor in the bay of Arica, twenty-one days from Chorillos, which, I believe, is about a fair medium passage. We had fine weather during the whole time, and I generally found occupation in arranging my accounts, taking lunar observations with Captain Hepburn, to fill up the leisure hours, so that the time passed off agreeably, though without much incident.

Arica is a small, poorly built town, of some five or six thousand inhabitants, lying along a bay of the same name, in latitude $18^{\circ} 29'$ south, longitude $70^{\circ} 19'$ west. It belongs to Bolivia, and lies about two hundred and ten miles northwest of the city of Potosi, and although not a good harbor, is still the principal and best port along the coast of Upper Peru. This place, like most others in this country, is very subject to earthquakes, and was, in the year 1605, almost totally destroyed by one of these terrible convulsions of nature. Although this port affords very good shelter for shipping in this mild and peaceful climate, still at times the surf is so high as to render it difficult to land in our own boats. The Indians and natives here, employ balsas instead of boats. These are two inflated skins of large seal, commonly called the sea-lion. They lay them parallel with each other, place and secure boards across them, and in this manner they form light and convenient floats, which the natives manage with great dexterity, and thus transport passengers and goods with perfect safety. We found lying here some eight or ten brigs and schooners and several small coasting vessels. I think there were three English brigs, one or two Chilian vessels, and about half a dozen small craft, belonging to this port. Two or three of them were employed in the coasting trade, the residue in bringing guano from the small islands lying along the adjacent coast.

On my arrival at this place, I employed Messrs. McFadon & Cobb to assist me in disposing of my goods, and in the general management of my ship and cargo. These gentlemen were Americans, belonging to Baltimore, and were established

at this place and at Tacna as a general commission house. They were both of them good merchants, and I am pleased to add, they were also honest, hospitable gentlemen, and fair specimens of the open-hearted, generous Baltimorean character—ever ready to communicate and confer kind offices on their fellow men.

After remaining here one day, I started on horseback very early in the morning, with three other gentlemen, for Tacna. Our company consisted of two Peruvian military officers, one English merchant, and myself. We provided ourselves with provisions and water for a journey of thirteen leagues, over a sandy desert, where there is not a human habitation to be seen, or a drop of fresh water to be obtained, nor a spear of green grass for the eye to light upon—nothing but a dreary, solitary, widespread, sandy desert. It had every appearance of having been, at no very distant period, the bottom of the sea; and in confirmation of this opinion, it is only necessary to dig into this barren waste a few feet, to find immense quantities of salt of a reddish color; in fine, there appears to be a sufficient quantity to supply the whole world. Many small craft are employed transporting this salt from place to place along the coast, from thence it is taken to the towns and cities in the interior. The natives of this country cut it into small blocks, and when thus prepared, it somewhat resembles brick-bats.

On our route, we overtook great numbers of men with mules and donkeys laden with various articles of merchandise, going into the interior. We also saw great numbers of asses laden with guano, on their way to Tacna; the men were whipping and urging them along as fast as possible, so that neither themselves nor their animals should die of thirst. While passing over this dreary desert, we were continually importuned for water; and though we had not much to spare, we gave them nearly all we had. As we were well mounted, we felt that we should reach our journey's end before night, and could not, therefore, deny these poor creatures a draught of water, so long as it was in our power to relieve them. During the day, we

saw, on the road-side, quite a number of dead mules and asses, that had perished for the want of it.

The weather was excessively hot, and the reflection of the sun from the heated sand almost enough to blind one. The military gentlemen, my companions, had furnished themselves with green gauze veils to protect their eyes. I being a novice in desert travelling, had not provided myself with one, and therefore suffered severely with the heat and dust. My fellow-travellers were polite, agreeable men, and related many pleasant incidents of their journeys in this country, to amuse us on the road. They were excellent horsemen, and appeared to ride without the least inconvenience, while I could with difficulty urge my horse to keep up with theirs, and at the end of the day's ride I was excessively fatigued.

After this dreary journey, we arrived at Tacna at twilight. This little town contains, perhaps, 1500 or 2000 inhabitants. It is located on the bank of a small river at the foot of the lofty Cordilleras, about ten leagues east of the Pacific Ocean. In this singular country, a man may choose his own climate: by going a few miles among the mountains, the weather becomes cold and bracing, while in the valleys, and near this place, the temperature is generally very warm during the day, but gradually cools at night, when the cold air rushes down from the mountains.

The whole of this region appears to be badly watered, and therefore can never be a populous country. The little river or stream that runs down the sandy valley at Tacna, takes its rise in the mountains, and appears in the morning like melted snow and ice water. I found it quite too cold for bathing until about noon; after the effect of a hot sun, it was rendered sufficiently warm and pleasant.

The land in this region is generally sandy and barren, but with the help of the guano, and much fresh water, a good, productive soil is soon made from a sandy desert. I can truly say, I never knew the full value of fresh water until I came to this country. I observed, that wherever there was a running stream, there were found inhabitants; and during my stay at Arica, I was told that, in many of the mining villages to the south-

ward of that place, the inhabitants were obliged often to go two or three leagues to obtain it. At Tacna, they husband the water with the greatest possible care. On certain days of the week the river was diverted from its course, and made to run through the fields and gardens to irrigate the land; consequently, the inhabitants were obliged to lay in sufficient water to last them during the absence of the river.

While in this town, I was forcibly struck with the wisdom and goodness of God towards the children of men. In and about this place, the soil is sandy and barren, but along the coast, and on the neighboring islands, there is an abundance of guano to manure the land; consequently its transportation furnishes employment for a great number of people, where the land would produce nothing without it.

As a striking proof that God has made nothing in vain, all along the coast of Peru and for a great distance in the Pacific Ocean, are numerous islands which myriads of sea-birds have for centuries inhabited, unmolested by man. There they have deposited their excrement. With this are mixed the refuse of their food, consisting mostly of fish, with dead birds and animal matter of various kinds. These substances have remained there from age to age, and have so accumulated as to form large masses, which at a little distance appear like high hills of whitish-gray earth. This then is the genuine guano, almost unknown to the world as an article of commerce until the last fifteen or twenty years except to a few of the Peruvians, inhabiting the sea-shore. The importance of this manure is now known and appreciated by all the civilized nations of the world. Many cargoes are annually taken from these islands to England, France and the United States, and give employment to numerous ships. As the earth increases in population, it appears that Providence opens new sources for the employment of men.

In the mild and gentle Pacific where there are no storms or violent gales, these desolate islands seem the natural home of wild sea-birds, where, from age to age, they have laid their eggs and hatched their young, undisturbed by the intruding foot of man. I have frequently seen on this sea innumerable flocks of sea-

fowls, so as almost to darken the air. It is incredible how numerous they are, and can only be believed by those who have witnessed it. They have been accumulating for centuries, and are still increasing. As it has been with the seals who once inhabited these islands, and were so gentle as to be easily killed with clubs, since their habitations have been frequented by man, these animals have been driven off and have become so shy, that no more of them can be taken except by stratagem. So, I suppose, it will eventually be with the sea-fowl. When men invade their precincts, they will probably migrate to more distant and lonely isles farther off in the wide Pacific.

I met with a warm and friendly reception from one of the partners of the house of McFadon & Cobb, and after a day's rest, commenced disposing of my goods—the samples of which had been sent up from Arica the day previous. I found here several merchants from the cities in the interior, namely, La Paz, Potosi, and other towns of less note. In a few days we sold goods to a considerable amount, and generally at good prices.

I found the people simple in their manners and habits, kind, honest, hospitable and remarkably fond of and attentive to strangers. The revolutionary war with Spain, their mother country, and the civil wars that had so long demoralized and debased several other parts of Peru, seemed not to have reached this little sequestered village, at the foot of these stupendous mountains. Perhaps their poverty proved their best protection—not being an object for military ambition or party spirit to batten upon.

I was amused to see the people of this town in their holiday dresses, on Sundays and “*días de fiesta*,” meet together to enjoy each other's society, and eat figs and other fruits that are here cultivated in abundance. Their unsophisticated, joyous feelings of sympathy and affection enlivened the scene, and soon led to the merry and amusing fandango. Their simplicity and open-heartedness made me feel quite at my ease with the whole of this little interesting community. With or without an invitation, I went into their houses, and was always kindly received, and, to the best of their abilities, hospitably entertained. Since

I have been travelling about the world, I have never met with a more honest-hearted, social people. They appeared to me unknown and uncontaminated by what is called the civilized world, and brought to my mind the trite proverb, that "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

After having remained at Tacna about ten days, I again returned to Arica. I left the former place with regret, and shall never forget the happy days I spent with its kind and hospitable inhabitants. I found Arica a more bustling, busy place. Its population is composed of different races of men, but to me not so primitive and agreeable as those at Tacna. The commercial part of this community was made up of English, French, Germans and Americans; and the masses, a mixed breed, originally Spanish and native Indians, and from having been occasionally crossed by strangers from different countries, are now a motley race, developing all the colors of the rainbow, and have very little national character.

In the neighborhood of this town, there is a pond of stagnant fresh water, which, at certain seasons of the year, engenders the fever and ague. In the immediate vicinity of this little lake was growing the Jesuit or Peruvian bark tree, and when the inhabitants were seized with the above-named disease, they forthwith stripped a small quantity of bark from these trees, and after it was pounded, made a strong decoction. A few doses uniformly restored them to health. And thus it may be truly and literally said, here are the bane and the antidote placed side by side.

I continued to dispose of what goods I could sell to advantage, and after having decided to proceed from this place to Chili, took what freight I could hastily obtain and got ready for sea; it was only about \$14,000 in specie, belonging to British merchants, and consigned to their friends in Valparaiso. I also took on board a few passengers, the most distinguished of whom was an Englishman, by the name of Andrews, who had been for many years captain of a large ship in the service of the East India Company between London and China. He was an intelligent, gentlemanly man, and was at this time employed by a company in England to purchase mines in Upper Peru. He

landed at Buenos Ayres from London with a young Spanish gentleman, his secretary and interpreter, and proceeded thence across the Andes to Tacna and Arica, and after having purchased a number of valuable mines, as I understood, had successfully accomplished his mission. He then took passage with us to Valparaiso, and from thence subsequently returned home to England by the way of Cape Horn. While I am on this subject I will here remark, that I found Captain Andrews to be an accomplished gentleman, an agreeable companion, and a most worthy man. The name of his secretary I do not recollect, but he was also a well educated, agreeable young man, and spoke English with great fluency, he having resided several years in England. After remaining at Arica eight days, we sailed on the 6th of January for Valparaiso.

During the first two or three days we had very light airs from the southward, when the wind gradually increased and hauled to the S. E. We lay up generally about S. S. W., and continued to stand off shore, always on the same tack, with pleasant breezes from the S. E., and very fine weather. We stood to the westward for about a week, when we were favored with a fine, fresh gale from the N. W., and soon ran into the latitude of Valparaiso, and then steered to the eastward for our destined port. Thus, after a very pleasant passage of nineteen days, we arrived at that city on the 25th of January, 1826.

As this was my first visit to this port, I will endeavor to give a short description of the "Vale of Paradise," as the name Valparaiso indicates in the Spanish language.

It is the principal seaport in Chili, and lies in lat. $33^{\circ} 12'$ S., long. $77^{\circ} 31'$ W. of London, and about ninety miles distant from Santiago, the capital of this Republic. The bay is large, free from rocks and shoals, and very well sheltered except from the northward. In the winter months, say from May to October, it is dangerous lying there. On the whole, I consider it a safe harbor, except in these months, at which season the wind sometimes blows very strong, and renders it unsafe to lie at anchor. In fine, it is customary during this season to remove and lay up ships-of-war and merchant vessels in the neighboring port of Coquimbo, where I am told they are safe from all winds. The

common anchorage here for merchant vessels is opposite the custom-house, but a short distance from the shore, in about five to nine fathoms of water. Ships-of-war anchor farther off, in twenty-five or thirty fathoms. The harbor is defended by a castle, two small forts, at the north end of the Almendral, and another fort farther inland. There are no wharves, and all goods are landed on the sand beach either from ships' boats or lighters, and taken on shore on men's shoulders. When the wind blows strong, and the surf high, it is difficult to land goods at the custom-house, without wetting them.

The town lies along the bay, in a circular form, perhaps for a distance of two miles, and, I should judge, contained about twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants. There is a range of high hills immediately in the rear of the town, which leaves but little room for any regularity of streets, or for the building of houses; consequently, it is very irregular, and the streets mostly crooked and uneven. There are two considerable churches, and several of less note. The climate is mild and healthful, and the country produces all the necessaries of life in great abundance. The market is well supplied with meat, poultry, fish, bread, fruit and vegetables, and at very reasonable prices.

I found the fruit in Valparaiso excellent and cheap, such as grapes, apples, pears, nuts, melons, etc. In short, all the necessaries of life are more abundant, and cheaper here than in any other port I have visited on the western coast of South America. Although the climate of this place is delightful, and there are so many things to render it a desirable residence, still it is not without its drawbacks. It is very subject to earthquakes, and there are no theatres or places of public amusement. A person who has enjoyed the variety and excitement of a large European city, will often sigh for recreations that this place does not afford.

On my arrival at this port, I employed the commercial house of Messrs. Huth, Coit & Co., to transact my business, and soon commenced selling my goods the best way I could, as I had come to a bad market for the most of the articles I had brought here.

Mr. —, my assistant supercargo, had disposed of the in-

voice of goods he brought to this port in the ship *Ann Maria*, at good prices, and had returned to Lima, to wait my return to that city, to join the Governor Clinton.

After lying here about a fortnight, I succeeded in disposing of the greater part of my domestic cotton goods, English calicoes, etc., etc., at pretty fair prices, and then dispatched Captain Hepburn to Arica, in the brig *Bolivar*, Captain Myrick, to collect my funds in that place and at Tacna, which being accomplished, I requested him to join me at Lima, and again take charge of the Governor Clinton at Callao.

About the tenth of March, Captain Hepburn sailed as a passenger in the *Bolivar*, for Arica, and left me in charge of the Governor Clinton.

Being unable to obtain a freight for the ship to Lima, I at length made an arrangement with a house here to take a cargo or part of a cargo of wild mules, upon the following terms. The owners of these animals agreed to furnish me with one hundred and fifty mules, to be brought to the beach opposite the ship, and to provide them with barley and grass for the passage to Lima, with three or four peons or muleteers, to assist in taking care of them on the passage, free of expense. On my part, I agreed to furnish ship-room and water, and on our arrival at Callao, the owners of the mules were to give me the half of all I should deliver alive at that port.

After the contract was signed, I distributed the cargo I had left at each end of the ship—before the foremast and abaft the mizzenmast; I then placed the water-casks amidships, and ballasted with shingles; that is to say, with small stones from off the sea-beach, about the size of hens' eggs. I then sheathed with rough boards the upper deck, and also between decks, placing the water-casks amidships, secured with stanchions, as in the lower hold. Thus prepared, I hauled the ship close to the shore, and received the mules and horses on board, in the following manner. We had prepared eight or ten pairs of canvas slings, made to pass around the body of the animals. These slings were arranged with iron thimbles, to hook on to a tackle, to hoist them on board. We had also two floating-stages made,

each sufficiently large and buoyant to take six or eight mules or horses.

When every thing was ready, on the 6th of March, the whole drove of about one hundred and eighty were driven to the beach opposite the ship, according to agreement; one hundred and fifty of the best of the herd were to be selected. These animals being closely huddled together, the muleteers commenced throwing their lassos round the necks of the mules, and when thus caught, another lasso was thrown around their legs which brought them all together, and tripped up and subdued the mule until the slings could be fastened around him, when he was forced upon the float or stage. In this manner, six or eight were soon tied and secured, and were then hauled by a line to the ship, when the seamen hooked on a tackle, hoisted them on board and lowered them down into the hold. With these two stages, the whole number were rapidly embarked.

It was amusing to see with what adroitness and dexterity the peons could handle these wild mules; in fine they appeared to break in and manage them with almost the same facility that a farmer would handle his sheep in our country.

After selecting one hundred and fifteen of the best of these animals, the remainder were so poor and small that I refused to take them on board. The person with whom I agreed, was to furnish me with large, fine mules, and as he did not comply with the contract, I considered myself fully justified in not taking on board indifferent, poor animals, not worth their passage to Lima. In the course of a few hours we got on board one hundred and fifteen, and the next day, March 7th, I received eighteen horses on freight, at two doubloons each, and then hauled off to our former anchorage and got ready for sea. After being detained two days by light winds and calm weather, we succeeded in getting out of the harbor on the 10th, bound to Callao, in company with a French merchant ship bound to Lima; and the American brig Bolivar, Captain Myrick, bound to Arica.

At two P. M. the port of Valparaiso bore S. E. by compass, about six leagues distant. Moderate breezes at S. W. and very fine weather. The next day we had strong breezes from the S.

W., and considerable sea running. All the muleteers sent to take care of the animals were sea-sick, and not able to come on deck. Latitude by observation, $33^{\circ} 26'$ south; longitude $74^{\circ} 6'$ west.

We continued to have fine weather and fair winds from day to day, and were enabled to carry all our light sails, and generally had studding-sails set during the whole passage. There was no incident worth remarking, and I have only to add, that being before the wind in a mild, gentle climate, the mules and horses were well attended to, and as we had a large supply of grass and barley, and water in abundance, they rather gained than lost in flesh.

After a pleasant passage of nine days, we came to anchor at Callao on the 19th of March, without having lost a single horse or mule during the passage.

On my arrival at Lima, I employed William S. Wetmore, Esq., to assist me in the transaction of my business, and in a few days after, we sold to the agent of an English mining company my share of the mules, fifty-seven in number, at \$50 each, and after collecting the freight on the horses and other little articles brought down from Valparaiso to this place, found that it amounted to about \$3,500.

We soon had the ship cleaned and fresh painted, and ready for Captain Hepburn to resume his command, but he was so long detained in Arica, that I was finally obliged to proceed down the coast to Guayaquil, and there wait his arrival. He was detained in Arica collecting my funds much longer than I had anticipated. I found here, waiting my arrival, Mr. —, whom I was very happy to take by the hand again; he was a kind friend, and at all times very useful to me.

I will here waive the subject of commercial affairs for a time, and relate the circumstances of the capitulation of the castles at Callao by General Rodil, which occurred on the 22d of January, 1826, after a close siege of eighteen months' duration. Rodil held out until nearly all the civilians and a large portion of his soldiers were starved to death. His provisions were spoiled and exhausted, and when driven to the necessity of a capitulation, he would not treat with the Peruvians, except through the me-

dium of a third power. He openly avowed he had no confidence in the word or honor of his enemy, and finally agreed upon terms of capitulation with the commissioners of the Peruvian government on the quarter-deck of the English frigate *Breton*, commanded by Sir Murray Maxwell. He would not surrender himself and those under his command into the hands of the Peruvians, and thus himself and his officers went directly from the castles to the frigate, and, I believe, were taken from Callao to Valparaiso, and from thence to Spain in British ships of war. All the articles of the capitulation were guaranteed by Sir Murray Maxwell, the belligerent parties having no confidence in each other.

I was informed by an eye-witness who visited the castles and town of Callao the day after the surrender, that it was an appalling sight to behold. The dead and the dying were lying about, and large numbers of the former were found unburied; and for fear of engendering disease they were obliged to cleanse the town, and purify the air by burning tar and other combustible matter for several days. Notwithstanding I did not arrive at Callao until nearly two months after the surrender of the town and castles, the stench from the land, when the wind blew from that quarter, was so offensive, that I was obliged to unmoor our ship and remove farther from the shore.

The dead were thrown into large vaults and pits along the strand, and were, in truth, not half buried. It was a most disgusting sight to witness the effects of savage warfare, for, in truth, it deserves no better name.

These revolting scenes prove how soon men become hardened and brutalized by the dreadful scourge of war. They may call it honorable warfare, and talk of covering themselves with glory, and make fine speeches in its praise, still I fear, in the eye of God, it will be viewed but as murder on a great scale.

I continued to sell, in the best way I could, all the articles of merchandise I had remaining of my outward cargo, even at very low prices; the market at this time being overstocked with almost every kind of manufactured goods, particularly German linens and British calicoes.

I also continued to collect all my specie funds and deposit

them on board the American ships-of-war lying in port, namely the U. S. frigate "United States," Commodore Isaac Hull, and the sloop-of-war "Peacock," Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, and was now anxiously waiting letters from my owners from home, relative to the future destination of the Governor Clinton, whether we should proceed with the ship to Manilla and Canton; and purchase a cargo of India goods for New York, or remit home a large portion of my funds, only retaining sufficient money to purchase a cargo of cocoa at Guayaquil, for Europe or the United States.

Not long after this I received letters from my employers, advising that the prospect of proceeding to Canton for a China cargo was not good, and on the whole they appeared to think it best for me to go with the ship to Guayaquil, purchase a cargo of cocoa for their account, and proceed to Gibraltar.

At this time there had been a great many failures in Europe and the United States, which made me fearful of purchasing private bills of exchange, and as I was unable to procure bills on the United States government for any considerable amount, I was obliged to ship specie dollars. I accordingly agreed on the 24th of April to ship on board the ship "Georgia Packet," of Philadelphia, Captain Charles Erwin, fifty thousand dollars, at a freight of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., to be delivered at Philadelphia; and in order to facilitate this shipment, Captain Jones consented to go out of the port of Callao with the Peacock, and deliver my money to the Georgia Packet, outside of the Island of San Lorenzo, and then convoy her to sea. After every thing was arranged, the two ships got under way together, on the 27th of April, and stood out of the port of Callao before night. An arrangement was made by all the parties concerned, that the two ships should stand off and on all night, and at daylight the fifty thousand dollars should be transhipped from the Peacock to the Georgia Packet; the two commanders having agreed upon the manner of standing off and on. I believe the regulation was that the Packet should keep under the lee-beam or lee-quarter of the Peacock, and tack during the night, whenever the sloop-of-war should make a signal for that purpose. This signal was to be the hoisting of a lantern at the mizzen-gaft end. After

these preliminaries were settled, I retired to my berth on board the Packet, and, as it was a fine starlight night, and only blowing a moderate breeze from the S. E., I congratulated myself upon the prospect of getting a good night's rest, and being ready to proceed to business at daylight in the morning. But, on this head, I was sadly disappointed; for I had not retired long before I heard a terrible noise overhead. I immediately came on deck, and found the two ships foul of each other. I believe the jib-boom of the Packet had passed over the forecastle of the Peacock, and thus placed the bowsprit of the Packet in great danger of being carried away. Although the night was fine, there was a rolling swell on, and our little ship was in a very unpleasant position. Our sails were immediately braced aback, and Captain Jones, with great presence of mind, ordered one of his officers to take twenty men and bear off the Packet, and clear the ships of each other. There was no noise or confusion on board the Peacock, and I could now and then hear the voices of Captain Jones and the officer of the deck directing the men how to disengage the two ships. In a short time the Packet was shoved clear of the sloop-of-war, but not until the bowsprit of the Packet was carried away, together with some trifling damage about her bows.

The accident happened at about half past ten in the evening. Lieutenant —— had charge of the deck on board of the Peacock, and the mate of the Packet had charge of the deck on board that ship. I believe the captains of both ships were below, and consequently had no hand in getting foul of each other. I was a passenger on board the Packet, and of course had no responsibility in the unfortunate affair, neither do I know who was most to blame; whether the lieutenant of the ship-of-war or the mate of the Packet. There was doubtless bad management between them, and I will make no other reflections on the subject. I have, as I think, stated impartially all the facts of the case, and hope, if it should ever meet the eye of a young officer in charge of a ship placed in like circumstances, he will strive to avoid collision with other ships, which is at all times dangerous, and sometimes proves fatal to both parties.

After the accident, we gave up all hope of transhipping the

specie, and having cleared away the wreck, both ships made the best of their way into Callao again. This accident caused a delay of about eight or ten days, to get a new bowsprit for the Packet, repair damages, etc., and it was not until the 7th of May, that we were enabled to go outside the port again and tranship the specie, which was at length accomplished without any further accident.

I subsequently learned that after an ordinary passage, the Georgia Packet arrived at Philadelphia, and that the fifty thousand dollars were safely delivered to my owners. In these troublesome revolutionary times, it was a great relief to my mind, to have remitted so large a portion of my funds to my employers, as it lessened my responsibility in the management of so large an amount of property committed to my care. On the 24th of April, I received a letter from Captain Hepburn, dated Arica, the 9th of that month, informing me that he found it difficult to collect the funds due at that place, and that he feared he should be detained two or three weeks longer, before he should be able to realize them.

Previous to leaving Lima, I wrote to two of the principal commercial houses of Guayaquil, authorizing them each to purchase for my account in that city 3000 cargas of cocoa, making together 6000 of eighty-one pounds each, if they could be purchased within a certain limit. Guayaquil, like all other places that have a limited market, is easily affected by the appearance of several purchasers; therefore it is always best for those who wish to procure a cargo of cocoa, to purchase the bulk of it in a silent way before the ship makes her appearance, otherwise the sellers will hold on for high prices, and perhaps defeat the object of the voyage. I required something over 8000 cargas for a full load, but now having secured 6000, from my knowledge of the place I knew I should find no difficulty in procuring the remainder at the same rate, or even at a lower price. After having sold all the goods I could dispose of to any advantage, and procured what freight I could collect for the leeward ports, I concluded to proceed with the Governor Clinton, and let Captain Hepburn join the ship at Guayaquil.

Having on a former voyage, in the Sea-Serpent, given a

sketch of Callao and Lima, I deem it unnecessary to say any more on that subject at this time, and will only make a few remarks on the robberies committed on the Callao road. In the midst of war and revolution in this distracted country, there were many lesser evils at this period to contend with. Peaceful citizens were in great danger while travelling through this part of the country. Even on the high road between Lima and Callao, robberies were committed almost weekly.

One day I was travelling in company with Mr. Fanning, of Lambayeque, from Callao to Lima, and when about midway, we met with a young German gentleman, an assistant supercargo belonging to a Baltimore ship. He was from Lima on his way to Callao, and had just been robbed. Being mounted on a fine horse and very genteelly dressed, he was accosted by three ruffians, who knocked him down, and after beating him terribly, stole his horse, watch, coat and money, and left him bleeding and almost naked. A few moments after the robbers left him, Mr. F. and myself found him in this deplorable condition; we assisted him to return to the half-way house on the road, where his wounds were bound up and he was soon taken to Lima. Several other robberies were committed about this time, so that it became absolutely necessary for two or three persons, well armed, to travel in company. These dastardly rascals rarely attacked a well-armed, resolute man, but would generally wait for an easy prey to pounce upon.

While I was here on a former voyage, the Callao road was badly infested with these vile robbers, and in some instances, even murder had been committed. These scoundrels went unpunished so long, that they robbed with impunity. Fortunately for the peaceable part of the community, General Miller, an Englishman, belonging to the Peruvian army, happened to be in Lima, and was placed at the head of the military government of the city, and when made acquainted with the acts of these wretches, determined to make an example of some of them as soon as possible. Not long after this, one of these fellows, who, it was said, had committed many robberies and one murder, was taken and brought to Lima; but it so happened that the miscreant contrived to get loose from his captors, and immediately

ran into one of the churches, and there kneeling at the altar, claimed the protection of the priests. His manœuvre, however, availed him nothing, for General Miller forthwith sent a guard of soldiers and dragged the villain from the altar, tried him by a court martial, and had him shot the next morning. This example soon put a stop to the crimes on this road.

When this country belonged to old Spain, robbers and murderers, if pursued, would escape to some church and claim protection from the priest, and as the ecclesiastical power was above the civil or military, they were generally acquitted after doing penance, and performing other rigid religious ceremonies.

After having made every necessary arrangement, we left Callao on the 20th of May, bound for Lambayeque; we sailed in the morning, and during the forepart of the day had light and variable winds, but soon after noon took the regular S. E. trade, and steered to the northward, along shore. Lambayeque is rather a blind port. The town lies some four or five miles from the shore, and cannot be seen from the ship. At the landing, there are only a few small store-houses, or ranchos, which makes this place very difficult for a stranger to find. Along this coast the towns generally lie back from the sea-shore, from six to twelve miles; and, as there are no pilots except at Guayaquil, it is highly necessary to ascertain the latitude of the place you wish to find, and be governed accordingly.

For fear of running by our port, we were obliged to keep close in shore, and take the hazard of being detained by light winds and calms, which often prevail near the land; when at a little distance off shore, the fresh sea breeze continues to blow the whole twenty-four hours. Being therefore obliged to keep close in, we continued to have light winds and calms for several days. We, however, had remarkably pleasant weather, and although we made but slow progress on our course, it was agreeable to run along the land in this very mild and gentle sea, where there are no violent gales or storms to hazard life or limb, and where it is rarely necessary to reef a sail; and should a ship be lost or stranded on this coast, it must occur from carelessness or gross stupidity.

The land near the sea-shore is generally low, sandy and bar-

ren; but after advancing a few miles into the interior, it gradually rises from hills to mountains, often towering far above the clouds. On a fine morning, it is a beautiful sight to gaze on these cloud-capped peaks, and witness the change these lofty scenes present. Sometimes they are entirely obscured by mist, and then break out clear and free from clouds, and stand aloft, stupendous and sublime. On the 27th of May, in the morning, seven days from Callao, we found ourselves off the town of Eton, and not knowing precisely where we were, I brought the ship to anchor, near a little bay, in ten fathoms of water, about a mile from the shore, with the view of ascertaining our position, and also to inquire for the anchorage of Lambayeque. We set our ensign, in hopes some boat would come and give us the desired information: but all in vain; no one came, though we could plainly see with our glasses a few Indians on shore; still no movement was made, and after waiting an hour or two, I decided to land in our own boat. For that purpose I manned two, the jolly-boat and pinnace. The first, with four young men, volunteers, and the latter prepared to anchor just outside the surf, so that in case any accident should befall the jolly-boat, the other would be at hand to save myself and crew from drowning among the breakers. It was a fine, calm morning, but still there was an awful surf rolling on the beach, which was exposed to the whole rake of the broad Pacific, without any thing to protect or break its violence. Thus equipped, we pulled into the little bay, and anchored the pinnace just outside the breakers, and calmly looked on the scene of action. I then addressed the boat's crew, and told them, that if any one feared the result of landing, to express it openly, and that I would not insist on their going, if they were afraid of the consequences. The answer was unanimous, that they were not afraid to go where their captain was disposed to lead them. I now arranged with the officer in charge of the anchored boat, to wait the return of the jolly-boat, and then proceed to the ship together, with directions to the chief mate of the Governor Clinton, to wait further orders from me, before he got the ship under way again; and after having settled the preliminaries, I waited a smooth time and pulled away for the shore. I steered the boat

with an oar, and fortunately she flew like an arrow over the foaming surf, without broaching to, and in a few minutes we were safely landed on a dry sand beach. I left one man with the boat, and took the other three with me in search of the town, which was located about a mile from the beach, over a sandy desert. On our way to the village, we saw several Indians, but they all fled as we approached them. The cause, I afterwards learned, was the fear of being impressed, and taken forcibly away, as they doubtless took us for a Peruvian ship-of-war. We soon reached the village, and found it was called Eton, some twelve or fifteen miles to the southward of Lambayeque.

After a little conversation with the curate and the alcalde, I returned to the beach, and waited about an hour for the surf to run down a little, when I dispatched the boat for the ship, retaining a favorite sailor, by the name of Brown, to accompany me as a sort of aid and humble companion, to ascertain how the land lay, and whether I could carry on any trade with the inhabitants of Eton. I staid on the shore until I saw both boats safe alongside of the ship, and then, with my faithful attendant, returned to the Indian village, where we received a hearty welcome from the Cura, alcalde, and all the principal men and women of this little town. They all crowded round us, with great apparent delight and curiosity; the women, particularly, examined our clothes, and seemed anxious to see how they were cut, and scrutinized the sewing with the most intense curiosity. The cura occupied a house adjoining the church, and said, if I had any articles of merchandise, contraband or not contraband, that he would give me every facility in his power. He said he would deposit them in a secret room in the church, where they would be safe and sacred, as nobody had access to that part of it but himself; that he was the only white man in the village; and that the people were simple, honest and ignorant; that through their confiding ignorance and superstition, he governed them with perfect ease, and always kept them quiet and peaceable; that if I could dispose of any thing to advantage, he should be satisfied with whatever compensation I should think proper to give him. He treated me with chocolate, bread and

dulces, sweetmeats, etc., and then led me all over the town. I soon learned from the alcalde and the principal shopkeepers, that I could dispose of but very few articles, and the difficulty of landing was so great, that I resolved to abandon the idea of trading with them.

I then wrote the following note to the chief mate, and agreed with an Indian, through the alcalde, to take it on board the ship, and return with another from him.

To L. B. Griswold, Chief Mate of the Governor Clinton :

Sir,—I find this place is not Lambayeque, but an Indian village called Eton, about twelve or fifteen miles to the southward of our port. You will therefore, on the reception of this note, please get the ship under way, and make the best of your way to our place of destination. I will retain Brown with me, and shall leave here to-morrow morning, on horseback for Lambayeque.

Wishing you a safe and speedy passage,

I remain your friend and obed't serv't,

GEORGE COGGESHALL.

ETON, *Friday, May 27th.*

In a few minutes the Indian fastened the note in his hair, and swam off through the surf to the ship; and in about an hour, this amphibious animal returned with the following note from the chief mate of the Governor Clinton (for this service I paid the Indian one dollar).

SHIP GOVERNOR CLINTON, OFF ETON, *May 27th, 1826.*

Captain George Coggeshall :

Sir,—I have just received your note by an Indian, and will obey your order without delay. I can now see two brigs at anchor, bearing from us about N. W. by N., ten or twelve miles distant, which I suppose is the port we are in search of.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

L. B. GRISWOLD.

I had now decided to remain at Eton during the remainder

of this day, and after a night's rest, take horses and start at daylight the next morning for Lambayeque. The Indian village of Eton lies in $6^{\circ} 56'$ south latitude; longitude $79^{\circ} 49'$ west, and about fifteen miles by land from Lambayeque. It is situated about a mile from the sea-shore, on a plain, and I should judge contains about a thousand or twelve hundred souls—all Indians, except the cura. They generally speak Spanish, though they all understand and often converse in the original Peruvian language. They are a good-looking race of Indians, of a light copper-color, and some of the females are handsome. The women mostly dress in long flowing robes of blue cotton cloth, made by themselves. The men wear short jackets and trousers, of different colors—some of their own making, and others of foreign stuffs, bought in Lambayeque. They weave cotton and woollen ponchos, and other articles of dress of bright colors,—many of which are very ingenious and pretty. They seem to be a harmless, docile race, and have none of the haughty bearing of the North American Indians. Their religion is all derived from the Roman Catholic priests, and of course abounds in forms and ceremonies. They are credulous to the last degree; believe all they are taught by the cura; will recount many miracles that have been performed by sundry saints; and believe that their village is under the special protection of the Virgin Mary, whom they term the “Mother of God.”

There is rather a pretty church in the village, and, I should think, about two hundred houses—the most of which are one story high, and built of sun-burnt brick, with thatched roofs. They have also a small chapel, built near the sea-shore where we landed. This church, I was told, was built in commemoration of some pious saint, who, by his prayers, saved the lives of the crew of a small vessel that was stranded near the spot where it stands. The cura told me, that once a year all the inhabitants of the town marched in solemn procession to this little edifice, to offer their prayers to its patron saint, and also to thank the Holy Virgin for her kind protection during the last year. During the evening of my sojourn here there was a great procession formed, and marched about the streets with rude music, both vocal and instrumental; and after this ceremony had been

performed, they entered the church, listened to the prayers, and received the blessing of the cura, and then retired quietly to their respective homes, apparently pleased and happy.

They had at Eton a tolerable market, which was pretty well supplied with beef, mutton, poultry and fruit, and at very reasonable prices. Brown and myself ate and lodged with the alcalde, and fared very well. His charges for our food and lodgings were reasonable. I arranged with him, to furnish me with two horses, and a man, also mounted, to serve as a guide to Lambayeque, and to take back the horses. We provided ourselves with provisions before starting, as I understood we could get nothing on the road. For the guide and the animals I agreed to pay Señor Alcalde six dollars; and after making sundry presents to my friend the padre, we started at six o'clock the next morning, May twenty-eighth, for the city of Lambayeque, and bade adieu for ever to Eton.

We travelled at a moderate rate over a very irregular road, sometimes rural and pleasant, at others, rough and barren, with now and then a few ranchos and some patches of cultivation, but no regular carriage road. Our guide was a merry, social fellow, and amused me by relating in detail, many wonderful miracles that had been wrought by various saints in and about Eton, at different periods. One, among others, I recollect, was, that the Virgin Mary, in company with an Angel, descended one night at a certain place near the village, and ever since they set their feet upon the ground, that spot has a hollow vibrating sound, and has since been consecrated by their saint-like cura, and is now considered as a holy place.

I heard him relate these miracles, which he appeared to think were as true as Holy Writ. When at length I asked him whether he was foolish enough to believe such absurd stories, which I assured him had not a shadow of truth in them, and were only got up to deceive him and his credulous countrymen, the poor fellow was terribly shocked at my incredulity, and began to cross himself in a most serious and devout manner, and his countenance seemed to say, "Oh God, deliver me from this unbelieving heretic!" After this, we rode on for some fifteen or twenty minutes in perfect silence. We

were about three hours on the road, and arrived at Lambayeque at nine o'clock, after a pleasant ride; the weather was fine, and there is always much to admire in wild and romantic scenery.

I had a letter of introduction to an American gentleman, who was the principal merchant residing in this town. He was a most worthy man, and received me in a kind, friendly manner; he made me feel quite at home in his hospitable mansion. John J. Fanning was a native of Mystic, near Stonington, Connecticut, and had been absent from his home and country about twenty years; here he married a respectable young lady, a native of this place, where he had been residing for the last fifteen years, with the exception of now and then making a voyage to Lima and other places along the Peruvian coast. He had a family of six children, and was one of the richest and most influential men in Lambayeque. He had been in this country so long that he had forgotten a great deal of his own language, and spoke English with the Spanish accent, and appeared more like a Peruvian than a native of Connecticut. He was a man of strong mind, open-hearted and generous to a fault; and although he had been so many years absent from the United States, appeared to have lost nothing of his patriotism. He was always delighted to meet his countrymen, and loved to dwell on the growth, prosperity and power of his beloved country. His wife and children spoke not a word of English, but whenever Mr. F. introduced an American to them, Mrs. Fanning and her children seemed to have a kindred feeling for the countryman of the husband and father.

The weather had been pleasant for the last two days, but the winds so light and baffling, that the Governor Clinton did not get to the anchorage at Lambayeque until the thirty-first of May, four days after I left her off Eton.

Although Lambayeque was a place of some importance in a commercial point of view, still there was not a comfortable hotel in the town. This circumstance induced Mr. Fanning to hire a house, and establish a Swedish sailor, by the name of Joseph Menich, to take charge of this establishment, that strangers coming to this place should be made more comfortable;

and it was at this house that myself and my assistant supercargo took up our abode. We soon became acquainted with the leading families in this place, so that after the labor of the day was over, we could spend our evenings in the society of several agreeable families.

On the 2d of June, I agreed with Mr. Fanning to land several bales of German platillas, ten boxes of hyson tea, sundry trunks of printed calicoes, fifty boxes of claret wine, and many other articles of merchandise, and leave them in his hands to dispose of on commission, for account of the owners of the Governor Clinton; and that I would return here after I had purchased a cargo of cocoa at Guayaquil on my way up the coast before my final departure from this country for Gibraltar.

Fortunately the weather continued mild and fair for several days, and we landed all our goods in safety, using the balsas which are owned and manned by the Indian watermen who reside near the sea-shore, and are very expert in the management of these buoyant, floating craft. Without the aid of these balsas, there could be little or no communication with the shore on this part of the Peruvian coast, where there are no harbors for several hundred miles; and thus all the goods that are landed or shipped from this part of the coast, are transported by the Indians on balsas. They are made in the following manner: by placing eight or ten large pieces of very light, buoyant wood, say about the size of a barrel, parallel with each other, tightly bound and secured together, then cross-pieces of smaller logs are laid amidships, when a platform is erected of boards, over which are spread dry mats, and then a mast and sail to conform to the size of the balsa. They float very lightly and high out of the water, and are capable of carrying large cargoes. They are made large or small according to the taste or desire of those who make them. Thus constructed and equipped, they ply up and down the coast to most of the neighboring towns and villages lying along the sea-shore in this part of Peru. They are admirably adapted to landing and going off through the surf, where no other boat could live or be safe under like circumstances. While here I went on board one of these balsas, which

was about sailing on a fishing expedition to the Lobos Islands. They expected to be absent about a week or ten days. These islands are two in number, are uninhabited, but abound in fish. They lie very near the coast, in latitude $6^{\circ} 58'$ south, and longitude $80^{\circ} 4'$ west. All the stores I saw prepared for the voyage, were a little salt, a few bags of parched corn, and a barrel of water; with a crew of eight or ten men. They appeared to be quite happy, and anticipated a profitable voyage, by returning with a cargo of pickled and dried fish.

I think these frail floating vessels fairly illustrate the uniform mildness of this fine climate, where for several hundred miles in extent, the sea can be navigated in open boats and floating rafts with perfect safety.* Here are no gales to alarm the mariner, or render it necessary for him to watch the clouds or observe the symptoms of the coming storm; and I repeat that there never was a sea more appropriately named than this Pacific.

I find no mention made, or notice taken, in any book within my reach, of Lambayeque, and have nothing to refer to on the subject. I will, however, here attempt to give a slight sketch of the place, extracted from my journal. It lies in latitude $6^{\circ} 40' S.$, longitude $79^{\circ} 50' W.$ of London, is located on a plain, about six miles from the sea, and probably contains about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, a large portion of whom are Indians, and a mixture of the Spanish race with the original Peruvians, with an occasional crossing by the African breed; here one meets with all the intermediate shades of the white and black races.

The public buildings are small and insignificant, except the principal church, or cathedral. This is large, and has a tower sufficiently high to overlook the adjacent country, and the shipping lying at anchor in the roadstead. To this tower I used often to repair, with a spy-glass, to observe the ships lying at anchor, or standing off and on the landing place. I believe there are one or two other little churches, of not much note. The inhabitants of Lambayeque are all Roman Catholics, and

* If asked how these buoyant rafts can beat to windward, I answer, by inserting pieces of boards down between the logs to act as a keel.

a great majority of them are extremely ignorant and superstitious, believing in all sorts of miracles and absurdities. For example, I once met a grand procession in the streets, following three immense wax figures some six or eight feet high, dressed in long, loose robes, and mounted upon the heads of three stout negroes, in such a manner that their feet only could be seen. The first one represented an old man with a gray head: the second, a person much younger; and the third was intended to represent a person somewhere between the other two. These grotesque figures were immediately followed by a Padre, and a large number of people, generally of the lower classes. In the train they had also various kinds of rude music, such as drums, fifes, fiddles, tambourines, etc., all playing and singing about the streets. This ceremony lasted perhaps two hours, when the whole cortège marched to the cathedral, where the images were deposited, and the assembly dismissed. I was standing in the street, with a friend, near where the procession passed, when the following dialogue took place, between an inhabitant of the town and myself: "My friend, can you tell me what those large images mean to represent?" when he answered with much apparent surprise, "Si, Señor, Aquellas representan, El Padre, el Hijo y, el Espíritu Santo;" and at the same time gave me a look, which seemed to say, Oh! how I pity your profound ignorance!

They have here a tolerable market for the ordinary necessities of life; beef, mutton and poultry, are pretty good. I ought, however, to qualify these remarks, and observe that in all warm countries and in low latitudes generally, beef is not very good, so I found it in this place: though it was but indifferent, the mutton and poultry were excellent, and not very dear. The prices I paid for the supplies of our ship, were as follows:—for beef, five to six cents per pound; sheep, three dollars each; fowls, one dollar a pair; rice, three and a half cents per pound; sweet potatoes, fruit and vegetables generally, abundant and cheap. They have plenty of Indian corn, but no wheat, except what is brought from Chili and other countries.

Many of the houses of the richer classes are well built and comfortable: those of the poor, are but one story high, and built

of sun-burnt brick. The gardens and grounds in the southern and eastern vicinity of the city, are pleasant and tolerably well cultivated ; but the land between the town and the sea-shore, is but a wide space of barren sand.

There is considerable commerce carried on at this place, notwithstanding it has no harbor for shipping. There were here one English brig, one Peruvian schooner, and our ship, the Governor Clinton. They have but little to export save the precious metals, and these consist principally of crude silver, called in the Spanish language, *plata-piña*. They sometimes export a few ox-hides, goat-skins and some other articles ; but the whole amount to very little compared with what they import, or rather what is brought to them from England, France, and the United States of North America ; consequently it follows that this country must continue poor so long as they manufacture little or nothing for themselves, and have to purchase every thing with the produce of their gold and silver mines. In fine, they do not wait long enough to have it coined, but dispose of it in its crude state ; it is cast in all manner of shapes, in pieces from the size of a man's fist to that of a seven pound sugar loaf.

After landing all the merchandise intended for this port, and getting on board a few casks of water, and a supply of fresh provisions, fruit and vegetables, we got ready for sea ; but before sailing, I made an arrangement with my friend and fellow-countryman, Fanning, to purchase for my account a considerable quantity of *plata-piña*, if to be obtained at a certain limit.

On the morning of the 4th of June I took leave of my friends in Lambayeque, repaired immediately on board the Governor Clinton, and got under way, bound to Payta. The wind was light during the morning, but in the afternoon the regular sea-breeze sprung up, when we proceeded rapidly on our course before the wind along shore, towards our destined port. We had a fine, fresh breeze during the night, and at daylight found ourselves near Point de Payta, and being quite familiar with the bay and harbor, we hauled close in with the point, steered up the bay and came to anchor on the 5th of June, directly opposite the town, in ten fathoms of water.

For a description of the bay, harbor and town, I beg leave to refer the reader to my former voyage in the brig Dick, in August, 1822.

On my arrival here I employed Don Francisco Tabara to assist me in my business. He was a native of this place, and one of the richest and most influential merchants belonging to Payta, and to this gentleman I sold goods to a very considerable amount, and agreed to receive my pay in Peruvian bark, it being at this time difficult to obtain cash for articles which were not in immediate demand. Four days after my arrival, the United States ship Peacock, Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, arrived here from Lima, and being unable to obtain what supplies she required, lay here but one day, and then made sail for Guayaquil. I, however, continued to retail what goods I could for cash, and such as were not adapted to this market to take to Guayaquil; still I had sundry articles of merchandise which I judged advisable to leave in the hands of Don Tabara, to dispose of for account of my owners; and among other things, left with him fifty barrels of beef and pork to dispose of during my absence. I agreed with Mr. T. to return here from Guayaquil, after I had taken on board a cargo of cocoa, and receive the bark and specie which he promised to have ready on my return. After lying in this port just one week, we made sail for Guayaquil on the 12th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with a fresh S. E. trade wind, and steered down along shore towards Cape Blanco. When near this cape, we found it necessary to hand our top-gallant sails and single-reef the topsails. This is a very conspicuous point, and a very remarkable place for strong breezes. It is a common saying among seamen in this part of the world, that it is impossible to pass this cape without meeting with strong gales, which almost always render it necessary to hand all light sails, and reef topsails. Cape Blanco lies in latitude $4^{\circ} 19'$ south, and $81^{\circ} 6'$ west. The next day, after passing this cape, the wind moderated and the weather was fine. We saw the land about Point Los Picos, bearing S. E., about four or five leagues distant. Latitude, by observation at noon, $3^{\circ} 35'$ south.

The next day, June 14th, the wind was light from the south-

ward, with fine, pleasant weather, the land in sight all along shore. At four in the afternoon passed near the mouth of the River Tumbes, and steered up the bay, with a pleasant breeze from the southwest. At ten P. M. it fell calm, when we anchored for the night in five fathoms of water.

June 15th.—Got under way at daylight, with light, baffling winds, and stood up the river. At six in the afternoon arrived at the Island of Puna, when we met the ebb-tide and came to anchor for the night in four and a half fathoms of water. Light winds and fair weather.

June 16th.—At seven A. M. received a river pilot on board, and at eight A. M. got under way, and stood up the river with a fair wind from the S. W., and clear, pleasant weather.

About two in the afternoon we came to anchor opposite Guayaquil, in six fathoms of water, after a pleasant passage of four days from Payta.

On my arrival here, I found the two American houses, Messrs. Wheelright & Bouilly, and Messrs. Bartlett & Swett, had purchased all the cocoa I had ordered, say 8,000 cargass, at a price within my limits, and that it was all ready to go on board. But I had still remaining of my outward cargo unsold, about one hundred barrels of salt beef and pork, and a considerable quantity of English and German goods. I, however, lost no time in discharging my ballast, and getting the ship ready to receive the cocoa; when, to my great joy, my efficient friend and former captain, arrived here from Arica via Lima, on the 3d of July, and again took the command of the Governor Clinton. This circumstance relieved my mind very much, and left me at liberty to write to my correspondents at Payta and Lambayeque, requesting them to get every thing in readiness, against my return to their respective ports. I also had more leisure to attend to the sale of what goods I had still remaining. I found lying here, on my arrival, the U. S. ship Peacock, taking in stores, and preparing for a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. There were also several merchant ships of different nations, principally English and American. I should think there were about fifteen or twenty sail in port, including seven or eight coasting vessels. I recollect the names of but two of

the American vessels lying in this port, the brig *Phoenix* of Salem, and the brig *Nile*, Capt. George Newell, of Boston.

On a former voyage to this place, in the brig *Dick*, in August, 1822, I remarked, that floating rafts, or balsas, were used as lighters, for loading and unloading ships at this port, and all the other little places lying on this river.

On the 1st of July, we commenced taking on board our cargo, in the following manner. The cocoa is all put into sacks and weighed on shore, in the warehouses, and from thence taken on the shoulders of Peons, put on board of the balsas, floated to the ship, and poured into the ship's hold in bulk. Cocoa loads a ship very deep, and it is not always prudent to fill her entirely. We finished loading on the 17th of July, and had on board 8,600 cargass, each weighing eighty-one pounds. We had also three hundred dry ox hides, and a quantity of old copper; and after taking in sundry ship stores, cleared out and got ready for sea, and on the 20th made sail for Payta. Two days after leaving Guayaquil, we got out of the river's mouth and accomplished the passage in six days without meeting with any incident worth noting.

On my arrival at Payta, Don Francisco Tabara had disposed of nearly all the goods, and had the avails ready to go on board, namely, bark and specie. On the 28th I took on board one hundred and sixty ceroons of Peruvian bark, and after filling up all our water-casks, and receiving a quantity of stores, got ready for sea.

Having on a former voyage given a sketch of this little place, I will only make a few remarks on its pure air and healthful location. Many of its inhabitants live to a very great age. While I was here, a man died who was said to be 111 years old. I went with Don Tabara from curiosity, to see several old people, that were from 90 to 100 years. Among others, we visited an old man and his wife, the latter was 100 years of age, and the husband probably somewhat older. He appeared to retain his mental faculties, and was able to walk about; he told us he clearly recollected when the town was taken and sacked by the English—or to use his own words, “*Me acuerdo del tiempo quando mi padre me llevo para ver los soldados Ingleses*

que tomaron esta villa y que estaban vestidos de Colorado.”* In corroboration of his statement, I find, on referring to Lord Anson’s Voyages to the Pacific, that in the year 1741, he took this little town, and that, after having driven away the garrison, he sacked and burnt the place, and the spoils amounted to £30,000 sterling (or say about \$150,000), besides jewels and silver plate, to a very large amount. The old man’s wife, though not so aged as himself, had lost her memory, and looked very much like an Egyptian mummy. I gave these people a trifling sum of money, with a few bottles of wine, and in return received their blessing, and a thousand thanks for what they termed my liberality. They live extremely simple, retire to rest at nightfall, and rise at daylight.

On the 30th of July, after staying in this port four days, we made sail for Lambayeque. We stood off to the S. S. W., with a fine, fresh S. E. trade wind to get off shore far enough to avoid calms and baffling airs, and were favored with fine, pleasant weather for several days. We continued to beat up against strong breezes, with a considerable lee current against us, and did not arrive at Lambayeque roads until the morning of the 6th of August, after a passage of six days.

As soon as we came to anchor, my friend, Mr. Fanning, sent off a small balsa, and took Mr. — and myself on shore, where we remained all night. The next day, we took horses, and rode to the landing; the weather being fine, we repaired on board the Governor Clinton, on a balsa, and brought with us all the dollars and doubloons we had on board, to pay for the plata-piña purchased by Mr. F., for account of myself and the owners of the Governor Clinton. This was happily performed without any accident. The next day, August 8th, Mr. Fanning purchased what plata-piña was needed to complete the amount required by me, together with all necessary sea-stores, such as sheep, poultry, rice, potatoes and other vegetables. The next day we saw weighed and packed all our plata-piña. It was put into ten patacas or strong baskets, filled in with small cakes of chancaca, or half-boiled sugar, to confine the piña, and prevent

* Translation :—When I was a boy, I remember my father took me by the hand to see the English soldiers when they took this place, who were all dressed in red coats.

it from shifting about in the baskets. There were 2,200 marks. This piña cost on shore, eight dollars per mark, exclusive of commissions and shipping charges, and ultimately proved a better remittance than either dollars or doubloons. Early in the morning, on the 12th, these patacas were placed upon the backs of mules, and after several donkeys were loaded with our live stock, vegetables and other sea-stores, the whole cavalcade started for the landing-place. We had with us Mr. Fanning, his clerks, and several custom-house officers, but on our arrival at the beach, to our great disappointment, we found the Indians had no balsa ready to transport our treasure on board, consequently we were obliged to put every thing into Mr. Fanning's warehouse, near the shore, and wait for the Indians to get the balsa ready, which detained us until four o'clock in the afternoon.

There had been during the day a fresh sea-breeze, which produced considerable surf, that did not exist in the morning, so that all our trouble and difficulty arose from the careless indolence of the Indian watermen—of whom there were three—to sail and manage the balsa; beside these, there were also Mr. —, myself, and two sailors belonging to the ship. We at length got every thing on board, and made sail to pass through the surf in the ordinary way. The wind, at the time, was blowing a moderate breeze directly along the shore, so that the sail of the balsa was full, and it moved off apparently very well for a few minutes, until we met with three heavy seas, which rolled in upon us with such violence, that one of the logs on which the plata-piña was stowed broke, and one of the patacas was washed overboard and entirely lost, with a considerable portion of our sea-stores; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep the whole of our valuable cargo from washing overboard; and though it was a severe trial to lose so much property, still I felt, at the moment, that it was nothing in comparison to the loss of life; for we certainly were in the most imminent danger. We however escaped with a thorough drenching, and felt that we had been providentially preserved.

After we got through the surf, the sea was smooth, and we sailed off and came to anchor near the ship. Captain Hepburn

soon came to our assistance with the ship's boats, and in a few minutes the balsa was discharged, and every thing taken on board. The pataca that was lost contained 255 marks of plata-piña.

These Indian watermen are extremely superstitious. While in our perilous situation among the surf and rolling breakers, they spoke not a word, but made a low hissing sound and kept perfectly still.

I will not, however, judge them too harshly; perhaps they were addressing the Great Spirit; for although men may worship in different forms, still we find that the different races of the earth almost all acknowledge a Supreme Being.

After getting our letters and bills of lading ready, which we designed to leave in the hands of Mr. Fanning, I dispatched the balsa on shore; and at eight o'clock the same evening, August 12th, we got under way, and stood out to sea, bound to Gibraltar, with a fine, fresh southeast trade. We had now left our last port on this coast, after a long and tedious period of more than eleven months, trading up and down on the western coast of Chili, Peru and Colombia. We arrived at Chorillos on the 28th of August, 1825; and it was now nearly twelve months that we had been in this country, and absent from our dear native land nearly sixteen. I felt rejoiced at the idea of leaving the Southern Hemisphere, and in once more pursuing our homeward course, although we had still to make several thousand miles to the southward before we could steer towards our beloved country. It was, nevertheless, the commencement of a homeward-bound passage. It was also true we had to double stormy Cape Horn, and from thence proceed to Europe; but to us, who had been so long absent, sailing over distant seas, the delay consequent on touching at Gibraltar on our way home, seemed but a mere bagatelle. The moment the order was given by Captain Hepburn to man the windlass and loose the topsails, to get under way, I shall never forget with what alacrity the officers and men sprang to their duty:—the yards flew up aloft as if by magic, and in a few moments every sail was spread to the breeze; joy was depicted on every countenance; and I have no doubt that every heart was swelling with gratitude,

while dwelling with fond anticipation on a joyful meeting with a father, mother, wife, sister, brother, or some near, beloved friend, far away in the "land of the brave and the home of the free." There is something connected with our home and country that no language can precisely define; though the feeling, perhaps, is better expressed in the following lines by Sir Walter Scott, than by any thing I could add on the subject:

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, dear native land?"

Those who do not understand the true character of seamen, judge from their rude and rough exterior, that they are callous and void of feeling. This is a great mistake. Any one thoroughly acquainted with them knows, that beneath the often assumed bluntness of the common sailor, there frequently exists a fine vein of sentimental, unwritten poetry. I have often had occasion to witness the generous qualities of their noble hearts, when they are fairly dealt with and justly treated. They are faithful and constant even to romance, and will follow their leader to death, without flinching.

I recollect once addressing the officers and crew of the schooner David Porter, when I was about parting with them off l'Île Dieu, that many of them were melted to tears; and I have generally found, that when I appealed to their gratitude and better judgment, they were easily moved to a sense of duty.

The above observations I wish to qualify, and of course except individual instances of villany and ingratitude, which exist among sailors as well as among other men.

The weather was fine during the first watch, from eight o'clock till midnight, and no one felt much inclination to sleep. On the quarter-deck, the conversation ran on the length of time we had been on the coast, and the troubles and difficulties we had surmounted; the joy we all felt at the idea of getting once more clear of the land and fairly started on our return homeward. This idea was so exciting that we felt no incli-

nation to sleep. On the forecastle the sailors were grouped together singing appropriate old songs in fine glee, such as,

“Come, loose every sail to the breeze,
The course of our vessel improve,
I’ve done with the toils of the seas,
Yes, sailors, I’m bound to my love.”

During the night, the anticipated joy of getting home absorbed every other thought, and the dread of doubling Cape Horn never for a moment entered our minds. To a seafaring man there is something delightful in a well-organized and well-regulated ship’s company. In a good ship where every man does his duty, beginning with the captain, every thing goes on like clock-work, and its regularity gives a feeling of perfect security, that is only appreciated by those long accustomed to a sea-life.

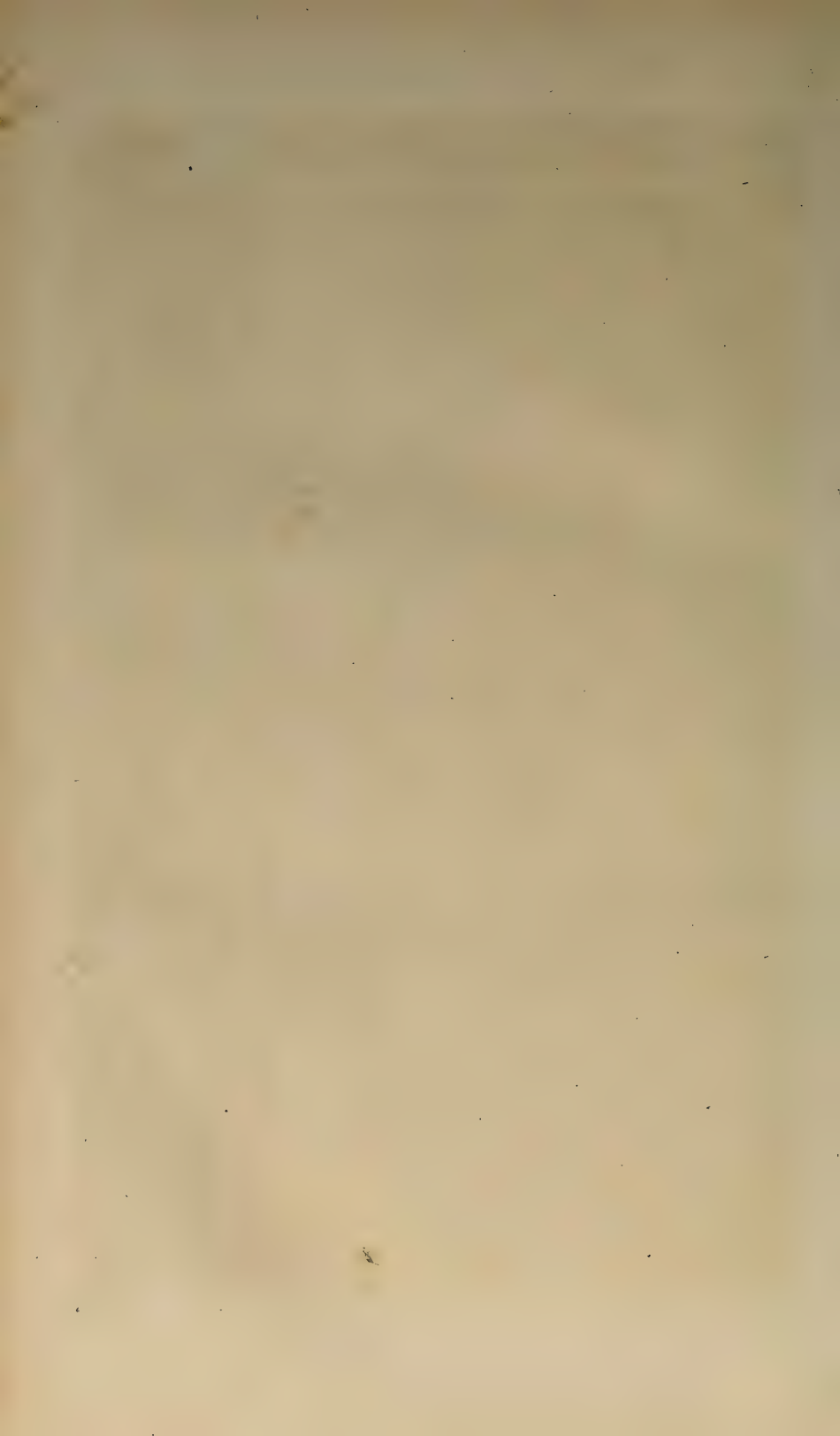
The weather continued fine through the night, and we made good progress to the southward and westward. From the day of our sailing, on the 12th of August, to the 23d of the same month, we generally had regular S. E. trades and fine, pleasant weather, always standing upon the same tack, laying up S. S. W. and falling off to S. W., making, upon an average, about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty miles per log daily. On the 23d of August, 1826, our latitude at noon, was 26° 40′ south; and our longitude, by an observation of the sun and moon, 95° 22′ west.

After getting up into about the latitude of 28° south, we lost the S. E. trades, and the weather gradually became cooler and more changeable. For the last ten or fifteen days, we had been sailing alone on the wide ocean. We saw not a sail, neither did any thing occur to break the dull monotony of the daily routine of making and taking in sail. Mr. ———, my assistant supercargo, and myself had been employed almost daily since we left Lambayeque, making out and arranging our accounts, and fortunately for us had been favored with very fine, pleasant weather; but as we increased our latitude the weather grew daily more and more cold and boisterous, so that on



A. Weingaertner's sketch. N.Y.

SHIP GOVERNOR CLINTON,
Homeward bound on the Pacific 13th of August 1826.



the 1st of September, we gave up writing and found it necessary to put on winter clothing, and take a great deal of exercise on deck, not only to promote health but to keep warm, as we had no fire in the cabin. Our captain, his officers and crew had been occupied for several days past getting ready to buffet the gales and storms which we expected to encounter off Cape Horn; bending new sails, reeving new ropes, sending down pole, and getting up stump top-gallant-masts, lashing and securing every thing below and aloft, and from time to time exercising and drilling the crew by reefing and taking in sail, so that when we encountered the violent storms and tempests that prevail in these wild regions, we should not be caught by surprise. Since we left the trade winds, we had been favored with strong breezes from the northward and westward, and made great progress on our course; though our ship was almost full of cocoa, bark and other articles of merchandise, and rather deeply laden, still she sailed fast and worked well, and we had an excellent set of men, active and willing at all times to do their duty. On Saturday, September 9th, we were in latitude $58^{\circ} 13'$ south; longitude, by an observation of the sun and moon, $77^{\circ} 53'$ west. At noon this day, we were a little over two degrees to the southward, and say ten and a half degrees to the westward of Cape Horn, and thus far had had no severe gales nor any remarkably bad weather, which is a rare circumstance in these high latitudes.

A degree of longitude where we now were, is only about thirty miles, consequently when we had fresh and fair gales, we made great strides on the chart, so that on Monday, September 11th, we had fairly doubled Cape Horn, without meeting with the smallest accident. For once in my life, I am happy to say, I have passed Cape Horn with a constant succession of fine westerly winds, and without storm or tempest. We stood on our homeward-bound course to the northward and eastward with favorable gales, without seeing land or strand, and had seen, I think, but two sail since we left Lambayeque.

On the 17th of September, we found ourselves at noon, in latitude $45^{\circ} 12'$ south; and on that evening at 7h. 44' 44'', by an observation of the moon and the star Aquila, were in longitude

45° 25' west of Greenwich. We were now only thirty-six days out from Lambayeque, and had proceeded well on our passage without any accident or mishap to mar our bright anticipations of a short and agreeable passage to Gibraltar. From this time to the 6th of October, that is to say, for a period of eighteen or twenty days, we occasionally saw a sail at a distance, but spoke nothing. We generally had favorable winds, and no severe gales to contend with. Having got down into lower latitudes, we found the weather fine and pleasant. Mr. ——— and myself again resumed the arrangement of our accounts, namely, making out account-sales, and adjusting every thing pertaining to the sale of the outward cargo, and to the purchase of the cocoa, etc. etc.

While on the coast of Peru, Chili and Colombia, we kept a sales book and memorandums of all the articles sold, and to whom they belonged, also of all charges on the ship and cargo with disbursements of every kind, letter books, and copies of every letter and document of any consequence during the whole period of our remaining on the western coast of South America; consequently we were now enabled, from these papers, to adjust and apportion every charge and arrange every thing in the true spirit of justice and equity; and before we got down to the equinoctial line, the whole labor of this part of the voyage was completed, so that on our return every paper was ready to hand in to our employers.

On Friday, Oct. 6th, we found ourselves in latitude 26° 12' S., and by a good observation of the sun and moon, in longitude 23° 17' 6" west of Greenwich. We were now steering to the northward with a fine S. E. trade wind and remarkably agreeable weather, and approaching a most delightful region of the earth. I believe I have before remarked on a former voyage, that I found this part of the south Atlantic a charming sea to navigate, namely, from the equator to as high up as say 20° to 25° south. In these latitudes the S. E. trade winds generally prevail all the year, with beautiful, clear skies, both night and day. The air is so perfectly pure and serene, that at night the heavens appear more thickly studded with stars than any portion of the earth I have ever visited. The temperature is gen-

erally about 70° to 75° Fahrenheit's thermometer, which is neither too hot nor too cold : even the birds and flying fish seem to enjoy these mild seas and clear skies ; for here are seen innumerable flocks, both of birds and fish, sporting about, apparently happy in both elements. The air is so elastic and easy to respire, that I always felt refreshed and invigorated by inhaling it, and mentally exclaimed, that if a small island were planted and peopled in this region, its inhabitants would never die except with old age. I say a *small* island, for it is always conceded that small sea islands are more healthy than large ones, particularly where there are forests and stagnant pools to poison the atmosphere. We continued to sail from day to day through these delightful regions, with all sail set below and aloft, generally making from 180 to 200 miles per day, scarcely changing or shifting a single sail.

On Saturday, Oct. 14th, 1826, our latitude at noon was $18^{\circ} 50'$ south ; and in the evening of the same day, at 8h. 10' the longitude by an observation of the moon and the star Antares, was $23^{\circ} 50'$ west. From this time to Oct. 19th, that is, for five consecutive days, we continued to have the same winds with a continuation of fine weather. But when we got down near the equinoctial line, the winds became light and baffling, with showers of rain and dark, cloudy weather. We crossed the line in about the longitude of 26° west, and on Saturday, Oct. 21st at noon, were by observation, in latitude $3^{\circ} 0'$ north of the Equator. At 9h. 3' A. M., by a good observation of the sun and moon, we found the ship in longitude $28^{\circ} 23' 0''$ west of Greenwich. We were now only seventy days from Lambayeque, and had already crossed the Equator without losing a single sail or spar ; and thus far had been highly favored with fair winds. All on board were in the enjoyment of perfect health.

On Monday, Oct. 23d, we fell in with, and spoke an English ship from Singapore, bound to London. The wind being light, and the weather fine, the captain of the English ship politely invited our captain, myself and my assistant supercargo, to come on board his ship, and take a social glass of wine with him and his supercargo ; and, as both ships were steering the same course, we accepted his friendly invitation, and repaired forthwith on

board, without further ceremony. We exchanged several small articles with these polite, gentlemanly men; we supplied them with cocoa, and received tea and other little articles in return. They also presented us with several English and East India newspapers. We gave them some North American and Peruvian papers, and, notwithstanding they were all rather old, the exchange was agreeable to both parties, and we were mutually rejoiced to meet with any pleasant incident to break the dull monotony of a long sea voyage. Those unacquainted with long passages, cannot realize the gratification it affords to see a strange face, and hear the news, and learn what is going on in the world, after having been, as it were, shut out from all intercourse with our fellow-men for a long period of time.

The captain of the English ship of which I have spoken, had on board a large family of monkeys—I should judge some twenty or thirty in number, some large and others small. He confined them in cages during the night and in bad weather, but when it was fine, allowed them to run loose about the decks. It was very amusing to see these animals chase each other up and down the rigging, and in their merry gambols cut up all manner of monkey tricks. The captain and supercargo told us that it had been a great source of amusement to them, during the passage, to see these mischievous animals play up and down the masts and rigging, whenever they were favored with fine weather.

After partaking of a friendly repast and some excellent old wine, a breeze sprung up, and we took our leave of these polite gentlemen, and repaired on board our ship, when we separated, never to meet again. I regret that this leaf of my journal is so mutilated, that I can neither make out the name of the ship, nor of the captain and supercargo.

Tuesday, October 24th.—At noon, we were in latitude $8^{\circ} 6'$ north of the Equator, and, by a good observation of the sun and moon, in longitude $26^{\circ} 40'$ west of Greenwich.

We continued on our course to the northward, from the 24th of October until the 9th of November—a space of sixteen days—without meeting with any incident worth recording. On this day, however, November 9th, when nearly in the latitude

of Madeira, we fell in with and boarded the hermaphrodite brig *Parmelia*, Captain John Jordan, belonging to Boston. She was thirty days out from Marseilles, bound for Philadelphia, loaded with brimstone, fruit, etc. Captain Jordan politely took charge of all the letters and packages we wished to send home; and as we had now got all our account-sales and other important papers ready, we embraced this opportunity to send to our employers a copy of all accounts and transactions up to this date, with a few hasty letters to our friends. These were all inclosed in two packages, and directed to Messrs. N. L. & G. Griswold, and Benjamin L. Swan, Esq., in New York. I subsequently learned that these letters and documents all arrived safely. We were now in latitude 32° north, and longitude 36° west.

After this we pushed on towards Gibraltar, where we arrived on the 27th of November, 1826, after a pleasant passage of one hundred and seven days. At this place I employed Horatio Sprague, Esq., to assist me in the management of my business. I found here waiting our arrival quite a number of letters from my owners, and several from my family and friends.

I was rejoiced to learn that my family were well, and very much gratified at receiving letters from my employers, approving of my conduct in the management of their ship and cargo; they also kindly assured me that I had their entire confidence; and after quoting prices of cocoa and bark in the United States, left me to decide whether it would be for their interest to dispose of my cargo in Gibraltar and Cadiz, or to return direct to New York; and I now felt that these kind letters from my owners more than recompensed me for all the care, anxiety and trouble I had experienced during this long voyage. I believe I have ever been willing to exert myself to my uttermost capacity for promoting the interest of my employers and friends; and when this is accomplished, and my services are appreciated, I feel richly rewarded.

I was also once more extremely gratified at meeting my old and worthy friend, Horatio Sprague; he befriended me in the hour of trial, when I made my escape from Gibraltar, during our war with England, in 1814.

At that time I resided at his house in Algeciras, for several

weeks, and was always treated by Mr. S. and his family like a brother; and now, after twelve years had elapsed, I found him the same kind, benevolent man; and I think it would be difficult to find one more worthy. During our sojourn in this place, I dined almost daily at his house, and spent my evenings in the society of his estimable wife and family, where I was always sure of meeting the best and most intelligent persons in Gibraltar.

In the midst of all the happiness I felt at getting glad tidings from home, and the pleasure of meeting old friends in Gibraltar, my joy was suddenly damped by an unexpected and sad communication, and I mentally said, there is certainly no perfect bliss in this life. Here we meet with light and darkness, sunshine and shade; for, among my other letters, there was one from George Griswold, Esq., by which I learned that our mutual friend, the Rev. S. S. Woodhull, was no more. He died in March, 1826, of typhus fever, after ten days' illness, leaving a widow and five children to mourn their irreparable loss, of a good husband and a devoted father.

He was a kind friend and neighbor for many years, and I was deeply grieved at the news of his death. I felt that an excellent pastor and a devout and useful Christian had left the world.

The Messrs. Griswold sent me introductory letters to their friends and correspondents in Cadiz, to the respectable house of Mrs. Widow Roberts & Co. of that place, requesting me to write them on the subject of disposing of my cargo in that city, and also what was the prospect of obtaining a freight or charter for the Governor Clinton to the western coast of Chili and Peru.

I accordingly wrote as directed by my owners, and in about a week received a polite letter from that house, stating that they could not advise me to proceed to Cadiz, as the market was low and dull for cocoa, and that there was no sale at all for bark; neither was there any prospect of obtaining a charter for the Pacific Ocean, and concluded their letter by remarking that they were sorry to say the trade to their city had, in a measure, disappeared.

On the reception of this letter, Mr. Sprague and myself strove to dispose of the cargo of the Governor Clinton, even upon terms of gaining only a moderate freight on the cocoa and bark, and after a fair trial of ten days, we relinquished the idea of selling it, and concluded to take on board what little freight we could obtain, and get ready for sea. As I have, on a former voyage, when brought here as a prisoner in 1814, given a sketch of the location of Gibraltar, its ample bay, etc., I deem it unnecessary to say any more on this subject. After lying here fifteen days, we took leave of our kind friends on the 12th of December, and sailed out of the bay, bound to New York; we ran out through the Straits with a fine Levanter, and got clear of the land the next day. It being now in the depth of winter, we concluded to push down to the southward, and run to the westward in the N. E. trade winds. For about six days after leaving port, we were favored with fresh and fair breezes, so that in a week we passed to the westward of the Canary Islands, and although we soon got into the N. E. trade winds, we found them so light and baffling, that we made but slow progress on our passage. When we had got as far to the westward as longitude 68° , we hauled to the northward, where we met with strong N. W. gales, and did not get to New York until the 31st January, 1827, after a long and disagreeable passage of forty-nine days, and from the time of leaving New York, until we returned to it again, was one year, nine months and fifteen days. We were, of course, all rejoiced at once more landing on our dear native soil. The joy of meeting one's family and friends after so long an absence, is more easily felt than described.

The winters of 1826 and 1827 were extremely cold. At the time we landed all the rivers were frozen up, and there was much floating ice in the bay and harbor of New York, and it was with great risk and difficulty we got from Sandy Hook to the city with the ship, on account of the immense fields of floating ice. As soon as she was secured to the wharf, Captain Hepburn discharged the crew, and I left the owners to look after their ship and cargo. We soon settled our accounts to the satisfaction of all parties concerned in the

voyage. Captain Hepburn, Mr. — and myself, received a warm-hearted welcome and much kind hospitality from our employers.

Captain H. soon got the command of a large ship, called the *Beaver*, in the Canton trade, and sailed on the 14th of February for that place. The mate of the *Governor Clinton* was promoted to the command of that ship, and soon sailed on a freighting voyage to Liverpool. On her return from that port, the Messrs. Griswold again fitted her out for the Pacific, under the command of our late mate, Mr. L. B. Griswold, and employed my young friend, Mr. —, as supercargo, to perform another trading voyage to the western coast of Chili and Peru, so that we were soon separated, perhaps never to meet again in this changeable world.

I found Benjamin L. Swan, Esq., uniformly hospitable, polite and friendly, and, in a word, a perfect gentleman.

Subsequently to this voyage, I owned a freighting ship, with the Messrs. Griswold, and had many business transactions with them, and for more than twenty years enjoyed the generous hospitality of these gentlemen. I have ever found them strictly honest, just and liberal; and during our long acquaintance, nothing ever occurred to mar our friendly relations. Theirs is a house of long standing, and belongs to that class of merchants who have done so much to enrich and build up our great commercial emporium.

The pataca of plata-piña lost overboard at Lambayeque, belonged to me, and contained ten pieces; it weighed two hundred and fifty-five marks, and cost eight dollars and a half per mark, which together with some other trifling shipping charges, amounted to two thousand one hundred and sixty-seven dollars.

This property was insured in the American and Union Insurance Companies in this city. When I presented my claim for indemnity, they refused to pay it, alleging that they were not liable for accidents in boats and lighters, but only for property on board of the ship. After waiting a reasonable time for the amount of my loss, I employed Messrs. Strong and Griffin, as advocates, to prosecute the suit in law. After a delay of two

years and four months, I gained the cause, and recovered the money, with seven per cent. interest.

This was an important decision in maritime law, and clearly determined the principle, that underwriters are liable for all losses from boats and lighters on trading voyages, even when not expressed in the policies. In my opinion it was a most righteous decision, otherwise there would be no safety in trading to many parts of the world, where boats and balsas are indispensable.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VOYAGE TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW, ST. THOMAS, SANTA CRUZ, AND PORTO RICO, IN THE YEARS 1830 AND 1831.

AT this period I had an only sister, who was in bad health, and as she was rapidly declining, I decided to remove her to a more congenial climate to spend the approaching winter; and in order to have an independent and convenient conveyance, I purchased a small schooner of 80 tons, to sail with her among the West India islands. This schooner was called the *Julia and Laura*, and when equipped and ready for sea, cost me but \$1200. On board of this little vessel I shipped an assorted cargo of flour, provisions and other articles, suitable for the West India market, and appointed Captain Richard Hepburn, of Milford, to command her: he was an experienced navigator and a worthy, efficient man. The invoice of the whole cargo amounted to twenty-five hundred dollars. After she was loaded, I feared my sister would not be comfortable on board so small a vessel, in our boisterous climate. Though well adapted to sail about the islands in the West Indies, she would doubtless be very wet and uncomfortable in our high, northern latitude. I accordingly dispatched the *Julia and Laura* for St. Bartholomew, and as the brig *Lawrence* was then loading for that place, I concluded to take passage in her with my sister. I had directed Capt. H. to proceed to his port of destination, dispose of such parts of his cargo as would pay a fair profit, and there wait for me, and that I should probably meet him in that port in about a week or ten days after his arrival.

Captain Hepburn had, besides his own crew, about half a





SCHOONER JULIA AND LASSIE,
Scudding in a violent gale, on the 10th of January 1830.

A. Weingartner's Lith: in X.

dozen passengers. The next day after he sailed, he encountered a tremendous gale of wind from the N. W. and W. N. W., which continued to blow with great violence for three days. During the whole gale, the little schooner scudded before the wind under the head of a foresail, and met with no loss except some trifling articles which were washed from off her decks. I was told the Captain, who was a thorough-bred seaman, steered the little schooner through the whole of the tempest himself. Several vessels, that sailed the same day from New York and Philadelphia, were either lost or dismasted. The ship *Governor Clinton*, Captain David Hepburn (nephew of the Captain of the *Julia and Laura*) sailed the same day, bound round Cape Horn to Chili and Peru, lost several spars, and was so severely handled that she was forced to return to New York to repair damages. The next day after the gale, Capt. H., of the *Gov. Clinton*, picked up a seaman from off a piece of the wreck of a vessel that sailed from the Capes of the Delaware on the 8th of December, and this poor fellow was the only soul saved from the whole crew, eight or nine in number; and strange as it may appear, this was the second time the same man had survived an entire crew that were drowned in a similar way. The *Gov. Clinton* was so much damaged in her hull, sails and rigging, that they were obliged to discharge her whole cargo, and I believe a large portion of it was badly injured, so that it occupied some weeks to refit and repair damages, before she was again ready for sea. Great anxiety was felt for the fate of the little *Julia and Laura*, and many believed that she must have perished in the gale.

On the 28th of December I embarked with my sister on board the brig *Lawrence*, Capt. Dexter, and on the same day, with a fair wind and fine weather, we sailed from New York, bound for St. Bartholomew. The *Lawrence* was a good, new vessel, about 200 tons burthen, and sailed remarkably fast. She was owned by Mr. Charles Morgan, of New York, who took passage with us in the capacity of supercargo. He was a kind, gentlemanly man, and a very agreeable passenger.

I took with me as a small capital to trade upon during the winter, one hundred and thirty doubloons, either to invest in

West India produce or in any other way that should promise a favorable result.

During the first week out, we had strong winds and a rough sea, which made my poor sister and Mr. Morgan very sea-sick; but, as we were the only passengers on board, and had plenty of room and good fare, we got along very well after the first two or three days.

Our Captain belonged to Mattapoisett, Mass.; he was a good seaman, and a kind, obliging man; was always polite and attentive to his passengers.

After getting fairly off the coast, we soon fell in with the N. E. trade-winds, and had fine weather during the remainder of the voyage, and on the 9th of January we arrived at St. Barts, after a passage of twelve days, without any remarkable occurrence. Before entering the port, I was intensely anxious to ascertain whether the *Julia and Laura* had arrived, when, on doubling a point of rocks, so that we could look into the harbor, I was rejoiced to see the little schooner riding quietly at anchor, with her ensign set to welcome our arrival; for it appeared that Capt. H. had caught sight of our brig, and displayed his colors, as it were, in triumph, after having survived the tempest in which so many vessels were lost or dismantled.

I was happy to find Capt. Hepburn had disposed of nearly all his cargo at saving prices. I remained here three days, just long enough to give my sister an opportunity of seeing the island and its inhabitants. In the year 1809 I came here in the brig *Henry and Isabella*, and afterwards in the schooner *Iris*, in 1817. I then gave a little sketch of this rocky island and its inhabitants, and as there has been but very little alteration in the place since that period, I shall make but few remarks on the subject. Happily, my sister was very much benefited by the passage and change of climate, and able to walk about and enjoy the bold scenery of this barren island; although it is not rich and fertile, it is, nevertheless, interesting to a stranger for a few days. Its high cliffs, deep dells, and general rugged character, are very attractive, particularly to those just landed from a sea voyage, where there is nothing for the eye to rest upon save sky and water; and then there is a novelty in the

scene to one who has never visited foreign lands, even if that land is rocky and barren. We saw innumerable wild flowers growing about in every direction, even in the crevices of the rocky cliffs. Many of them were of bright and gorgeous colors, and altogether different from those we were accustomed to see at home. I met here several of my old friends, whom I had known on my former voyages, and both my sister and myself were kindly and hospitably entertained during our stay at the island. After taking leave of our friends, we embarked on board the *Julia and Laura* in the evening of the 13th of January, and sailed for St. Thomas. It is the general custom here with vessels that are bound down to St. Croix or St. Thomas, to sail out of the harbor at six or eight o'clock in the evening, and with the N. E. trade-winds which constantly prevail, they run down to the westward all night under easy sail, and arrive at the before-named islands the next morning at eight or nine o'clock. This was our case, we arrived off the harbor the next morning, and at ten A. M. came to anchor, after a pleasant passage of sixteen hours.

I sold the remainder of the cargo of the *Julia and Laura* here the next day after our arrival, and purchased 156 bags of coffee, weighing about 17,000 pounds. We then took on board sufficient stone-ballast, with provisions and water, for a voyage to Savannah. I also supplied Capt. H. with one thousand dollars in specie, with directions to touch at Rum Key, one of the Bahamas, there purchase a cargo of salt for that place, on his arrival to dispose of his coffee and salt, and there purchase a return cargo of rice, provisions, and lumber, suitable for Martinique and Guadaloupe. Before sailing on his voyage, however, I requested him to proceed over to the west end of St. Croix, and there land my sister and myself. And thus, after remaining at St. Thomas five days, we left it in the evening of the 19th of January, and got over to St. Croix early the next morning, where we soon landed, and dispatched Capt. H. for Rum Key.

At this place I took board and lodgings for myself and sister, with a Mrs. Boyal, a widow lady: at her house were living several American ladies and gentlemen, mostly invalids from the Northern States. Among the number were Mr. R. C. D. and

lady, Mr. F. and Mr. G. B., all from Boston. There were also a Mr. L. L. from Vermont, and Captain David Rogers and his wife, from New York.

In another family, about two or three miles further in the interior of the island, were boarding the Rev. Doctor W. E. Channing, of Boston, with his wife and two children, a son and daughter. The above named ladies and gentlemen were all intelligent, polite and well-bred people; as we were all upon good terms with each other, we were enabled to form little social and agreeable parties among ourselves. Besides the pleasant society of our own countrymen, we found many of the inhabitants of the island polite and hospitable. St. Croix, or Santa Cruz, is a fine little island belonging to Denmark. It lies in lat. $17^{\circ} 40'$ north, long. $64^{\circ} 56'$ west. Its extreme length is about twenty-five or thirty miles lying east and west, its breadth about ten to fifteen north and south. It has a soft, mild and very equal climate, and is well cultivated. In many places one sees the sugar cane growing almost to the summit of the mountains. It is of a moderate height, though some of the hills or small mountains in the interior of the island are rather high, perhaps the highest of them may be a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here I speak without authority, having no books at hand to refer to. At this period I was told the island contained about three thousand five hundred white inhabitants, and about eighteen or twenty thousand negroes and mulattoes, the greater portion of whom are slaves. Almost the entire productions of the island consist in sugar, rum and molasses. An average crop of sugar is from 25 to 30,000 hogsheads, all made on one hundred and fifty estates or plantations. There are two considerable towns on the island; the largest is called Christianstadt, and has a good harbor located near the east end of the island on the north side. The other town, where we resided, is called Frederickstadt, and lies on a considerable bay at its west end; and when the regular trade-winds prevail, this bay forms a good port, but during the hurricane months, it is dangerous lying at anchor here.

There is a good, broad carriage road between the two towns, and the distance is about eighteen miles. Strangers who visit

this island for health, or for commercial purposes, are generally very much pleased with it for a few weeks, but after visiting the sugar estates and riding over the island, there is little else to be seen. There is such a uniform sameness in the sugar plantations, that after visiting a few of them, one can form a pretty good opinion of the whole; and as there are no public amusements to break the dull monotony, a stranger finds it extremely tiresome after a few weeks' residence, and soon begins to sigh for a change of scene, and wider field for thought and action. After my sister became acquainted with her inmates, and was comfortably lodged with Mrs. B., I left St. Croix on the 31st of January, in the packet-boat sloop Blossom, and had a pleasant passage of nine hours to St. Thomas.

The price of the passage over was two dollars and fifty cents. On my arrival at St. Thomas, I took board and lodgings with a Mrs. Kelly, a respectable widow lady. She was a native of the place, and kept one of the best lodging houses on the island. I was now thrown almost entirely among merchants of different nations, and generally found them polite.

To assist me in my commercial business, I employed Messrs. Reed, Whitmore and Davis. Although residents of this place, they were all natives of Massachusetts, and were very honest, correct men and good merchants. After making all my arrangements for commercial operations with these gentlemen, I resolved to revisit Porto Rico, and for that purpose took passage in the American brig Emmet, Captain Brown, for St. Johns. This vessel was loaded with lumber, and belonged to Portland, State of Maine. We left St. Thomas on the 3d of February, and had a pleasant passage of twenty-four hours down to St. Johns. For my passage, I paid four dollars, and found Captain B., a kind, obliging man.

Before leaving St. Thomas, I paid to the public authorities four dollars for a passport to leave the island, which I think is unjust extortion, and an arbitrary imposition practised upon strangers, who may chance to visit their island. I had letters of introduction to several gentlemen in St. Johns, and a particular one to the American Consul, Sidney Mason, Esq., whom I found to be a good merchant, and a very honest, worthy man.

On landing at the city of St. Johns, I went directly to the custom-house, where, after showing my passport and having my baggage examined, I took board and lodging in an uncomfortable posada (I believe the only one worth noticing in the town). I soon sallied out to deliver my letters of introduction, and take a look at the city. San Juan de Porto Rico is the principal seaport, and the capital city of this island. It lies in lat. $18^{\circ} 29'$ north, long. $66^{\circ} 13'$ west of Greenwich. The town lies along the east side of the harbor, is strongly fortified, and contains twenty-eight or thirty thousand inhabitants, one-third of which, I should judge, are white, and the others negroes and mulattoes. The town is located on rising ground, and being pleasantly situated on a declivity, is well drained and kept clean. This cause and its proximity to the sea render it one of the most healthy places in the West Indies. The streets all cross each other at right angles, the houses are mostly built of stone, and have generally a respectable appearance. Some of the public buildings are large, the Bishop's palace, and the Seminary. The Royal Military Hospital is also spacious, and, it is said, will accommodate from three hundred and fifty to four hundred patients.

They have here a handsome theatre, a town-house, with a magnificent public hall, and several convents. The Cathedral is large, but not well finished. There are several other churches, also a large arsenal, and a convenient custom-house. The entrance of the harbor is very like the Havana, being only eighteen hundred feet wide, with its Moro Castle and strong fortifications on two small islands opposite to the castle, at the western entrance of the port. After passing these forts at the mouth of the harbor, it opens into a spacious basin, varying in depth from five to seven fathoms of water, where the shipping is well protected, and safe from all winds. When I arrived here, there were lying in the port about twenty-five or thirty sail of ships, brigs, and schooners, ten of which were American, the others of different nations. While strolling over the high, broad walls and massive fortifications around this city, I was forcibly struck with their strong resemblance to those of the Havana; the immense walls of solid mason-work to protect it from the ravages of the ocean, with its fortifications and brist-

ling batteries on every side, remind one of the wealth, power, and greatness of Old Spain, at the period when these great works were constructed. They must have cost many millions of dollars, and call vividly to mind what that nation was under the reigns of Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second, when its cavalry was the terror of all Europe. From this high eminence one is led to trace the gradual decline of this old nation down to the present day, for it forcibly portrays the end of all human greatness, and creates a strong feeling of sympathy for a fallen nation, even if its history has, occasionally, been stained with bloodshed and injustice, and causes one to exclaim in the language of King David, "Alas, how are the mighty fallen!" During my stay here, there was a grand civic and military ball given by the city, in honor of a new Governor who had recently arrived here from Spain.

Mr. Mason, the American Consul, married a native of this city. Mrs. M. was an accomplished, sociable lady, and had a handsome maiden sister; they were both agreeable and well-bred persons, but spoke not a word of English: with this family I was invited to attend the ball. It took place in a spacious hall where was a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen; in fine, all the élite of the town was there, and many of the ladies were very pretty and graceful. In this warm climate there is not so much of the lily and the rose to embellish the faces of the softer sex, as is seen in the north of Europe, or the United States, still there is often much beauty in the bright, black eye, and glossy, jet black hair, of the graceful brunette of the West Indies. The music was good, and the refreshments were abundant and served up in good taste; in truth it was a splendid affair, and went off in a happy, agreeable manner, everybody appearing pleased and delighted. I will here observe there are touching strains in Spanish music, exciting feelings of romantic melancholy, which are extremely poetic, and always awaken in my breast a thrill of sensibility that no other music can produce. I was always kindly received, and treated with much friendly hospitality by Mr. Mason and his agreeable family during my stay here, for which I was very grateful; for had I not

met with them, I should have fared very badly at the miserable posada in which I was lodged.

I next visited all the lions of the place, among which was shown me a small stone building said to have been built for, and occupied by, the great discoverer, Columbus. Be this as it may, it had a very ancient appearance, and was somewhat dilapidated.

I also visited several of the sugar plantations in the vicinity of the city, and not having any thing of importance to prolong my stay, on the 8th of February I took leave of my friends, and embarked on board the Baltimore schooner *Cadmus*, Captain Horsford, bound for Aguadilla. We left St. Johns at six in the evening, and after running down along shore all night, arrived at Aguadilla the next morning at eight o'clock, having had a pleasant passage of fourteen hours. I found Captain Horsford a polite, friendly man. For my passage, I paid four dollars.

Aguadilla is a disagreeable-looking little place, lying along the sand-beach close to the sea. The town appeared small, though I was informed it and its vicinity contained about 5,000 inhabitants, including white, black and yellow. Mr. Mason gave me letters to several mercantile gentlemen residing here; they treated me politely, and informed me that during the last year there had been exported from this little seaport about 30,000 quintals of coffee, 1,500 hogsheads of sugar, and 5,000 ox-hides. I remained at Aguadilla three days, and then took passage on board a small coasting craft of 15 tons, bound to Mayaguez.

The distance between the two places is only twenty-five miles, still we were twenty-four hours in making the trip. I paid three dollars for my passage, furnished my own stores, and had bad accommodations.

At Mayaguez I took board and lodgings in a French family, whom I found very sociable, good people. I had letters to several individuals residing at this place, among others, one to Mr. Forester, a French gentleman, and one to Mr. S., a German, both of whom I found intelligent and hospitable. The town of Mayaguez is located near the west end of the island, say about a mile from the port or landing. It contains about 7,000 in-

habitants of every variety of color. I should think, however, that the greater portion were negroes and mulattoes. The port of Mayaguez lies at the head of a fine bay on the extreme west end of the island, and is safe from all winds except gales from the westward, which never occur except in the hurricane months of July, August and September. There is a considerable village located near the sand-beach, which contains perhaps a thousand souls of a mixed breed of different races. The annual exports from this place are about as follows: 60,000 quintals of coffee, 8,000 to 10,000 hogsheads of sugar, several cargoes of molasses, and 8,000 or 10,000 ox-hides. The land about the west end of this island is generally pretty level, very fertile and productive. The eastern people from the States of Massachusetts and Maine, brought lumber here, received their pay in molasses, and appeared in a great measure to monopolize that branch of commerce; while the Baltimoreans purchased the greatest part of their coffee and supplied them with flour. There have been imported, into the little bays of this part of Porto Rico within the last two months, three small cargoes of African slaves, say about 500 in number, men, women and children. I saw the remnant of these cargoes for sale in three enclosures. The best looking and most healthy of these miserable beings, had been sold to the planters and removed to their estates; the remainder were extremely thin and sickly, and were selling at very reduced prices. There was a little stream of fresh water near where these slaves were kept, and in this little river they were made to bathe daily; if they showed any reluctance to go into the water, they were driven in like cattle. They had some rude instruments of music, such as banjoes and large gourd-shells with strings, which made a rude, tinkling noise; on these instruments they were encouraged to play, singing and dancing at the same time to keep up their spirits. The venders of these negroes told me it was absolutely necessary to keep them in a good-natured mood, otherwise they would get the sulks, refuse all kind of food, and die with starvation.

Although the sight of these poor, unfortunate beings creates a melancholy feeling in the breast of a stranger, still there are circumstances connected with it that are so ludicrous, that they

produce an involuntary smile even in the midst of this dark scene of degraded humanity. For example, at these depots, two large and healthy-looking negroes are selected, and made to stand erect outside the gate as a sign to indicate to the planters that slaves are sold here. The price of negroes at this time was about as follows : children of five or six years old, 100 dollars each ; and what are here called prime slaves, that is, stout, healthy men or women, from eighteen to twenty-five years old, were worth 250 to 350 dollars each. They are generally retailed to the planters, and taken in small or large numbers as the case may be. At the time I visited this island, there were so many obstructions to the African slave-trade that the owners of large vessels dared not risk sending them, and were therefore in the habit of employing small, fast-sailing pilot-boat schooners, to elude the vigilance of the men-of-war of different nations who were striving to prevent this inhuman traffic. These pilot-boats carried from 150 to 200 of these poor creatures, and when chased by men-of-war, they crammed them all below deck to avoid detection ; so also in bad weather they were all forced below to escape being washed overboard.

In hot climates like those between Africa and these islands, to confine human beings under deck, where all must suffer, and many of them die with suffocation, is barbarous in the extreme. I was desirous of seeing as much of the island as my short stay would allow, for which purpose I rode daily on horseback to most of the coffee and sugar estates for many miles around Mayaguez, and after remaining here a few days, decided to leave it and proceed to the eastward. There being no public conveyances, I was obliged to hire a guide and two horses to convey myself and baggage from this place to Ponce, a seaport situated on the south side of the island, the distance by land being about twenty leagues. My guide was highly recommended to me by my friends here as an honest, good-natured fellow. Those who travel on this island, generally start a few hours before daylight, and ride in the cool of the morning and evening, lie by in the middle of the day, and by this means avoid the intense heat of the noonday's sun. After having made every arrangement for the journey, I settled my bills, took leave of my

friends, and agreed that my guide should call for me at 3 o'clock in the morning, two hours before daylight, on the 16th of February.

At the hour appointed, my faithful guide knocked at my door, and said he was ready to start on the journey. He took my trunk and fastened it on the back of his horse, and then inquired whether I was well armed. I answered him that I had only a small pocket-pistol and a dirk, which he said would do. He showed me a large stiletto and a machete, and said they had been of great service to him in many trying scenes. We then mounted our horses, and thus placing myself under the care and protection of a man I had never seen until the day before, left Mayaguez. We travelled on in perfect silence for at least an hour, and when I spoke, my guide said in a whisper, "Please be silent until we get fairly clear of all danger." I passively obeyed him to the letter of the injunction; he soon conducted me through wild and deep ravines, overrun with trees and bushes, along footpaths where the sky was darkened by the deep shade of luxuriant foliage; and after passing through the ravines, we ascended by a winding way up a steep hill. In fine, I knew not where these wild and intricate scenes would lead us. At length I became excited, and began to fear that he was leading me into ambush to murder me for my clothing and what little money I might have about my person. I therefore cocked my pistol and kept my finger on the trigger, ready to blow his brains out the first moment I should discover any sign of treachery or bad design; for had he made the slightest halt, or turned the head of his horse towards me, in my temerity I certainly should have shot him, in which case I should have regretted the rash act all the days of my life. However, I was soon after released from this anxious state of suspense, by getting upon a good road, and as the day began to dawn, my good conductor said in a loud voice, "Señor, we are now safe and beyond all danger." He then stated that he had taken me a long, circuitous route to avoid passing through a village of very bad people, who, he said, were a desperate set of villains, and that a man not long ago had been murdered by them for a small sum of money. I was now convinced that I had done my

faithful guide great injustice by my suspicions, and felt self-accused. Fortunately, however, the good fellow never suspected that I had entertained a single doubt of his fidelity. After this affair, we passed rapidly on the road towards Guayanilla. My guide was an amusing, social man, and entertained me with all manner of stories and adventures which he had seen and heard during the many years in which he had been employed as a guide to different parts of the island. We passed through two inconsiderable villages, the names of which I do not recollect; and after travelling about six or seven leagues from Mayaguez, we stopped at a village called Savanna Grande, to take breakfast and rest our horses. My breakfast consisted of bread, fried eggs, and coffee; the posadero and his wife were kind and obliging, but extremely ignorant.

The country through which we had passed thus far, was undulating, and only partially cultivated, being mostly occupied by small planters, who generally raised cattle and horses. In this island there are very few hotels or taverns, and none worth noticing in the villages and country places; and when a stranger travels from place to place, his friends always furnish him with letters of introduction to the gentlemen planters who reside on the road he intends to travel: this was my case; I was furnished with letters from place to place along the road. I often objected to taking them where I was only going to remain one night, or perhaps only a few hours, and observed to the gentlemen who proffered them, that I felt a delicacy in presenting such letters, that it had the appearance of a mere order for a meal or a night's lodging. In answer to this, I was told it was the custom of the country, and that without these facilities it was impossible to get any thing fit to eat, or even to obtain a decent bed, in many parts of the island, particularly in small country places.

After breakfast, we started again for Guayanilla, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon arrived there, and then rode down to the port, which is located on the south side of the island, and passing by and around several cane-fields, stopped at the house of Monsieur S., to whom I had a letter of introduction. This gentleman was a sugar-planter, and resided on his estate. He

received me politely, and treated me with kindness and hospitality. Mr. S. rode with me about Guayanilla, and introduced me to several of his friends, and after showing me the village and its vicinity, we returned to his house, took supper, and retired to rest; which I was very happy to do after a long day's ride of fourteen leagues on horseback.

Guayanilla is a small, insignificant village of itself, but the grounds and country for several miles around it were beautifully cultivated with sugar-cane. I was told they annually exported from this little port about 1,500 hogsheads of sugar, a little coffee and tobacco, and a few thousand ox-hides.

The next day, at 2 o'clock in the morning, we started on our journey for Ponce. The weather was fine, and the stars bright and clear. On this island, where the weather is very hot, it is far better to travel in the night and lie by in the middle of the day; we therefore commenced travelling soon after midnight, say 2 o'clock, and lay by from mid-day to 3 in the afternoon, and then travelled on again until nightfall; in this manner we avoided the heat and dust, which are very trying to health and extremely disagreeable.

At 5 A. M. we passed through the village of Tiabo, and at half-past 7 in the morning got safe to Ponce. Here I took up my abode with Monsieur Garrus, a French merchant residing at this place. I discharged and paid off my guide, and we parted mutually satisfied. The same day, in the afternoon, he left Ponce to return to his home in Mayaguez. The distance from M. to this place is about 70 miles by the route we came; and for my guide and two horses I paid twelve dollars, besides some other trifling expenses on the road, for breakfast, feeding the horses, &c. The next day, Feb. the 17th, I rode on horseback, in company with Mr. G., about the village of Ponce and its vicinity, and also to several sugar estates.

I found the plantations large and well cultivated. We visited two of them, owned by French planters, who had removed from New Orleans to this island, and were here settled on large sugar estates. One of the gentlemen from New Orleans had a steam-mill to grind his cane, and every thing appeared to be

got up and managed on a very extensive scale. We found the planters uniformly polite and courteous.

I was forcibly struck with the great improvements made on this island since my first voyage here, in the winter of 1816, especially on its south side, about Ponce, Guayanilla, Tiabo, and all around this region. The south side of Porto Rico was at that time but thinly inhabited, and only a small portion of the lands cultivated. There were then but few sugar estates, and those on a very small scale. And now, after a lapse of fourteen years, I found immense cane-fields, large sugar-plantations, every thing thriving, and the country comparatively rich and prosperous; in fact, I could scarcely believe my own eyes, the change was so great. I was told that during the last ten or twelve years Spain had adopted a very liberal policy towards this colony, to induce emigration, by selling the rich cane lands at very low prices. It had also fostered and encouraged the slave-trade, and, in a word, had granted every facility in its power to induce enterprising strangers to come here, to enrich themselves, and consequently to augment the government revenue. These facilities granted by Spain had the desired effect; enterprising men had settled here from nearly all parts of the world; French, Germans, English and Americans, had bought lands, and were cultivating them extensively. The island had now become rich and prosperous, beyond any thing I could have imagined.

While I was here at Ponce, on the 18th of February 1831, a large brig, under Spanish colors, arrived at a small port about a league to the eastward of this place, with 350 negro slaves from the coast of Africa. They were all landed under the direction of the government officers, and I was told their owners paid a duty to the government of 25 dollars per head. I went with my friend G. to see them landed; they were all taken to a neighboring plantation, and there exposed for sale. They were marched up from the vessel in parties of fifty; the men and women were all quite naked, except an apron which they wore about their loins; the children, both boys and girls, were in a perfect state of nudity, and, as far as I could judge, they all, both men and women, appeared utterly unconscious of any impropriety in their want of clothing. They were healthy, sleek, and in good

condition, appeared pleased to get on shore, and seemed to me to be an inoffensive, docile race of human beings. A large quantity of boiled plantains and salted herring was prepared for them. They all seemed to eat with a good appetite and enjoy their food. The planters from all this part of the island, soon came to this dépôt to purchase according to their wants or ability to pay; and here they were sold singly, in pairs, or in larger numbers, as was agreed upon by the parties.

During my stay at Ponce, I dined at a planter's house in company with the captain and supercargo of the slave brig: they were intelligent, sociable men, and when conversing on the slave trade, said it was a humane and most benevolent traffic; that in many parts of Africa the negroes were cannibals and extremely indolent; that the different tribes were constantly at war with each other, and if there were no purchasers for their prisoners, they would be all put to death; that they were in the lowest state of degradation, and of no service to the world. On the contrary, when they were transported to the West Indies, they soon became civilized and useful to mankind. As a proof of what they had stated, they said that the boys and girls who were allowed to run about the vessel and mix with the seamen, soon learned English or Spanish, and acquired considerable intelligence in the course of a few months, and concluded by affirming that the African traders were benevolent and beneficial to mankind. The above was the substance of their conversation, and shows that a good deal may be said in favor of any system, however absurd it may appear to those who are opposed to it. After this conversation I remarked to these gentlemen that if the negroes were transported from Africa to these islands in large, comfortable ships, and sold to humane and benevolent masters, perhaps in many cases it would be better for the slaves themselves; but unfortunately, at present, this was not the case—on the contrary, they were crammed into small craft, and often perished with suffocation, while those who survived were liable to be sold to brutal masters, and receive inhuman treatment. Their reply was, that those who were engaged in the trade had been driven to adopt every expedient, in consequence

of the persecutions they had received from short-sighted and ill-informed philanthropists. The brig in a few days was cleansed, ballasted, and sent up to St. Thomas, to refit and sail to the coast of Africa for another cargo. The village of Ponce is situated about two miles from the port, and is a small, trifling place; the houses are generally mean and dirty, the wealthy part of the inhabitants reside on their own estates, and leave the village to the poorer classes of the community.

At the port, the houses and shops are built along the beach; it is rather a pleasant little place, and may perhaps contain three or four hundred souls. The port is a good one, except in the hurricane months, when it is rather an unsafe anchorage, as the wind from the S. W. blows directly into the harbor. There were then lying in this port sixteen sail, mostly brigs and schooners, six of which were American. I was told the total amount of exports during the last year was 10,000 hogsheads of sugar, 15,000 quintals of coffee, 5,000 hides, and a great many puncheons of rum and molasses, the exact amount of which I could not ascertain.

I remained here four days, and then hired a guide and two horses, to convey myself and baggage to Guayama, which town is situated about eighteen or twenty leagues to the eastward of Ponce, and thus on the 19th of February, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I took leave of my kind friend J. M. Garrus, and started for Chicaboca, a small village about eight miles on my route to the eastward, where I had arranged to put up for the night. My friend G. gave me a letter to a Mr. De Joice, a sugar planter, residing on his estate at Chicaboca. I arrived at the house of Monsieur De J. at eight in the evening, and was kindly received by this gentleman. I took supper, and retired at nine o'clock, and according to my usual custom, started the next morning at three hours after midnight for Guayama. My hospitable host Monsieur De Joice informed me, that there were several sugar estates at and around the village of Chicaboca, and that the place was improving. The small farmers and the poorer classes of people along the road in this region, generally cultivate plantain, Indian corn, and tobacco. The

first named article is an excellent substitute for bread, and grows almost spontaneously, requiring very little care or attention.

Plantain is the chief support of the poorer classes on this island, it is in fact to them as potatoes to the poorer classes in Ireland. Before leaving Ponce, my friend G. told me I should probably be at a village called Salines, the next morning at eight o'clock, and that it was a poverty-stricken place; that I should not be able to obtain a breakfast among its miserable population. He insisted on giving me a letter to an Italian planter residing in its vicinity. I accordingly took it, resolving in my mind at the same time not to deliver it, for it certainly had the appearance of a mere order for a breakfast; and thus to present a letter of introduction to a stranger whom I had never seen before, was rather a delicate business: but after getting to Salines, I found it just as Mr. G. had predicted. We inquired at almost every shanty in the village, whether we could get breakfast with them; the answer was uniformly the same, "No hay nada." One had bread and no coffee, another had coffee but no bread, another had eggs but neither coffee nor bread. We had been travelling about five or six hours on the road, and felt hungry, faint and weary, and I therefore resolved to waive all ceremony, and go forthwith to the estate of Señor Vincenti and present my letter.

I did so, and found Mr. V. in his boiling house, superintending the negroes who were making sugar. He received me politely, made many inquiries about his friend G., said he was very happy to see me, and added, that while breakfast was preparing he would do himself the pleasure to show me his plantation, which he said was quite new, that he had only been two years on the island, and had not yet got his grounds, mills, etc., in good order, but hoped in another year or two to have a good productive sugar estate. At about nine o'clock breakfast was announced, and I was happy to find it a very substantial one, such as fricasseed chickens, fried eggs, bread and plantains, claret wine, coffee, etc. etc.; in fine, it was more like a dinner than a breakfast. His wife was a native of the island, and appeared like a retiring, modest woman. Our company consisted of Mr.

V. and his wife, a broken-down sea captain, and a Mr. S., a millwright, who was a native of Connecticut. He had been living on this island, and at St. Thomas, for ten or twelve years; he was a shrewd, intelligent man, about forty years old, and well acquainted with every thing that related to the growth of trees and timber on this, and the neighboring islands. He informed me that he had in five years after landing at St. Thomas, amassed considerable property, but soon lost it all again, by making some unfortunate contracts with the planters, such as getting timber from Crab Island, and building sugar mills in Porto Rico. He said he had to hire miserable, inefficient mechanics, and had in various ways been deceived and cheated out of his hard-earned money, and was now ashamed to return home poor. He was at present working as a mere millwright for four dollars per day, and had no one to assist him to build sugar mills but stupid negro slaves. When I heard his story, and saw the quick glance of his piercing eye, and listened to his animated conversation, I felt sorry that such an efficient, enterprising man should be thus doomed to waste his life here in obscurity.

The captain was about sixty years old, a Swede by birth, and a very singular person. He had at one period of his life commanded a large ship in the East Indies, spoke four or five different languages, was full of talent and general intelligence, and extremely interesting in conversation. He was living with Señor Vincenti, as a sort of "Man Friday," and was in every respect an original character. Mr. V., our host, had seen much of men and the world, and was a pleasant, gentlemanly man. As near as I could judge, we were all pleased with each other, and did not leave the breakfast-table until near eleven o'clock, when I hinted to Don Vincenti that it was time for me to be off for Guayama, in order to get there before nightfall. He kindly pressed me to stay another day; to this I could not assent, but shall never forget Señor V.'s kind hospitality, nor the original and agreeable company I met at his house. After leaving Salines I found the lands badly cultivated, and but a sparse population, until we arrived in the neighborhood of Guayama. There are no carriage ways on this part of the

island, but the road is pretty good to travel on horseback, particularly at this season. In consequence of the uncommon drought which then prevailed, the small streams and rivers were all dried up, and there had been but very little rain for the last two or three months, so that we were enabled to ride over the rivers and along the bottom lands without any obstruction. The day was hot, and the horse I rode gave out before we reached Guayama, so that I was obliged to leave him at a small house about five miles to the westward of our place of destination; here my guide hired another for me, and agreed to pay for it and for the keeping of his horse, the next day on his return home to Ponce. This guide was an honest fellow, but not so social and amusing as the one I had with me from Mayaguez to Ponce.

I was occasionally amused with the simplicity of the country people along the road. It often happened while travelling that we fell in with men and women on horseback, and when going the same way, we sometimes rode for several miles in company, and I often found it very agreeable to converse with them.

This day we fell in with a plain-looking man, going to Guayama. I observed he had a great deal of curiosity to know who I was, and what could be my object in travelling about the island. I accordingly pulled up my horse a little to allow my conductor and the stranger to ride on a short distance ahead, and give them an opportunity to converse together without the embarrassment of a third person. In this situation I overheard the following dialogue. "Who is the gentleman you are conducting from Ponce to Guayama? what is his business, and what can be his motive for travelling about at so great an expense?" My guide told him I was an Anglo-American, he believed I was a merchant, but what object I could have in travelling all over the island he could not imagine; he thought I must be full of money, because the guide who came with me from Mayaguez to Ponce told him I paid him 12 dollars, and that I had also agreed to pay him 9 dollars for his services; and concluded with a shrug of his shoulders, that it was difficult to conceive how any man should be willing to leave

his own country and ride all over this vast island at so great an expense, and still he was convinced I was not quite a fool. He further added that Señor G., in Ponce, told him I was a kind, sensible man, and that he must be very civil and attentive to the stranger, or he would never again recommend him to another gentleman. Here ended the conversation between my guide and our accidental travelling companion. The grounds along the road for two or three miles before we reached Guayama, were highly cultivated, and it was an agreeable sight to see the vast fields of sugar cane nearly ripe enough to cut; and every thing around me wearing the appearance of thriving prosperity.

We arrived at Guayama at 6 o'clock, just before nightfall, very hungry and excessively fatigued. I believe the distance between Ponce and this place by land is about eighteen or twenty leagues.

I took board and lodging with an American who kept a small hotel at the port of Guayama. After settling with my guide, and giving him a small gratuity over and above the hire of himself and his miserable horses, I retired to rest. The next day, February the 21st, after breakfast I sallied out in pursuit of the American consul, whom I found a polite, sociable man. With him and two other American merchants I rode about the town and its vicinity. Guayama is located on ground of a moderate height, and though not hilly, is somewhat undulating and irregular. It probably contains about 3,500 inhabitants of all colors. I should judge there was about one-third of the number white; the remainder are negroes, mulattoes, and samboes. From the town to the port or landing-place, the distance is about four miles. The houses are generally built of wood, are small and inconvenient. This town, like Ponce, is inhabited by mechanics and working classes; the planters uniformly reside on their own sugar estates in the neighborhood. The port of Guayama is only an open bay, and scarcely deserves the name of a harbor: it lies in lat. $17^{\circ} 55'$ N., long. $65^{\circ} 50'$ W., on the south side of the island, and is distant about twenty miles from its extreme eastern end. At times the wind blows into the bay and causes a very rough, high swell, and much surf,

which renders it difficult to land goods or take on board ship the produce of the island. There were then lying at anchor in this bay twelve brigs and schooners; five of them were Americans, and the rest mostly small coasting vessels that traded between this place and St. Thomas. The common anchorage is in about six fathoms of water, and not more than a pistol shot from the shore. To land or take on board cargo depends very much on the state of the weather, and it can only be done with safety when the weather is good, and the water in the bay so smooth as not to create much surf on the beach at the landing-place. The houses and shops are built of wood along the shore of the bay, very near the sand beach, and there are probably about 250 or 300 inhabitants of various colors residing here. With all the disadvantages of a bad port, I was told they annually exported from this place about 8,000 hogsheads of sugar and 4,000 hogsheads of molasses, and some coffee of an inferior quality. They also export a few hides, but the great staple articles of exportation from this place are sugar and molasses. The grounds near Guayama and the adjacent country are said to be very rich and fertile, and the planters that manage well generally make considerable fortunes in a few years. After remaining here two days I took passage in the packet boat sloop *Hope*, of twelve tons burthen, Captain Jack Oben. This boat had a very small cabin, which was stowed full of goods, so that the captain, myself, and one other passenger were obliged to live on deck, or rather in the stern sheets of this little, uncomfortable craft. The crew consisted of the captain, one man and a small negro boy; there was no room below the deck, of course everybody lived on deck. Thus manned and equipped we sailed out of the bay of Guayama on the 23d of February, 1831, bound up to St. Thomas, a distance of 80 or 90 miles, and lying almost directly east of Guayama, so that we of course had to beat up against the N. E. and E. N. E. trade winds the whole distance. There was no place to walk or cook on board, we were therefore obliged to get our food cooked before we started; I provided myself with a boiled ham, some sea-biscuit, and a few bottles of claret wine. There was no other method of getting up to St. Thomas from this place except by waiting a week or ten days

longer, which I did not choose to do. I thought I could endure a passage on deck for a couple of days, but in this calculation I committed a great error, and consider this unwise decision one of the greatest mistakes I ever made in travelling either by land or water. It so happened that the trade-winds were uncommonly fresh, attended with a strong lee-current, so that during the whole passage we were obliged to turn directly to windward on short tacks, constantly ducking our heads to avoid the main boom, which rendered it impossible to use an umbrella during the day, and left us entirely exposed to a burning sun. At night it was comparatively cold with a chilling dew; there was no room to walk the deck or take the least exercise for fear of falling overboard; neither was there any place to lie down, and no one could sleep without the greatest danger of being knocked overboard by the main boom. Any thing like sound sleep was quite out of the question; added to these difficulties, the spray flew all over the boat, and constantly kept us drenched with salt water. As we approached Crab Island I flattered myself we should find a good lee, and probably be favored with smooth water while beating up along its shores, but in this I was disappointed; we found no lee, nor were we at all favored by any change of wind. Crab Island lies about five leagues to the S. E. of Porto Rico. It is about fifteen or twenty miles long and five or six broad. It lies east and west, is of a moderate height and well covered with trees, but being uninhabited, it has a lonely, solitary appearance.

The wind continued fresh and strong against us, and we were consequently obliged to beat every inch of the way, and thus after much severe suffering we entered the harbor of St. Thomas on the 24th of February at nine o'clock in the evening, seventy-two hours from Guayama. When I landed, my limbs were so benumbed and stiff that it was with the greatest difficulty I could walk to my lodgings: cramped up in a sitting position, and without sleep for seventy-two hours, had so exhausted every faculty, that I find it difficult to convey a correct idea of what I endured during the passage.

The captain or patroon of this boat was an honest, faithful man, and worthy to command a larger and a better vessel; he

owned half of the "Hope," and had been employed running as a freight and packet boat between the two places for several years. He spoke Creole French, Spanish, and tolerable English, and had the entire confidence of the mercantile portion of the community both in St. Thomas and Guayama, and was intrusted with large sums of money to carry between the two places. He was a man without education, could neither read nor write, but had picked up a great many amusing anecdotes and interesting stories which he related with great good humor during the whole passage. But how this man had lived so long and enjoyed good health, with so little sleep and so much fatigue, was a great mystery to me. He steered the boat during the whole passage, and never complained of his mode of life, but on the contrary appeared contented and happy in his situation. I often reflect on the cheerful disposition and agreeable qualities of the worthy Jack Oben, and think he possessed and practised more genuine philosophy than hundreds of savans who have written beautiful moral essays on the subject. This unlettered patroon, though occupying a humble station in life, possessed many of the elements of a great man; he had a strong memory, was brave and generous, and highly gifted with indomitable perseverance.

When I returned to my former lodgings, at Mrs. K.'s, I found my rooms vacant, and shall never forget how happy I felt in the quiet enjoyment of a good bed and uninterrupted sleep for at least twelve hours. I had now accomplished a tour over a large portion of Porto Rico, and returned safe to St. Thomas, after an absence of three weeks. I was glad to meet with my mercantile friends again, and to hear what was going on in the commercial world. I soon received letters from my invalid sister in St. Croix, and late news from friends at home. During the month of February, of this winter, there were fourteen sail of American vessels put into this port in distress, ten of which were repaired, and four condemned as unseaworthy. About this time I received letters from two of the New York insurance companies, desiring me to visit the ships and vessels in distress, in a word to consult their interest, and see that no vessels were condemned without just cause. This request I

complied with to the best of my abilities, without pay or reward. As I had much leisure, I was happy to be of service to them.

During my stay here, waiting the return of my little schooner from Savannah, I used to occupy myself making purchases of coffee, at private sale and at public auction, and shipping it to New York for my own account. I used frequently to ride on horseback all over the island, and when not able to ride to the summit of the mountains, often dismounted and clambered up to their very tops, from which I always had a magnificent view of this and the neighboring islands, and was richly rewarded for my pains and trouble. Santa Cruz and St. Thomas both belong to Denmark, and are about twenty miles asunder. This island lies in lat. $18^{\circ} 20'$ north, long. $65^{\circ} 0'$ west. It lies north of St. Croix, and due east from Porto Rico. It is about twenty miles long, from east to west, and six or eight broad. It is mountainous, generally sterile and unproductive, except in a few of the valleys on the southern side of the mountains. It is very subject to severe droughts and violent hurricanes. Sugar is the principal article produced here, and that not in great quantities; they also raise a little cotton. From the high grounds on this island, the houses on the north side of Santa Cruz can be distinctly seen on a clear day. The harbor lies on the south side of the island, and is smooth and safe from all winds, except in hurricanes from the westward, when it blows directly into the port, and generally drives all the shipping on shore. The whole population of this island probably amounts to 7,500 or 8,000 souls, about 1,000 of whom are white, the remainder mulattoes, negroes, and all the intermediate shades between black and white. The Danish government has made St. Thomas almost a free port, the duties on imports and exports being merely nominal. The port charges are also very light. This circumstance, and its central position among the islands, renders it a great commercial emporium, and induces ships and vessels to resort here from almost all parts of the world. Crowds of merchants flock here from all the neighboring islands, and even from ports on the Spanish Main, to sell and purchase merchandise of every description. It not unfrequently happens that

many articles of trade are sold here much lower than they would bring in the countries where they are produced; consequently it follows that almost all the necessaries of life are generally found here abundant and cheap. The government officers and the garrison are Danes, and converse in the Danish language. The mercantile classes generally speak English, French, and Spanish, while the masses speak Creole French, English, and Spanish, intermixed with the African lingo; so that when a stranger visits the market-places, or any other public assembly, he is almost deafened with the confused jargon of discordant sounds, which reminds one of ancient Babel. Several of the public buildings are large and commodious; the houses of the merchants and of the richer classes are also airy and well adapted to the climate; but the greatest portion of the town consists of small, mean, wooden buildings, which is the cause of frequent and destructive fires. The harbor, which is a beautiful little basin, lies at the foot of several high hills, and when at anchor here, one has a very good view of the town. The warehouses and shops are located along the shore, and as the principal part of the town is built upon three hills, and the houses all overlook each other, from the anchorage it presents a fine panoramic view.

This port is the very centre of the slave-trade; here nearly all the slave-trading ships and vessels at the present day resort, not to dispose of their slaves, but to fit out for the coast of Africa. On their return, their cargoes are distributed among all the islands in the West Indies, but by far the greatest number are sold in Porto Rico and Cuba. In this port the slavers find every facility to accomplish their object, and are fostered and protected by the Danish government. All the articles necessary to accomplish a voyage to the coast are brought here from England and the United States. Handcuffs and leg-shackles, negro-cloth, and a thousand other cheap manufactured articles, are furnished them from England, while rice, tobacco, flour, and other provisions, are supplied from the United States. I saw here a large number of sharp-built brigs and pilot-boat schooners, all fitting out at the same time, and, as far as I could learn, there were no obstacles thrown in their way. At this

time there was also a large clipper ship, Baltimore built, of some five or six hundred tons burthen, commanded by a Frenchman, with whom I had become acquainted in Peru in the year 1826. He called his ship the *Sultana*, said she belonged to the Havana, and that he expected to bring 800 or 1000 slaves from the coast, and land them on the island of Cuba; and if fortunate enough to perform a safe voyage, expected to make a great deal of money. Captain S. invited me on board to visit his ship; she had a very formidable battery of twelve large guns, with swords, muskets, pistols, pikes, &c., &c. He swore to me that nothing of less force than a frigate should ever capture him alive. He was a native of Paris, then about forty years old, rather above the middle size, stout, strong and athletic, a good seaman, and of a bold and daring disposition. He spoke fluently four or five languages, and was altogether an original character. He seemed neither to fear God nor regard man, and appeared to be just fitted for the desperate business in which he was engaged. I have seen the slave-trade in all its phases, both among these islands and in Brazil. I was at Santa Jago de Cuba about the time the American Congress passed the law making it felony for American citizens to be concerned in the slave-trade. At that period, there were in the port two or three vessels fitting out for the coast of Africa; most of the Americans that were attached to them left them and went on shore; still, there were a few of the most reckless who remained, and were willing to risk their necks for the prospect of making money. So it will ever be when the allurements of great gain is held up to view; desperate men can always be found to hazard life and limb for the temptation of acquiring large sums of money in a short space of time. And though so much is said in condemnation of these men who prosecute the slave-trade, still, they are mere instruments in the hands of capitalists, who, in the end, reap the greatest portion of the gain.

Should it be asked, Where do the capitalists, the very mainsprings that set the whole machine in motion, reside? My answer is, I do not know; they may live sumptuously in England, France, the United States, or elsewhere. One thing is certain, that very few of the planters in these islands have very

much ready money to invest in this business, and but few merchants who reside in the West Indies can spare means to be employed in the slave-trade; still the business goes on from year to year, and no one knows who owns the ships engaged in the trade. For the information of those who have never seen a slave ship, I will just add that they are armed with great guns, muskets, swords, pistols, pikes, &c.; they have a strong bulkhead to serve as a barricade, built athwart the after part of the vessel, through which are loop-holes; and as all the muskets and pistols are kept in the cabin, the captain and the officers can fire through these holes and put down a revolt, should there be one among the slaves, without endangering their own lives. For fear I should weary the patience of my readers by writing any more on the subject, I will merely relate an incident connected with the purchase of slaves fresh from the coast, and as it may serve to illustrate the natural love of finery in the female sex, I will insert it just as it happened. About this period a small cargo of African slaves was imported into this island. Mrs. Kelly went to the dépôt where they were kept, and purchased a female slave of about twelve years of age. She was a slender, delicate little girl of good features, and although she spoke not a word of English, was quick to understand, and apt to learn. She was very thin, and quite naked except an apron, which she wore about her loins. Her mistress had her thoroughly scrubbed and washed with soap suds, and then dressed her in fine, gay-colored clothing. She had a red handkerchief gracefully tied round her head, and put rings in her ears, and bracelets on her arms. Mrs. K. taught her to sew, and wait upon her as her personal servant. It was surprising to witness the rapid progress this little negress made in a few weeks; not only in speaking English, but in the use of the needle, and other little domestic affairs: every thing went on well, until the little girl in some way offended her mistress, when in lieu of whipping, she took off all her finery, and put on the original apron that she wore when purchased; she then pointed at her apron and her fine clothing, accused her of the basest ingratitude, and threatened to sell her if she should ever again be guilty of the smallest offence. I came in at this moment, and saw the poor

child crying as though her heart would break. I of course begged Mrs. K. to pardon and restore her to her former position. This was done at my request, when her grief was soon changed to joy and gladness.

It will be recollected that my schooner *Julia* and *Laura*, sailed from the west end of St. Croix, on the 20th of January, bound for Rum Key and Savannah. Captain H. touched at Rum Key, and could get no salt; from thence he proceeded to Savannah. At that place he employed Messrs. H. S. and T. to assist him in his business; these gentlemen sold his coffee, and procured for him a cargo consisting of rice, lumber, and a few other articles of merchandise, the whole invoice of which amounted to \$2,000; and after lying two weeks in that port, he sailed for Martinique on the 25th of February. Captain H. had a short passage out to the Islands, and after touching at Martinique and Guadaloupe, at which places he was unable to dispose of his cargo at a profit, came down here on the first of April. I here sold a portion of the rice through my friends, Messrs. R. W. and D. I also shipped about twenty tierces of rice to Ponce, and the same number to Guayama, and on the 7th of April dispatched the *Julia* and *Laura* for St. Johns, Porto Rico. At that place he disposed of the balance of his cargo, the avails of which he invested in sugar and molasses; he then procured the balance of a cargo of the same articles on freight for New York. On the 14th of March, my sister came here from Santa Cruz, and took lodgings with me at Mrs. K.'s. I lost no time in winding up my business, and as the winter had now passed away, we took passage on board the American brig *Ranger*, Captain Eldridge, for New York. We sailed from St. Thomas on the 9th of April, and after a passage of twelve days, got safe back to New York, without meeting with any incident worth recording; and I am happy to add that my sister's health was very much benefited by the voyage, and that we found all our friends well.

Captain Hepburn made a short passage from Porto Rico to New York, and after discharging his cargo, I forthwith loaded his vessel with flour, provisions, and other articles of merchandise for St. Thomas. She sailed from New York on the 23d of

May, and had a short passage out. At St. Thomas he sold his cargo through my friends, Messrs. Reed, Whitmore and Davis. These gentlemen soon procured a freight for the little schooner from Ponce to Boston.

Captain H. took a full cargo of sugar and molasses at Ponce, and sailed for Boston, where he arrived safe in August, 1831; at that place she was consigned to my friends Messrs. Barnard, Adams & Co., and after the freight was delivered, these gentlemen sold the Julia and Laura, and closed all accounts relating to this vessel. I would here observe, that I owned this little schooner for a period of eighteen months, during the whole of which time she was ably commanded by Captain Richard Hepburn. He made several safe voyages to the West Indies in this vessel to my entire satisfaction. Previous to this period he commanded two other vessels belonging to me; and I add with pleasure that I always found him an honest, faithful man, a very efficient captain and supercargo, and was every way worthy of the highest confidence of his employers.

After I had disposed of the Julia and Laura, and collected what funds were due me from St. Thomas and Porto Rico, I gradually withdrew from any further trade or traffic with these islands. The trade to these places is almost always overdone, and very few individuals succeed in acquiring a fair remuneration for the employment of their time and capital. The windward West India Islands have been gradually declining for the last twenty years; some thirty or forty years ago the commerce to these islands was of vast importance to the Union, particularly to the New England States; but owing to various causes, it has at the present day dwindled away to comparative insignificance. There are many reasons for their constant deterioration, the most prominent of which are as follows; their cane lands are mostly worn out and exhausted, their slaves have been emancipated, and the general peace of the world has turned the current of trade to the East Indies, Brazil, and other distant regions of the globe.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIRST VOYAGE IN THE BRIG BRILLIANT, FROM NEW YORK TO THE ISLE OF MAY AND RIO DE JANEIRO, THENCE TO NEW ORLEANS AND BOSTON, IN THE YEARS 1837 AND 1838.

BEFORE commencing this voyage, I will make a few preliminary remarks.

In the year 1833, by persevering industry and economy, I had acquired sufficient property to retire from business pursuits. I therefore repaired, with my family, to New Haven, Connecticut, where I resolved to spend the down-hill of life in quiet repose ; but scarcely had I lived in that city two years, before the great conflagration occurred in New York, on the 16th of December, 1835. This great fire spread over an area of fifteen or eighteen acres of ground, and destroyed, as was estimated at the time, about eighteen or twenty millions of dollars. It ruined nearly all the fire insurance companies in the city, and seriously involved very many individuals ; among others, I also suffered severely. I was a stockholder to a considerable amount in five different fire companies, and lost nearly all my stock, to the amount of \$15,000, which was to me a sad calamity—being the fruit of many long years of hard toil ; this misfortune, with others, the depreciation of property, bad debts, etc., augmented my losses to about twenty thousand dollars. This was a great crisis in my life, which led me seriously to reflect on my pecuniary situation, and I soon came to the conclusion either to retire into the country, namely, into some one of the Western States, where I could live on a small income, or go to sea again, and labor in my vocation. After consulting with a few friends on the subject, I finally concluded to rely upon my own re-

sources, and once more try my fortune on the broad ocean. I accordingly purchased a low-priced brig, called the Brilliant; this vessel was two hundred and forty-five tons, and, although old, proved to be a good sea-boat. At this period there was great commercial distress throughout the United States, and business generally at a very low ebb; there were no freights to be had; and in consequence of the great number of failures among business men, it was extremely difficult to obtain credit abroad. The large and rich houses with whom I had been for many years connected, did not wish at this time to enter upon foreign voyages; so that I was, in fact, thrown upon my own resources. I therefore resolved to go upon my own hook, and try what I could do abroad on a small scale. With this view, I ballasted the Brilliant with stone, and resolved to proceed to the Isle of May, for a cargo of salt for Rio de Janeiro, and there be governed by circumstances with respect to my future operations.

After my vessel was ballasted, I purchased nine bales of brown domestic cotton shirtings, containing seven thousand yards, at six and a quarter cents. These cottons, with sundry other trifling articles, amounted to about five hundred dollars. I also laid in sufficient bread and salt provisions for a five months' voyage.

Money stocks were at this period low and dull; and in order not to sacrifice them, I obtained a loan of ten thousand dollars for eight months, pledging my stocks as collateral security. With this money, I purchased doubloons for nearly the whole amount, to take with me, as a small capital to trade upon.

At this time, my eldest and only daughter, Sarah Meheta-ble, was about five years old, and being a feeble child, I resolved, with the consent of her mother, to take her along with me; hoping a sea-voyage would restore her to health.

I then shipped Mr. George Brock, as chief mate; I had also a second mate, six men and a cook, which comprised the entire crew of the Brilliant.

We left New York on the 5th of December, with a fine N. W. wind, and at noon discharged the pilot, when Sandy Hook bore west six miles distant.

During the afternoon we continued to have pleasant breezes from the westward, with fine weather. Towards evening my little daughter inquired whether it was not time to return home again to see her mother, being under the impression that we were only making a little excursion for the day, and that we should return home at night. I told her we were going a great way from home, and that after seeing other countries, getting a great many pretty things, and plenty of oranges to bring back to her mother, we should return. This answer seemed to satisfy her for the moment; still she often inquired why her mother did not come along with us, and asked many other childlike questions.

At eight o'clock in the evening, I put her to bed in my berth, when she soon dropped to sleep, as I expected for the night. It being my first watch on deck from eight to midnight, at ten I went below to look after the child; I found her sitting up. She said she could not sleep without her father in this strange place, so unlike her own home. To soothe and quiet her, I laid down beside her; she soon fell asleep, and did not awake until seven o'clock the next morning.

The wind for the first two days continued moderate from the westward, with fine weather; and as the brig was in light ballast trim, she ran off before the wind with great rapidity. On the third day out, it increased to a fresh gale, always blowing from W. to N. W., with open, cloudy weather. The Brilliant thus far proved to be a good vessel, strong, stanch and tight; and off the wind, sailed very fast for one of her class. We this day made one hundred and sixty-three miles log distance, and were at meridian in latitude by observation, $36^{\circ} 53' N.$; and longitude by the chronometer, $66^{\circ} 24' W.$ of London.

From the 8th to the 25th of December, say for a period of seventeen days, we had continuous gales from the westward, always blowing strong, with a high sea driving us along; but as the brig was light, we ran off with great speed before these violent gales, without shipping a sea or scarcely taking a drop of water on deck, and generally averaged about two hundred miles per day.

My little daughter had now become so accustomed to the

sea that she felt quite at home, and was contented and happy when the sea was smooth enough for her to play about the quarter-deck. But when the brig had too much motion for her to stand up and play, I secured her in a little place built for the purpose in the companion-way, where she could see the water, study her daily lessons, and amuse herself looking at pictures in sundry small books provided for her before leaving New York; in this way she passed her time pleasantly, and gave no trouble.

She was the only female on board, and soon became a great pet with my officers, and was a source of pleasure and amusement to me.

On the 26th we were far enough to the eastward, and having now got fairly into the N. E. trade-winds, we of course found gentle breezes, and clear, pleasant weather. At noon this day, our latitude by observation was $18^{\circ} 37' N.$; and the longitude by the chronometer, $22^{\circ} 50' W.$ I then shaped my course for the Isle of Sol, or Salt Island, and steered south to make it.

We had fresh trades during the night, and fine weather; at midnight we took in studding-sails, shortened sail, and kept a sharp look-out for the land. At four o'clock A. M. we made the Isle of Sol ahead, bearing S. S. W., twelve or fourteen miles distant; we then hauled upon the wind under easy sail until six, daylight, when we again made sail and steered towards the land. This island is one of the group of the Cape de Verds; the body or centre of it lies in latitude $16^{\circ} 40' N.$, longitude $22^{\circ} 53' W.$

We had thus made our passage from Sandy Hook to this place in twenty-one days, without meeting with the slightest accident. We steered down the west side of this island, keeping about eight or ten miles off shore, and at noon, by a good observation, were in latitude $16^{\circ} 18' N.$; longitude about $23^{\circ} 14' W.$ Sol or Salt Island is pretty high, and may be seen in clear weather at fifty miles distance. It is about twenty miles long and eight or ten broad; the harbor lies on the west side of the island. I believe it is seldom visited, except by those who go there to purchase salt, which I am told is abundant and cheap.

We had fine, fresh breezes at N. E. during the day, with

clear, pleasant weather. In the afternoon we passed in sight of the Island of Bonavista, another of this group. This island lies about twenty miles to the southward of the Isle of Sol, and is larger and more productive.

We steered down to the southward towards the Isle of May until eight in the evening; it being too late to enter the harbor during daylight, we shortened sail, and the next morning at nine o'clock, December the 28th, came to anchor in a little bay in seven fathoms of water, opposite the town, about half a mile from the shore, twenty-two days from New York. In a few minutes after we came to anchor several boats came alongside, to offer their services and solicit my business. I soon repaired on shore, and employed the Governor, Don Antonia Cardozo de Mello, to assist me in disposing of what few articles I had for sale, and to procure a cargo of salt. Don A. C. M. was a mulatto gentleman, and besides being the Governor of the island, was a pretty good merchant, and a man of considerable property. With him I soon made a bargain that he should take all my cotton shirting at fourteen cents per yard, payable in salt, at six dollars the moyo, which is at the rate of ten cents the bushel; and for the other little articles I received a corresponding profit, so that when I left the island with a full cargo of salt, say 8,500 bushels, I received some forty or fifty dollars in silver money, besides paying the port charges and other expenses during my stay here. In the afternoon of the day of my arrival we commenced discharging our ballast, and the next day began taking in salt, which is piled up in immense heaps all about the town. It is measured, put into small bags, carried on asses, to a flat cliff of rocks at the water side, and delivered at the expense of the seller. From the top of this rock it is lowered or slid into boats, and taken on board at the purchaser's expense. The whole of the community, or at least all the inhabitants of the town, own a portion of these heaps, and although but few agents are appointed to dispose of it, still they are bound to account to the numerous owners, and obligated when a cargo of salt is sold, to pay each individual the amount of his interest in each heap. All the salt on this island is made in one large pond, located about a mile from the town, near the sand beach.

I should think it was about two miles long and one broad. I am told it is made by opening a sluice or passage through a sand-bank to the sea at a certain time of the year, probably in the rainy season. After the pond is filled with salt water, the passage is closed up, and left to the powerful action of the sun, which in the summer is so intense that all the fresh water in the pond soon evaporates, and the whole sheet becomes pure brine. It soon crystallizes on the surface, and then settles at the bottom. On a given day appointed by the government, the whole community commence raking and picking the salt from the pond, generally in boats; some rake it upon the shore; others wade and collect it in baskets: each person or family keeps theirs separate, until it is transported by jackasses to the town, there measured and deposited in large heaps. A person is employed by the public authorities to receive and measure each one's salt, and register the amount in a book kept for that purpose; so that almost every person on the island is interested in these heaps, which are often very large; some of them may perhaps contain 70 or 80,000 bushels. These large heaps are generally made in the shape of a sugar-loaf, very broad at the base, and so placed that the water will run off and not lodge near the foundation. A heap made in this way soon forms a smooth crust on the surface, and will turn the rain without melting, and may be preserved for years. The appearance of these immense heaps is of a dusky brown color, owing to the brown sand and dust being blown by the wind and lodged on the exterior surface; this tint, however, is extremely thin, and when the heap is opened the whole mass is generally coarse white rock salt.

I hired a large launch from the Governor, and with my own long-boat managed to take on board from six to eight hundred bushels per day. The mode of shipping it here is as follows: a kedge anchor, with one end of a hawser attached to it, is dropped at a distance of forty or fifty fathoms from the shore, and the other end is taken to the table land on a cliff some twenty or thirty feet high, and placed over the crotch of a pair of shears, erected for that purpose, sufficiently high to be out of the way of the heads of the workmen; a tackle is then made

fast to the other end of the hawser and attached to the rocks at some distance from the platform, and hauled taut; the boats are secured to the hawser near the water with their heads off shore. When thus prepared, the bags are placed in straps or selvages made for the purpose, and with a travelling becket are slid rapidly down the hawser into the boats. In this way a boat is soon loaded when the weather is fine and the water smooth in the bay, but when the sea is rough and there is much surf on, it is very difficult and even dangerous to send it on board. On the top of the cliff there is a large, flat, open space, perhaps two hundred feet square, which affords sufficient room for four or five ships to take in salt at the same time, but not more. Each captain furnishes his own boats, kedge, hawser, shears, and all the ropes and tackles that may be necessary, and prepares every thing with his own officers and crew, and when his ship is loaded, the whole is removed to make room for another. I was told there are generally here from five to eight ships and vessels at a time to purchase salt. I lay here twelve days, and during that period there were eight brigs and schooners loaded. Thus they were daily coming and going, and from the magnitude of the heaps left in the town, I should think there was enough to load a very large number of ships, even if they should pick no more for a year. But as these poor people have no other employment, they will probably go on picking and selling salt as their fathers have done, perhaps for ages yet to come.

The American consul here was a Portuguese, a native of Lisbon; he had lived for some years at Rio de Janeiro, and was a gentleman of some education and intelligence. I found him hospitable and polite. He had a daughter about the age of my child, and kindly invited myself and little daughter to his house.

I found the Governor a plain, honest man, and always kind and hospitable. There were two or three other merchants here, one of whom was quite black; he was, perhaps, the richest person on the island, and lived in good style. I dined with him on one occasion during my stay here, when in the course of conversation he said that he had several correspondents in Eng-

land, and also in the United States; and observed to me that he often had serious thoughts of visiting the States, but that a damper was thrown on this desire when he was told that black and colored people were not much respected there. I evaded the subject as much as possible, and merely remarked that there certainly was a prejudice against colored persons in the United States, still there were those who respected virtuous and intelligent people of all colors. On this island, as far as I could judge, there was no preference or distinction on that account; white, black, and all the intermediate shades were respected alike, bating the difference of wealth, talents and education.

The Cape de Verd Islands are too well known to the world to need any description from me, still I will make a few general remarks on the subject, and commence with this island. The Isle of May lies in latitude $15^{\circ} 6' N.$, longitude $23^{\circ} 5' W.$ It is about ten miles long and as many broad, or in other words it is nearly round. It is of a moderate height; the harbor is situated in a little bay, on the S. W. side, and may, with more propriety, be called a port than a secure harbor. The anchorage in this little bay is opposite the town, in from seven to twelve fathoms of water, and from a half to three quarters of a mile distant from the shore. The town lies along the bay, and is composed of one church and some seventy or eighty dwelling houses, which are generally of a moderate size, and built of stone. Some of them, however, occupied by the poorer classes, are small and uncomfortable; these are built of mud, without floors, and appear mean and dirty.

The whole number of inhabitants on the island is about 1,300, of all colors; nine-tenths of them are poor, and the others only comparatively rich—perhaps there are not six men on the island worth \$20,000 each, and but two individuals worth over that sum. They are a simple, ignorant people, and sadly imposed upon and deceived by those who come here to trade with them. They have but little of any thing to sell except salt; they raise a little Indian corn, a few sweet potatoes and melons, and also sell some poultry and a few eggs. Fish is abundant and cheap, and may be caught without difficulty all around the island.

There are but few trees, and the land appears burnt and parched up with the intense heat of the sun; the weather is almost always clear at this season of the year. The few clouds that one sees in the heavens, are as white as snow, and the sun is so bright and powerful as almost to blind the eyes of a stranger; and to sum up the whole in one word, I should think it a very uncomfortable place for a permanent residence.

The Cape de Verd Islands are ten in number, large and small, and their names as follows: St. Anthony, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, St. Nicholas, Salt Island, Bonavista, Isle of May, St. Jago, Fogo and Brava. They are all owned by Portugal, and nominally owe allegiance to that nation, and whenever the mother country can reap any benefit from them, she is ready to do so. The government of Portugal appoints all the governors and tax-gatherers, and whenever there is any thing to be gained by them, they reap the benefit. The small, poor islands are neglected, and whenever they suffer by drought and famine, are left to starve, or to look to other countries for support and assistance. This certainly is a dark picture of their treatment by the mother country, but from the best information I can obtain, is nevertheless strictly true. Three or four of the largest of this group are of some importance to the world in a commercial point of view. Besides the salt produced at the Isles of May, Sol and Bonavista, St. Jago and St. Nicholas produce cattle, sheep and goats in great numbers. Independently of the large supplies taken from these islands by the men-of-war and whalers of the different nations of Europe and America, many cattle, sheep, and swine are shipped from these islands to the West Indies.

Porto Praya, on the south side of St. Jago, is the largest and best harbor in the whole group: this is a great stopping place for men-of-war and whale ships, and here they obtain water and fresh provisions in great abundance, and generally at very reasonable prices. This is a large, high island, only twelve miles from the Isle of May, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants. It produces almost all the necessaries of life, and is probably the most important of the ten. The Isle of May lies about west from Cape Verd, on the coast of Senegal, Africa, say 320 miles

distant. During my stay here a small English cutter arrived in ballast at this port, three days from Gambia, for a cargo of salt. The captain was a polite, gentlemanly man, and kindly presented my little daughter with a dozen fine oranges brought from Africa. Every person on board his vessel was black, except himself; he was a native of London, and had made a great many voyages in the same vessel between that place and Gambia.

The Cape de Verd Islands often suffer from drought, particularly the small ones, where there are but few trees. During my stay here, for a period of twelve days, I was kindly treated by all classes of people, and found the Governor, my consignee, an honest, good man; from him and the American consul, Don L. A. Arango, I received much friendly hospitality. I was also indebted to Don S. A. Evora for many civilities; he was a colored man, and one of the principal merchants.

After loading the *Brilliant*, and settling all my business at this place, we left it, on the 9th of January, 1838, at six o'clock in the evening, bound for Rio de Janeiro.

From the intense heat of the sun, the upper works of the *Brilliant* became very open, and after she was deeply loaded with salt, she made a great deal of water. She leaked so much the first week out, that it was very painful to see the poor sailors labor at the pumps to keep her free.

I steered to the southward for nine days after leaving the Isle of May, with light N. E. trade winds, averaging one hundred and ten miles distance per day, and on the eighteenth crossed the Equator in $27^{\circ} 53'$ west longitude. After crossing the line we had light, baffling winds, with a strong westerly current setting us to leeward about one mile the hour for several days, so that I began to fear I should not be able to weather the Island of Ferdinand de Noronha. This island is a sort of Botany Bay for Brazil; to this place they transport their convicts. It lies in latitude $3^{\circ} 55'$ south, longitude $32^{\circ} 35'$ west. Fortunately for us, on the 20th, the wind favored, and on Sunday, the next day, at noon, we found ourselves in latitude $4^{\circ} 9'$ south, so that we passed about sixty or seventy miles to the eastward of Ferdinand de Noronha. From this period to the 2d of February, we

continued to have fresh S. E. trades, and met with nothing remarkable after leaving the latitude of the Island of Ferdinand de Noronha, until we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. We averaged one hundred and twenty-nine miles log distance per day, and had a continuation of fine weather. We arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 2d of February, twenty-two days from the Isle of May, and twenty-two from New York to that island, making the whole passage out to Rio forty-four days.

My vessel was visited the next morning by the custom-house boat, and permission given me to land. I accordingly went on shore, and delivered several introductory letters to sundry merchants, and conversed with several of my countrymen residing at this place. After obtaining the necessary information on the subject, I decided to employ the house of Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., to assist me in my business. After all the preliminaries were settled, my brig was removed into the inner harbor, and every preparation made to discharge. It would be a waste of time and patience to enter into all the details of selling a small cargo of salt and noting its delivery; suffice then to say, that in a few days after my arrival, my consignees, Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., sold my cargo, at 580 reis the alquair, and agreed that it should all be received in twenty days. The agreement with respect to the sale and purchase was complied with, and eventually settled to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned.

While we were discharging, I endeavored to procure a freight for the Brilliant, either to Europe or the United States, but in this desire I did not succeed. After lying several days waiting a favorable change, I decided to ballast the brig with stone, purchase all the coffee I could with the small amount of funds I possessed (this, it will be recollected, consisted in the doubloons I brought with me from New York and the avails of my salt,) proceed as soon as possible to New Orleans, and try my fortune at that place. My cargo measured 8,500 bushels, and paid a net freight of fifteen hundred dollars. After paying all my port charges, disbursements, commissions, money advanced to the crew, etc., I had only enough to purchase 770 bags of coffee; each bag weighed 160 pounds net, and cost on

board eight and a quarter cents per pound. The whole invoice amounted to \$10,500. I made all necessary repairs on the Brilliant, laid in a good supply of provisions, and got ready for sea, well satisfied with the excellent house I had employed; and without wishing to detract from the merits of any other commercial firm in Rio, I can safely say that Maxwell, Wright & Co., is one of the best managed mercantile houses I ever had business with, and with pleasure add, that every thing pertaining to my affairs was transacted to my entire satisfaction.

Before leaving Rio de Janeiro, I cannot refrain from making a few remarks on this great commercial metropolis of Brazil, and will commence by saying that Rio lies in the mild latitude of $22^{\circ} 56'$ south, longitude $43^{\circ} 14'$ west of London. It has by nature one of the finest harbors to be found on the globe, and sufficiently large to contain all the ships in the world; the entrance into this spacious bay and harbor is only about a mile and a quarter wide, having a singular peaked hill or small mountain at its mouth, on the southern side, called the Sugar Loaf, while on the northern and opposite side, is located a strong fort, called Santa Cruz, on moderately high ground, and in a very commanding position. After passing the gorge, the bay opens beautifully into a wide expanse of pure, still water for several miles in extent. On the left, passing up the capacious bay, about three miles from its mouth, is located the city of Rio de Janeiro, and in front of the city is placed Ilha das Cob'ras. It is, perhaps, a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile broad. It was doubtless designed by Providence to give double protection and security to ships. For all these blessings God requires nothing in return but reverence and gratitude. The passage between this island and the city is about a quarter of a mile wide, and admits small ships and vessels to lie along its whole extent. There is also on the outside of the island room for any number of large vessels; line-of-battle ships and frigates generally anchor further out in the bay, where there is a greater depth of water.

This extensive bay is beautifully sprinkled with small islands and innumerable coves in every direction, all around its shores. These little indentations are perfectly smooth and tranquil, each

having a fine, clean sand beach, which renders them the best boat harbors that can be imagined, and those who are fond of sea-bathing and boat-sailing will find them excel all others in charming variety.

I regret I have not the power of conveying any adequate idea of the magnificent scenery around Rio de Janeiro. Its prominent features are grand and sublime; still there are many other objects of interest; sailing-boats, and numerous small craft constantly pass and repass, which animate and give life and freshness to this picturesque scene. Looking to the westward, far away in the background, the mind is filled with wonder and delight on beholding the stupendous Cordilleras towering far away above the clouds; then letting the eye fall from these lofty heights and rest on the north shore, every variety is seen of the palm, cocoa-nut and orange trees, peculiar to a tropical climate, growing luxuriantly, even down to the water's edge. Then turn a little to the southward, and you behold hills, valleys and small mountains, with their cragged peaks, wild barren cliffs and deep ravines, filled with trees and rank vegetation. Turn to any point of the compass, and you are presented with an entire new scene, always changing at every step. But to see the bay in all its extent and magnificence, I would recommend going out to Tejuca, and there from the top of one of the mountains six miles from town, one may see the city, bay and all the surrounding country spread out like a map at your feet. Perhaps there is not in the world a greater variety of grand and beautiful scenery than is here presented to the view of the beholder.

There is nothing striking about the city of Rio. It is situated on the southwest side of the bay, on rather level ground, at the foot of several high hills, and when sailing up the harbor, appears well built, and one would imagine it a much finer city than it really is. It is, however, a place of great commercial importance, and probably contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants, of all colors—white, black, and all the intermediate shades. I have decided to return to this place soon and when I shall have become better acquainted with the people and the resources of the country, I will make further re-

marks on this subject, and also on the moral and social state of society.

After remaining in Rio thirty-eight days, we sailed on the 12th of March, bound for New Orleans. We soon passed out by the Sugar Loaf and Fort Santa Cruz, and went to sea in company with several other vessels bound to different parts of the world. The wind was light, from the E. N. E., and as there was considerable swell against us, we made but slow progress during this day.

The next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon we passed near Raza, or Flat Island, lying about ten or twelve miles outside of the Sugar Loaf. On this island there is erected a light-house, with a fine, revolving light, said to be three hundred feet above the level of the sea. It may be seen at a great distance, and is one of the finest I ever saw. The wind during the day continued light, and the weather very hot.

From the time of leaving Rio, I find nothing worth noticing until the 26th; we generally had light winds from the southeast, and fine weather. On that day we made the Brazil coast, in the vicinity of Pernambuco; saw several small craft beating along shore to the northward. At noon, the cities of Pernambuco and Olinda bore southwest about twenty miles distant. In the afternoon of this day, we counted seventy fishing craft, or balsas—called by seamen catamorans; they are composed of some four or five light, buoyant logs, laid parallel with each other, and a few cross pieces attached, to hold them together, with a mast and sail rigged to them. They sail in pursuit of fish, quite out of sight of land; they have each a barrel of fresh water lashed to the mast, and with a few plantains or some other trifling stores, go off on a voyage with the most perfect confidence. I ran near two of them, in hopes of purchasing some fish, but could not prevail upon any of them to come near us. They are a very unsocial race, and appear to avoid intercourse with strangers. In all my voyaging along this coast, I have never been able to induce these amphibious animals to come alongside. In the Pacific, on the coast of Payta and Guayaquil, I have made many remarks on these rafts, and therefore deem it unnecessary to enlarge upon the subject.

After passing Pernambuco, we continued to steer to the northward, and met with nothing worth noticing until the 4th of April. In the morning of that day, we fell in with the bark Henry, of Salem. This vessel left Rio in company with us, and was bound to New-York. As the winds were light, and the weather fine, I wrote a few hasty letters to my friends, and sent them on board. Not long after this, a fine breeze sprung up, when we soon lost sight of each other. We continued on our course to the northward, until the 13th, when we made the Island of Barbadoes at two o'clock P. M. bearing west, twenty miles distant; fresh breezes at E. N. E., and very squally, rainy weather. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we got within four miles of the island, and then ran along down on its south side. At seven in the evening, we passed near Bridgetown, and saw the shipping lying at anchor in that port. The island of Barbadoes is moderately high, well cultivated, and one of the finest windward islands in the West Indies. After leaving Barbadoes the same evening, we ran down for St. Lucia, passed between it and St. Vincent, and from thence along the south side of St. Domingo; we continued to steer on our course between the north side of Jamaica and the south side of Cuba. In this broad passage, we found the northeast trade-winds fresh and strong; and on the 22d, we hauled to the northward, to pass Cape St. Antonio, lying on the west end of Cuba. From this point, we shaped our course for the mouth of the Mississippi, and on the 27th entered that river, after a short and pleasant passage of forty-five days from Rio, without any loss or accident worth noting. We were fortunate in obtaining a steamboat to tow us up to New Orleans, without delay; so that on the next day, we got safe up to the city. On my arrival, I employed William G. Hewes, Esq., to assist me in transacting my business; and as coffee was high, and in demand, Mr. H. soon disposed of it at a fair profit. We sold the entire invoice for cash, at thirteen cents per pound; so that the whole of my coffee paid a freight of four dollars and fifty cents per bag; and after deducting insurance, commissions, etc., etc., netted a clear freight of three thousand dollars. If, while in Rio, I had had sufficient funds to have purchased a full cargo, instead of being confined to the seven hundred and sev-

enty bags, I should have made a glorious voyage, there being at this time but very little in the market.

Soon after I sold my coffee, I fortunately met here a New York friend, in the person of Andrew Foster, Esq., junior. This gentleman, who always takes pleasure in the performance of good deeds, and is ever ready to serve his friends, kindly introduced me to Samuel Henshaw, Esq., of Boston, and thus through the influence of Mr. F. I obtained a full freight of cotton for that city. Freights being high at this time in New Orleans, Mr. H. allowed me one cent per pound, with five per cent. primage. This gentleman was agent for several large commercial houses in Massachusetts, and highly respected for his integrity and commercial talent.

I got the cotton compressed, and by this arrangement was enabled to stow six hundred bales under, and eighty bales on deck. I also obtained twenty-two tons of lead at two dollars per ton; with this and some other small articles, my freight and primage amounted to three thousand dollars. The chief mate and crew, who joined the brig at the commencement of the voyage in New York, remained with me; the second mate, at his own request, was discharged here, being desirous to return direct to his family in New York. To his situation I promoted one of the crew, Mr. Richard Hepburn, a talented young man, only twenty years of age. After lying here sixteen days, we sailed on the 14th of May, bound for Boston.

We got out of the river the next day, and met with nothing remarkable on the passage. On the 8th of June, at daylight in the morning, we made the land near Chatham, and ran along shore in ten fathoms of water to the light-house on Cape Cod. Here I had an excellent opportunity of testing my chronometer; and from the mean of several sights, found the instrument only differed two seconds after an absence of six months from New York; that is to say from the longitude of Cape Cod light as laid down by Bowditch.

At the time these observations were made, the light-house bore due west two miles distant. The next morning we took a pilot and in the afternoon got safe to Boston. I here concluded to transact my own business, and accordingly entered the Brilliant

at the custom house, and then notified all the owners and consignees of the cargo that I was ready to deliver their goods. It all came out in good order, and I received my freight without trouble or difficulty. A few days after I ballasted the brig with sand, and promoted Mr. Brock, my chief mate, to the command ; I also advanced Mr. Hepburn, the second officer, to the situation of chief mate. I also furnished Captain Brock with gold and silver coin to the amount of eight hundred dollars, to purchase coals, and ordered him to proceed to Sydney, Cape Breton, for a cargo, and return from thence direct to New York. After getting every thing ready, he sailed from Boston on the 17th of June for Sydney, Nova Scotia. In a few days after the Brilliant sailed, I returned to New York to meet my family.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SECOND VOYAGE IN THE BRIG BRILLIANT FROM NEW YORK TO THE ISLE OF MAY AND RIO DE JANEIRO, THENCE TO NEW ORLEANS AND CONNECTICUT, IN THE YEARS 1838 AND 1839.

REMARKS PRECEDING THE SECOND VOYAGE IN THE SAME VESSEL.

It will be recollected that the Brilliant left Boston on the 17th of June, for Sydney, Nova Scotia, for a cargo of coal, with orders to proceed from thence to New York. Captain Brock performed this voyage in one month, and after I had disposed of his cargo, I dispatched him a second time to the same place. When the necessary preparations were made, he left New York for Sydney, on the first of August, 1838. He made this voyage without accident, and returned again on the 20th of September, with a full cargo of coal, which I readily sold. I found by experience, that importing coals from Sydney was a poor business, and left me but a very small profit; still I preferred keeping the Brilliant employed even if I made but little, to letting her lie idle, and dry up during the summer months.

On the first of October of this year, I made an arrangement with J. Comrie, Esq., the talented and worthy agent of Messrs. Reid, Irving & Co., of London, for a credit of fifteen thousand pounds sterling, to purchase coffee at Rio de Janeiro, for the New Orleans market, at a commission of one and a half per cent. for the use of their credit; with an agreement that they should charge me nothing, if not used. This arrangement I obtained through the kind influence of my excellent friends, Messrs. Maitland, Kennedy & Co., of New York. For this and many

other friendly favors received from them, they are entitled to my warmest gratitude.

Independently of the credit these gentlemen obtained for me from their London friends, they also gave me credit on their own house for five thousand pounds, to use or not, according as I should judge best, during my absence. They have ever been to me true, sincere and disinterested friends.

Mr. Comrie and Messrs. Kennedy and Maitland were all Scotchmen or descendants of Scotland. Before I proceed further in my narrative, I will digress to pay a just tribute to their beloved country.

Scotland, it is true, has not so genial a climate as sunny Italy, and many other favored regions of the earth, neither do its people generally abound in great wealth or luxurious living like their rich neighbors the English, but with all the disadvantages of climate, soil and other natural obstacles, their indomitable perseverance and untiring industry have made their island the wonder of the world. Their great men, through their whole history, have illuminated mankind and left them an undying name. Now let me ask, what is the secret of their success? Certainly not their wealth or numbers, for Scotland is but a small state of brave men and virtuous women. The grand secret, then, is their reliance upon God combined with virtuous and religious principles, which have exalted them to a high place among the nations of the earth. In the eyes of all discriminating historians, bravery and patriotism have been their leading characteristics, and have constituted them a peculiar people.

It has been my good fortune to travel over the greatest part of noble old Scotland, and to walk over the battle field of Bannockburn. I have made many friends among the Scotch, both at home and abroad, and can truly say that in all my wanderings about the world, I have never found a more reliable, trustworthy people, and none of earth's inhabitants more capable of sincere friendship.

After making all my arrangements for the prosecution of another voyage to Rio, I left Captain Brock in charge of the *Brilliant*, with orders to leave as soon as possible, proceed in

ballast to the Isle of May, there purchase a cargo of salt, and meet me in Rio without delay. Having supplied Captain B. with sufficient funds in doubloons to purchase a cargo at the Isle of May, I took passage for Rio, on board the brig *Himmelah*, of New York, Captain Beauvoise.

The *Himmelah* was a pilot-boat built brig of two hundred tons burthen, and owned by Messrs. William W. De Forest & Co. The supercargo was Mr. Joseph Bento, a very worthy, intelligent gentleman, and a good merchant. He has since become an active partner in the respectable house of Corning, Bento & Co., in the city of New York. There were four cabin passengers besides myself. We had also three French passengers who quartered in the forecastle, so that our little brig was literally filled, both fore and aft. Our captain was a good seaman and a skilful navigator, and performed his duty with ability and good sense.

Owing to contrary and baffling winds, we were forty-two days at sea before crossing the equator, in longitude $27^{\circ} 30'$ west, but after getting fairly into the S. E. trades, we had fresh breezes and fine weather, and in eleven days after crossing the line, reached Rio on the twenty-fourth of November, fifty-three days from New York. Our passengers were kind and social to each other, so that peace and harmony prevailed during the whole passage. A few days after our arrival we all dined together at a hotel on shore, and parted with mutual good wishes.

I had been here but fifteen days, when Capt. Brock arrived with a full cargo of salt; he left New York on the 13th of October, and had twenty-two days passage to the Isle of May, from thence to this port twenty-two, making together forty-four days.

Two days after the arrival of the *Brilliant*, I sold her cargo through my friends and consignees, Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., all to be received in fifteen days. This cargo paid a freight of thirteen hundred dollars, after deducting all charges for commissions, etc., etc. We took on board a little stone ballast, and prepared the *Brilliant* to receive a full cargo of coffee. I found it too high to purchase at the then current prices, and therefore concluded to delay buying until I could procure a cargo upon

more favorable terms. This gave me leisure to become better acquainted with the mercantile classes, and to see the metropolis of Brazil and its environs. On my last voyage I made several remarks on the spacious and magnificent bay of Rio de Janeiro and its delightful scenery. At Rio, though the climate is generally hot, it is still a healthful location, owing, I suppose, to its immediate proximity to the ocean, and the dryness of the atmosphere. This city is very irregularly built; the old part resembles its model, Lisbon.

A great portion of the people, I fear, inherit the filthy habits and idle propensities of their ancestors. In this city, as in Lisbon, if the climate were not extremely healthful, its inhabitants would soon die with the plague, as a great proportion of the filth is thrown into the streets and along the bay side. In this respect, however, I am told they are improving; within a few years, many strangers have come here to reside. There are at present several English, French, American and German merchants living here with their families; these all tend to refine and civilize the inhabitants, who originally came from a degenerate stock. There are several streets and squares in the new part of the city, that appear very well; many of the houses of the richer classes are well built and comfortable residences.

The city contains about forty churches, but few of them, however, will compare with those of Europe or North America.

At this period the little Emperor was a fine-looking boy, with a light complexion; of course he acted under a Regent, but expected soon to take the reins of government into his own hands. His title was Don Pedro II.; he inherited the palace of his father, called Christovao; this Imperial residence is situated about three miles from town. There is also another government palace on one of the principal squares, near the bay side; this is a large, irregular pile of buildings, occupying one side of it. It has been enlarged and rebuilt, from time to time, and now presents a heterogeneous style of architecture, unlike any other I ever saw. It is not occupied as a permanent residence by the Emperor and royal family, but only used on public days, and fêtes of ceremony. It contains several large halls

and réception rooms, which are here used for the transaction of public business, as are town halls in other countries. During my stay here, I witnessed a grand fête given by the government in honor of the Emperor's birthday. He was born on the 2d of December, 1825, consequently he was on this day, thirteen years old. In the morning, firing was heard from the forts and ships-of-war lying in port; all the military, both the regular troops and the national guards, were assembled in their best uniforms. Triumphal arches were erected, and green boughs and orange leaves profusely covered the principal street leading to the palace. About noon, amid the roaring of cannon and the ringing of bells, was seen entering the city the royal cortège, preceded by the military with banners and bands of music. In the first state coach, drawn by six black mules, were placed the little Emperor and his high officers of state; next, his two sisters with their maiden aunt, then the ladies of honor and royal household, all in coaches. After them followed, in the royal train, carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen, I suppose of high distinction. A long line of gentlemen of all colors, mounted on horseback, brought up the rear.

The houses on both sides of the principal streets through which the procession passed, were filled with the inhabitants in their best holiday dresses, while the ladies from the windows and balconies waved their white handkerchiefs, and threw bouquets of flowers into the coaches of the Imperial Family, as they moved slowly forward towards the palace. The streets were filled with dense masses of human beings, of every variety of color. No two were exactly of the same shade except the blacks. Perhaps some idea may be formed of this mongrel race, by saying there was every diversity of tint between the crow-black and the pure white, and this assemblage is a fair specimen of the people of Brazil.

At length the Emperor and the whole procession arrived at the palace. There the foreign ambassadors, consuls, captains of ships-of-war and their officers, were presented to him and his sisters, who were fine-looking, genteel young ladies.

Among the officers of the army were white and black majors, colonels, generals and other official dignitaries, with their

croix d'honneur attached to their button-holes, all moving about in the assemblée without any apparent distinction of color. The troops of the line, and the militia, or national guards, comprised also every variety of shade. In fine, to a stranger, it was a novel sight to witness such a grand display among this mixed race of human beings; and to one accustomed to see the movements of the royal families of France and England upon like occasions, this exhibition appeared like a perfect farce, or burlesque; still, it is, perhaps, as good a government as they ought to expect until they become more enlightened.

From all I could learn on the subject of morals and religion, they were in a very low state, both here and in most other parts of the empire. Their navy consisted at this period of one line-of-battle ship, the *Don Pedro*, five frigates, six sloops-of-war and a few steamboats, all badly appointed and equipped, and in a miserable state of discipline. Whenever a few ships-of-war are required to proceed to Bahia, or any other port on the coast, to put down a revolt or rebellion, they are obliged to impress sailors for the occasion. It cannot, therefore, be expected that such men will fight, except by compulsion. If their army is as badly organized as their navy, I should think they would make but a feeble resistance in defending their metropolis against any powerful maritime nation.

From my remarks upon the military and social condition of this empire, it may appear that I am prejudiced against the nation, and do not treat the subject with impartiality. In answer to this, I aver that I have no prejudice against them, but feel bound, as a stranger, to relate the truth to the best of my abilities. As a friend to the human race, I hope they may reform and become a wiser and a better nation, though I fear it will require many generations.

They are so deeply imbued with ignorance and superstition, and so firmly wedded to obsolete religious mummeries, that it will take a great many years to transform them to a great people.

The beautiful gardens and residences in the immediate vicinity of Rio, form one of its most agreeable features. A large portion of the foreign merchants reside in the country, and

are spread around some eight or ten miles from the city. There they enjoy more tranquillity, fresher and purer air than they could find in the town. The shrubbery, fruits and flowers are exceedingly fragrant and fine; all the tropical fruits grow here in great abundance; the melons and oranges in particular, are as delicious as in any part of the world.

The foreign merchants and gentlemen who reside in their country-houses, come to the city in the cool of the morning to attend to their business, dine in town, and then return home in the evening, to avoid the intense heat of the noonday's sun. Thus they manage to enjoy the society of each other, and live better and with more comfort than they could possibly do in town. About six miles to the southward of Rio, near the sea, is a spacious botanical garden, belonging to the government; it covers about four acres of ground, and is certainly a beautiful place, and kept in fine order; it contains many exotics, and among others, a great variety of the tea-plant imported from China. The commerce of Rio has increased within the last fifteen or twenty years from apparent insignificance to vast importance. Their grand staple of exportation, coffee, has within a few years gradually augmented from a few hundred bags to the enormous amount of a million, or more, which are annually exported from this city to different parts of the world; each bag is computed at 160 pounds, English weight, but I have generally found them to contain 162 upon an average.

Besides this immense amount of coffee, there are annually shipped from this port large quantities of sugar, hides, rice, tobacco, tapioca, ipecacuanha and other articles of commerce. The increase of coffee is owing to the immense extent of rich lands spreading far and wide over this productive region; add to this the facility these people have enjoyed for many years in procuring black slaves from the coast of Africa. They have imported into Brazil from three hundred thousand to half a million per annum, and, until lately, without any kind of obstruction. The proximity of this coast to the shores of Africa renders the importation of negroes to this country extremely easy; with constant and favorable winds, they are enabled to perform the passage in ten or fifteen days, and dispose of their

slaves at reasonable prices; so that with these facilities the planters may cultivate coffee to any extent. What effect the interruption or interference of the European powers with the slave trade will have on its cultivation in Brazil, remains to be proved hereafter. The importation of negroes and mixing up of the races, appear to degenerate and debase the white man, without elevating the black.

Nature has done much for Rio, and the people have accomplished something for themselves, though they should have done much more; they have partially supplied the city with pure water by an aqueduct from a neighboring hill, called the Corcovado. It is conveyed to fountains in different parts of the town, and as far as it goes, is good and useful, but the quantity is too limited. It should have been conducted in pipes, to all parts of the city, and into private houses. The shipping are badly supplied, and have frequently to wait for hours, and meet with great difficulty in getting what they require. At the main fountain, near the Grand Palace, where they are furnished, there is a perfect throng of men and boats waiting turns, and what with the noise and confusion of tongues, it is a perfect Babel.

Among the public buildings worthy of notice are the Merchants' Exchange and a new Theatre; these are handsome edifices. The National Museum is well filled, and worth the attention of strangers.

The market consists of a collection of filthy booths for the sale of vegetables, which are generally abundant and cheap. Butchers' meat is sold in shops scattered about the town, and at reasonable prices. Beef here, as in other hot climates, is but indifferent. Young goats and kids are good, fresh pork is soft and unpalatable. Fish are abundant, excellent and cheap.

There are very few hotels in Rio, and none of any note kept by the natives of the country; there is one kept by a Frenchman, near the Grand Plaza, fronting the water, which is a pretty good house; but in general, strangers are miserably accommodated; they can scarcely get a good dinner, except at the table of some resident foreigner. The gentlemen merchants

here are always polite and hospitable to strangers ; their houses are ever open to respectable persons ; and were it not for their kindness, a visitor at Rio would find himself very much at a loss for society, and even for the ordinary comforts of civilized life. In consequence of the great influx of Africans into this country for several years past, the blacks have become so numerous, that the whole nation have adopted the policy of amalgamation, for their own security. Though they consent to mix their blood with the black race, they all unite upon the broad principle of sustaining slavery to the letter and to the spirit. For example : if a slave (which is frequently the case) acquire sufficient money to purchase his freedom, he is allowed the privilege of doing so ; and as soon as the emancipated negro acquires enough means to purchase one, he does it, and by this act unites himself with the slave-holding aristocracy to sustain the system. Thus it becomes the interest of the whole community to support this institution, which is here carried out to its full extent, even among some of the richer classes. If a white man should lose his wife by death, and she should have been a white woman, by whom he may have had children, his next wife may perhaps be quite black, and his third, yellow ; so that, in the same family, it is not uncommon to see three sorts of children, all of different shades. In the churches, and in the first boxes in the theatre, I have seen every variety of color, mixed up in perfect harmony, and have frequently accepted the polite offer of the snuff-box from a black gentleman, as readily as I should have done from a white one, and have found this to be the ordinary custom among the élite of Rio.

After stating these facts, I deem it unnecessary to enlarge upon the moral and social state of society, but will leave every intelligent person to judge for himself. It is not from a few of the upper classes, or leaders, that one can form a just idea of a nation ; on the contrary ; he must look into the condition of the great body of the people, to arrive at a correct opinion.

The price of coffee had now declined to a point that enabled me to buy a cargo of that article, through my friends and consignees, Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co. Accordingly, on the 1st of January, 1839, we commenced purchasing, and in the

course of a few days, bought the whole amount, comprising three thousand bags, and in three or four days had it all shipped, in good order, on board the Brilliant. This cargo was all bought for my own account; and cost when on board—all charges paid—eight cents per pound, or say a fraction over \$13 per bag. I paid for this coffee in bills on Messrs. Reid, Irving & Co., of London. These bills of exchange amounted to the gross sum of eight thousand one hundred and thirty pounds sterling, or, in round numbers, forty-one thousand dollars.

We soon purchased all our sea-stores, and left Rio on the 12th of January, bound for New Orleans. After leaving port, we stood off to the southward and eastward, for two days—having met with a strong gale from the eastward, near Cape Frio—but on the third day it moderated, when we tacked ship, steered to the northward, weathered the Cape, and fortunately met with favorable breezes from the southeast for several days, and proceeded rapidly on our course.

I find nothing in my journal worth noticing until we made the land about Cape St. Augustine, and the next day saw the cities of Pernambuco and Olinda. After passing these places, we had light but favorable breezes from the southeast; and when we struck the northeast trades, strong gales and squally weather prevailed for several days. I took the same track on this passage as on the last voyage, namely, to the Island of Barbadoes, from thence ran down between the Islands of St. Lucia and St. Vincent, then down the south sides of Porto Rico and St. Domingo, and so along the passage between Cuba and Jamaica. After passing Cape St. Antonio, we hauled to the northward for the mouth of the Mississippi, at which place we arrived, without any accident, on the 5th of March, and two days after got safe up to New Orleans. Here I met with a good market for my coffee, and in the course of eight or ten days sold the whole cargo, through my friends, Messrs. William G. Hewes & Co., at an average price of eleven and a half cents per pound, or, say seventeen dollars and twenty-six cents per bag. The whole invoice netted the round sum of fifty-one thousand seven hundred dollars; so that, after paying the commissions, insurance, and all other charges, it gave me a clear freight of three dollars per

bag—making on the whole invoice nine thousand dollars. In a few days after discharging my coffee, I obtained from Samuel Henshaw, Esq., a full freight of cotton for Hartford, Connecticut, at the rate of three-fourths of a cent per pound, with five per cent. primage. I had it compressed, and was therefore enabled to take six hundred and seventy-four bales. The total amount of my freight and primage, was two thousand and forty-eight dollars; added to this, I had four cabin and three steerage passengers. On the 4th of April we left New Orleans in tow of a steamboat, and steered down the river, bound to Hartford. I had been but twenty-seven days in this city, during which time I had sold a cargo of coffee, settled all my business, obtained a full freight of cotton, and was now on my way home, with a fine prospect of making an excellent voyage. A few days before leaving port, I discharged Mr. George Brock, my chief mate, and promoted my second mate, Mr. Richard Hepburn, to his situation—Mr. H. being an active, efficient officer, and a young man of decided talent.

We got safe to sea the same evening after leaving New Orleans, and met with no incident worth recording during the passage. We made Montauk Point on the 24th of April. In the afternoon of the same day, we arrived at Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, after a pleasant passage of twenty days. The next day all my passengers took a steamboat for New-York, well pleased with their voyage.

As there was not sufficient water for the Brilliant to enter the river, I hired a sloop to take about a hundred bales of cotton up to Hartford; this lightened the brig enough to pass the bar; so that in a few days we got safe up to Essex, seven miles above the mouth of the river, where we discharged the residue of our cotton into large flat boats, or scows, and by these craft it was transported to Hartford. In a few days after, I collected the freight, and discharged all the crew of the Brilliant, except the second mate, whom I retained as ship-keeper.

Essex is a considerable village, lying on the west bank of the Connecticut River.

I returned to my family, in New-York, on the 15th of May,

and settled the voyage, namely : from New York to the Islé of May, Rio de Janeiro and New Orleans, and from that port to Saybrook, comprising a period of seven months—during which time the net gains on the salt and coffee, with what I cleared on the freight of cotton, left me a clear sum of ten thousand dollars, after paying every expense.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THIRD VOYAGE IN THE BRIG BRILLIANT, FROM SAYBROOK TO SYDNEY, N. S.,
THENCE TO PHILADELPHIA, IN THE YEAR 1839.

My young mate, Mr. Richard Hepburn, was an active, efficient officer, and on the first of June I promoted him to the command of the Brilliant. I also advanced the second mate, Mr. Peter Hanson, to the situation of chief mate. I had decided to send the brig to Sydney, for another load of coals for the New York market, and as seamen and ship stores could not readily be obtained at Saybrook, Captain Hepburn shipped a crew, and purchased all necessary sea stores in New York, and proceeded with them in a steamboat to Saybrook, where he joined the Brilliant. He forthwith ballasted the brig, and got ready for sea. It being a fine season of the year, I subsequently concluded to go with him and make a voyage to Nova Scotia. We left Saybrook in the morning on the 27th of June, and with a moderate breeze and ebb tide, soon passed Gull Island; at three o'clock in the afternoon we took our departure from Montauk Point, and stood out to sea. As usual at this season of the year, we had light winds and fine weather for several consecutive days; we passed just outside of Nantucket south shoal, and then near the southern edge of George's Bank, and from thence to the eastward along the coast of Nova Scotia, not far from Halifax.

On the 4th of July we had strong breezes from the S. W., with foggy, damp and comparatively cold weather. Our large pea-jackets and gloves were very agreeable. At five o'clock in the afternoon we made the land, namely, the Island of Cape

Breton, not far from old Louisburg. Here we found strong gales at S. S. W., with thick, foggy weather, so that we were obliged to reef topsails, and stand off and on all night under easy sail.

The next day we had a continuation of the same weather ; we therefore deemed it unsafe to approach the land, and were groping about in a dense fog during forty hours, without being able to get an observation of the sun. On the 7th the wind moderated, and the weather clearing a little, we made Flint Island, six miles distant. This island lies near the main land of Cape Breton, and is an excellent landmark for Sydney. Near this place and all along the shore, we saw great numbers of boats employed in catching codfish ; one of them came alongside, and supplied us with eight or ten large ones for half a dollar. These fish are so abundant, that the fishermen set but little value upon them : two men can catch a large boat load in a few hours.

Halibut are also extremely abundant in this region and all along the coast of Cape Breton. Great numbers of men obtain a living by the cod fishery ; they employ themselves during the spring and summer months by taking fish in boats, and drying (or making them), as it is here called, on the shore, near where they are caught.

In the fall of the year, say in October, and in the early part of November, they are brought to market, either to Sydney or some other considerable town, and from these places are shipped to ports in the Mediterranean, and also to the West India Islands. The codfish taken here and at Newfoundland, when preserved and cured, are said to be the best in the world, and bear a higher price in Spain and other foreign countries than those from any part of the globe. This morning we passed near Scatterry ; this is a singular little island, quite bare of trees, and an excellent landmark for vessels bound to Sydney. We continued to sail along shore towards the harbor, and as the weather had now become clear and pleasant, we had a fine view of the coast ; the land was moderately high, and had rather a barren appearance. At noon this day we got off the mouth of the harbor, where we took a pilot near the light-house, but as

the wind was contrary, we did not reach Sydney until three o'clock in the afternoon, which made our passage nine days from Saybrook. The day after being Sunday, we made it a day of rest; I dined with my correspondents, Messrs. Archibald, who are the principal merchants at this place.

At the table of our host, I met six or eight gentlemen, all English, except one American and myself; they were all social, polite, and intelligent. There were no ladies present, Mr. A. being at this time a bachelor; he lived in good style, and was very urbane and agreeable.

Towards evening I returned on board the *Brilliant*, pleased with the kind hospitality of Mr. A., and with my first acquaintance with Sydney, and mentally said, let a man wander to whatever part of the world he may, he will always find some good and agreeable people. Kindness and social hospitality are not confined to any country or clime, but spring up like good seed, and bear fruit even in the cold and foggy regions of the north. While on the eve of loading the *Brilliant*, I was offered a freight of coals for Philadelphia, which I considered a little more conducive to my interest than purchasing for my own account. I accordingly accepted the offer and forthwith commenced loading for that city.

As I had an efficient captain to attend to the *Brilliant*, it gave me sufficient leisure to explore Sydney, its environs, and also to visit the coal mines.

These mines are situated about two miles from Sydney, on the north side of the harbor, not far from the sea. They are owned by a company in England, and wrought by agents living at this place. There is a railroad from the pits to the wharves, where the ships and vessels lie to receive the coal. At the pits it is put into large cars containing two chaldrons each, with their bottoms so arranged with hinges as to open directly into the hatchway of the ship; in this way it is rapidly taken on board. I took two hundred chaldrons into my brig in the course of six hours. A large ship of five or six hundred tons burthen, by receiving coal at two hatchways, can take in a full cargo in a day; and if it could be stowed away as fast as it can be put on board, a large ship might be loaded in a very

few hours; the only delay is to keep the hatchways clear to receive it. I visited the mines, and found immense quantities of it lying in large heaps at and near the mouths of the pits. This coal is similar to the Liverpool, but not quite so bituminous; it burns freely, but consumes quicker than the Orrel. It appeared that the greatest difficulty the owners or agents of the mines had to contend with, was to dispose of it; they can dig out almost any quantity, if they could find a ready market.

During the four or five days that I remained here, there were some eight or ten vessels loaded with coal, viz., two ships from Boston, and several brigs and schooners from other parts of the United States, besides sundry small coasting vessels from Halifax and Newfoundland. Perhaps if the price was reduced to a lower scale, more vessels would come here to purchase it, but whether the owners of the mines can afford to sell it lower, I am not able to say. At any rate it is a great source of wealth and comfort, to have such an abundant supply of this necessary article in this dreary climate, during the long and severe winter months. Independently of these considerations, the coal mines directly or indirectly give employment to hundreds, or perhaps thousands, who otherwise would find nothing to do.

Thus one is led to reflect on the bounty and wisdom of God in His provisions for man in almost every part of the globe. Here, in this cold region, where genial suns and fertile lands are denied those who inhabit this country, the surrounding seas and rivers are filled with excellent fish; and though the summers are short and the soil not rich, it is sufficiently good to produce abundance of the best quality of potatoes, while the bowels of the earth are charged with bituminous coal, which may be purchased very low, so that a poor man with the least industry may live and support his family comfortably. He can provide his fish and potatoes in the summer, and purchase his coal with but little labor. Still, with all these blessings at hand, one meets with much poverty and moral degradation.

And considering the many bounties here bestowed upon man,

methinks I hear the inquiry, What, then, is the cause of this sad state of things, and why are the people so poor, ignorant and debased? The answer is short but true, Rum! Rum! or alcohol in some shape or other. This is the bane that poisons and pollutes the pure, moral and social state of society; and although the upper classes are so polite, well bred and hospitable, I am constrained to say I fear they do not adhere to temperance as much as they ought. If they would set the example of strict and total abstinence, I think a great reform would soon take place, and that temperance and sobriety would soon banish the low and drunken debauchery which now debases and degrades the working classes in this region. This colony is England on a small scale; the rich and educated live well, and are abundantly supplied with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life, while the great mass of English, Scotch and Irish emigrants are poor and wretchedly debased. The contrast between the working-classes of New England and this place, is as great as can well be imagined. In Massachusetts and Connecticut there are no marks of extreme poverty; all appear well clothed and well fed; here poverty and drunkenness riot without shame or remorse.

The face of the country about Sydney is undulating, and I may add, rather hilly; in many of the valleys, the ground is somewhat productive, and though the warm season is short, still, I am told, it is a pretty good grazing country. The inhabitants not only supply themselves with all the butter and cheese they require, but export considerable quantities to the West Indies. Sydney is a small town, containing probably about one hundred and fifty houses; the richer classes have large and comfortable gardens attached, and as the streets are wide, the place has a respectable appearance. It probably numbers about five or six hundred inhabitants, exclusive of those who live near the coal mines. There are also many farm-houses in the vicinity of the town for several miles in extent, and in the summer season the country has a pleasant aspect. The most striking feature of the place to a stranger, is the abundance of fish. Cod and halibut come quite into the port of Sydney, and may be taken with but little labor, or purchased for a trifling

sum of money. Besides the fish taken in the bays and harbors all along the coast, the lakes and rivers abound with them, so that, in a word, this is the greatest country for the finny tribe that I have ever visited.

During my sojourn here, I strolled to the camp of an Indian tribe; they were in a pleasant grove, not far from the town. There were perhaps one hundred men, women and children, all employed making baskets, moccasins and other articles for use or ornament. They were comfortably clad and behaved with great propriety. I purchased a quantity of baskets, and found them social and friendly; they were generally good-looking, and some of the young women even handsome.

I have every reason to speak well of Sydney, for, during my short stay here, I received a great deal of hospitality and kind attention from several families, particularly from the Messrs. Archibald, also from Captain Barrington and his family, for which I shall ever hold them in grateful remembrance.

I have, within a few months, had the pleasure of enjoying three spring seasons; being in New Orleans during the month of March, I partook of green peas, strawberries and other early fruits, and saw many fragrant flowers in full bloom.

I was in New York and Connecticut during the month of May; there I also enjoyed another spring, and here I am in the midst of still another, notwithstanding it is now the 10th of July. I have been gradually moving northward, from the hot suns of New Orleans to the cold fogs of Nova Scotia, and during the greater portion of the time, have been favored with fine weather. Notwithstanding I met with cold and damp fogs for several days before entering the port of Sydney, it has been remarkably fine and clear during my stay here.

On the 11th of July we finished loading the *Brilliant*, got all our stores on board and made ready for sea.

While lying at anchor this day, two female Indians came off from the shore in a beautiful bark canoe. It was so light and buoyant that it sat like a gull on the water, and was truly a fine specimen of exquisite workmanship. The younger of these females was a fine model of feminine simplicity and artless beauty: her long black hair was gracefully braided; in front it was

parted sufficiently to show a light brown forehead, with jet black eyes and regular features, that might serve as a model for a sculptor to imitate the perfection of the human form. Her dress was made close around the waist, and so arranged as to show a full bust; and thus with close, ornamented pantaloons, and high-wrought moccasins, was gracefully seated, at her ease, this simple child of Nature. We may call her a savage, and sneer at her want of elegance and taste, but has she no charms to kindle the flame of love in the human bosom? A fine lady, it is true, may excel her in the gaudy decorated drawing-room, but can she balance herself with perfect ease, confidence and grace, in this exquisite boat, that a two-pound weight would overturn in unskilful hands? can she manage the frail canoe, force it through the water with an arrow's speed—and anon let it gently float like a swan on its peaceful bosom? To complete the picture, and add a new charm to the scene, was their gentle deportment. When I invited them on board, they modestly declined, but spread out before them a variety of little articles of their own production, many of which were prettily made and gracefully displayed; slight little parti-colored baskets, slippers and other ornamented trifles, exquisitely wrought and tastefully exhibited. There was no importunity on their part to induce me to purchase; they patiently waited my pleasure to take what I desired, and leave the rest. I was so captivated with these children of the forest, that I purchased their whole stock, asking but one simple question, “how much does the whole of these beautiful articles amount to?” Had this scene occurred some twenty-five years earlier, when I was a single man, I should have been led a willing captive into the forest, with this child of Nature. Mark Anthony abandoned fame and country for the beauty of Egypt's Queen—her barge was so magnificent, and herself so beautiful, that the gorgeous spectacle, combined with sweet music, overpowered the ambition of the warrior and rendered him a captive slave to the allurements of this luxurious queen. I too should have been overpowered and subdued, not by the gorgeous display of refined art and magnificent splendor, but by the simplicity and purity of unsophisticated life, among the wild scenes of nature. I would there have taken lessons

from my sylvan queen, how to manage the birch bark canoe, and to thread my devious way through the pathless woods. This may, perhaps, appear to some, like a high-wrought description of two Indian girls in a bark canoe ; but I assure them that it is not ; on the contrary, it falls far short of the truth, and is but a tame representation of the whole scene.

The next day, we sailed out of Sydney, bound for Philadelphia, and at six o'clock in the afternoon got outside of the light-house at the mouth of the harbor, where we discharged our pilot, and steered on our course to the southward.

The next day, we passed near Flint Island ; the winds being light, we caught six codfish ;—the weather was too thick and foggy to get the latitude by the sun, but as we now had sea-room enough to navigate, we could make our way along shore without knowing our exact position. We continued sailing and beating about, from the 13th to the 17th of July, without seeing land, or being able to get an observation of the sun ; and during the whole of the time the weather was dark and foggy, attended with a damp mist. On the 17th it cleared up a little, when there were eight brigs and schooners in sight ; we spoke one of them, an English brig, seven days from Pictou, bound to Boston. At ten o'clock this morning, we saw a schooner at anchor, fishing in 38 fathoms of water ; we ran down near her, hove to and put out our lines. In the course of an hour, we caught three halibut and some twenty or thirty large codfish ; one of the halibut weighed over one hundred pounds, the other two, about sixty each. I have found during this voyage, that wherever we could find bottom on any of the banks along the coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, we could always catch plenty of fish.

From this period until the 2d of August, for fifteen days, I find nothing but a history of the winds and weather, taking in and making sail, and a continued account of reefing, tacking, wearing ship, etc., etc., terms altogether uninteresting except to nautical men, and even to them there is too much monotony to interest where the gales are not severe enough to carry away a mast or split a maintopsail into ribbons. Seafaring men love to read of tempests and storms, water-spouts and tornadoes ;

but the dull routine of calm, baffling weather is too tame to raise the pulse or send the blood with a rush to the heart; they therefore skip over these scenes and feed on something more bold and daring—such, for example, as a boat having been broken to pieces by the tail of a whale, and the whole crew escaped by swimming on oars and broken pieces of the wreck.

As the firing of cannon and the sound of martial music animate and excite the heart of a soldier, so, in like manner, the howling of the tempest and the roaring of thunder animate the soul of a true son of Neptune, and prompt him to deeds of noble daring, such as saving the crew of a sinking ship. As I have here no such scenes to record, I will return to my dull narrative.

On the 2d of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we took on board Mr. C., a Cape May pilot, and stood in shore. At nine in the evening, we made Cape May light, and at ten next morning, passed near Cape Henlopen. The weather became thick and rainy, so that we were obliged to run under easy sail, and feel our way along by the land; the wind shifted to the S. E. at two o'clock in the afternoon, and blew a strong gale from that quarter. At three P. M. we ran in and made a good harbor under the lee of the breakwater, where we lay all night, in company with some twenty or thirty sail of ships, brigs and schooners. While lying here at anchor in five fathoms of water, safe from all winds, I fully realized the strong protecting arm of the United States government, in constructing this fine harbor, to save the lives of seamen, and the property of all classes of our common country. After passing a comfortable night in this smooth and peaceful haven, we made sail in the morning, at eight o'clock, and commenced beating up the bay, with the wind from the northward, which continued contrary for two days; this prolonged our passage, so that we did not arrive at Philadelphia until Tuesday, August the 6th, making it twenty-four days from Sydney.

The Brilliant was deeply loaded, and we had adverse winds almost all the way, which rendered the passage long and tedious, and, to add to my disappointment, the consignee, to whom the coal was addressed, refused to receive it and pay the freight, so

that I was compelled to employ a commission house, Messrs. Grant and Stone, to sell the coal for my account, and secure the freight, which was at the rate of four dollars the chaldron, and amounted to something over \$800. We sold it to a gas company, and when the freight, commissions, demurrage and other just charges were paid, I placed the balance accruing from the sale of the coal, in the hands of Messrs. G. & S., to be paid over to the party best entitled to it according to law. This was no business of mine; I agreed to perform a certain duty for a specific sum, and as the parties would not pay me for performing my part of the contract, I sold the cargo, paid myself and handed over the balance to the shippers; the result was that I took the proper steps in the premises, and was justified in so doing, on the final decision of the case in a court of justice.

After discharging the coal and settling the voyage, I paid off the crew, laid up the brig Brilliant under the charge of Captain Richard Hepburn, and when every necessary arrangement was made, left Philadelphia on the 20th of August and returned home to my family.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOURTH AND LAST VOYAGE IN THE BRIG BRILLIANT, FROM NEW YORK TO RIO DE JANEIRO, THENCE TO NEW ORLEANS, IN THE YEARS 1840 AND 1841.

ON my return home to Connecticut from Rio and New Orleans, on the 24th of April, I concluded to employ the Brilliant in the freighting business, and, with this object in view, I appointed my late mate Mr. Richard Hepburn, to command her. He had made one voyage from Philadelphia to Sydney, N. S., another to New Orleans and Marseilles, thence to New York, where he arrived on the 13th of July, 1840. As the Brilliant required a thorough overhauling, I forthwith placed her in the carpenter's hands, where she was faithfully calked and repaired; I also prepared a new suit of sails, boats, cordage and every thing else necessary to perform another voyage to Rio. After mature deliberation, I made an arrangement with a commercial friend in New York, and with my friends, Messrs. W. G. Hewes & Company, of New Orleans, to be interested with me in the purchase of a full cargo of coffee at Rio. Having thus far been fortunate on my late voyages, I began to fear a reaction, and thought it best to act a prudent part. I therefore agreed with Messrs. Hewes & Co., to take 1,600 bags for their account, and with my commercial friend, to take 600; this left me but one thousand for my own account. With these gentlemen I made an agreement that I should receive one dollar per bag, freight, with five per cent. primage, and that the whole cargo should be consigned to my friends in New Orleans, they receiving the customary commissions for transacting the business in that city. The before-named gentlemen, with whom I was concerned, in-

trusted me with the management of their affairs in Rio; that is to say, I was to direct what quality of coffee should be purchased, and with the assistance and advice of Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., buy at a proper time, etc., etc. The funds for the purchase of the cargo were provided by each party, and the accounts to be kept distinct and separate. For the amount of my 1000 bags, I was authorized to draw on Messrs. Reid, Irving & Co., of London. After all the preliminaries were arranged, I dispatched two small sloops to Albany, to purchase boards, plank and scantling, for my account. I also laid in sundry other bulky articles, and was fortunate in obtaining the residue of a cargo on freight, namely, flour, cotton drillings, etc. The amount of my freight and primage, exclusive of my own property, amounted to seven hundred dollars. I had one cabin passenger—a native of the Island of Cuba, who spoke not a word of English.

I laid in ample stores and was well supplied with every thing necessary and convenient. I took with me as chief mate, Mr. Richard Hepburn, my former second mate Mr. Peter Hanson, a crew of five seamen and a cook, comprising nine in number, including myself. I am particular in detailing every thing relating to this voyage, it being the last I ever made, either as captain or supercargo. Thus equipped, I embarked on board the *Brilliant*, with my wife and second daughter, Mary S., then a child of about two years, on the 28th of September, bound to Rio. We left New York in the morning, with a fine breeze from the N. W., and steered down the bay; at noon when near Sandy Hook, we discharged the pilot and stood out to sea, with a pleasant breeze at N. W., and fine, clear weather. We steered off S. S. E., in company with the ship *Canada*, Captain Moran, bound to Montevideo: there were also several ships, brigs and schooners, leaving port at the same time. Each of these vessels with her passengers pursued her respective course over the trackless ocean, some, no doubt, with heavy hearts at the idea of leaving wife, children and dear friends, while they were about to tempt the treacherous main, with lurking doubts and fears for a joyful return; others, who had no strong or tender ties to leave behind were, perhaps, re-

joiced to embark, and, if fond of their profession, experienced the feeling so happily expressed by Lord Byron :

“Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the billows bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance wheresoe’er it lead,
Though the strain’d mast should quiver as a reed;
And the rent canvas flutter through the gale,
Still must I on, for I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on ocean’s foam to sail
Where’er the surge may sweep, the tempest’s breath prevail.”

With me, though much of the enthusiasm of youth had passed away, still I retained a lingering fondness for my profession, and at times love to recall the scenes of early life, when it was my joy and delight to embark on the dark and deep, blue ocean, and revel, like a sea-bird, in the tempest and the storm. At this moment my feelings and affections were divided; I was leaving children, friends and my dear country behind, and had a beloved wife and child thrown on me for protection; I therefore felt a double responsibility to exercise watchfulness and prudence to preserve the lives of those who were thus placed in my hands, to shield from every danger. For the first two days out we had clear, pleasant weather, with moderate breezes from the westward, which enabled us to carry studding-sails alow and aloft. We had the decks cleared and every thing stowed away, lashed and secured, below and on deck, every preparation made for bad weather, should it overtake us, and be ready with calmness to encounter the wild fury of the elements. On the third day out we got into the Gulf Stream, where we had light, baffling winds, with a little rain, and at noon found ourselves in latitude $37^{\circ} 47'$ north, longitude $68^{\circ} 47'$ west. From this period nothing occurred worth noticing, except during the last two days I observed a high, rolling swell from the N. N. E., notwithstanding the wind was not blowing from that direction: my barometer was also falling; these indications induced me to be on the *qui vive*. I told my officers to be vigilant and watchful, as I expected a severe gale from that quarter.

On the 10th of October, when in latitude $35^{\circ} 44'$ north, longitude 57° west, at noon it commenced blowing a strong gale from the S. W., with dark, squally weather; as it increased we reefed down and took in sail until we had nothing set except a close-reefed main-topsail; the wind shifted from S. W. to N. N. E., and threw up a high cross sea which broke and foamed like a boiling cauldron. Early in the morning, in anticipation of a severe gale, we had sent down the topgallant yards, and got every thing snug to encounter the coming storm, so that at present we had nothing to do but lie to and let it expend its fury, trusting to a kind Providence to carry us through this terrific tempest. At midnight it increased to a perfect hurricane; the spray and foam were driven with so much violence by the force of the wind that one could scarcely look to windward; the elements roared like thunder; every now and then an occasional flash of vivid lightning served to render the gloom of night still more awful. The next morning at daylight the gale was raging at the height of its fury, lashing the ocean into a violent foam, which threatened to swallow our little vessel in every hollow of the sea; still amidst the tempest and mountain billows, she rose like a stormy petrel on the water, and though she was, as it were, but a speck on the ocean, that unseen Hand, that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," kept our little bark on the top of the angry billows, and conducted us through this awful crisis. I cannot say I was afraid during this protracted tempest, which lasted for a space of forty-eight hours; still, I do not deny that I felt sensibly a solemn awe, reflecting on our perilous situation. I watched with intense anxiety every symptom of its abatement, and when I saw the clouds break away near the horizon, and the wind lull a little, I said, "God is indeed every where, and it is He alone who has snatched us from the very jaws of death." Scenes like these cause us to feel our insignificance, and lead us to exclaim with heartfelt joy and gratitude, It is Thou, O God! who hast saved us from a watery grave. May we ever bless and adore Thy holy name, and place our entire dependence upon Him who rules and governs the mighty deep, and hath said in His wisdom, 'Thus

far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

God hears the ravens when they cry,
And notes the sparrow's fall;
And will to us be ever nigh,
When we upon him call.

In an hour or two after the gale began to break, it moderated, so that at two o'clock in the afternoon on the 12th we again made sail, and went on our course rejoicing. After this terrific and almost unparalleled storm, we met with no incident worth noting until we fell in with the N. E. trade winds on the 29th in latitude $26^{\circ} 33'$ north, longitude per chronometer $27^{\circ} 26'$ west. We continued to steer to the southward, with fine weather and fair winds, and on the morning of the second of November made St. Antonio, one of the Cape de Verd group, bearing south, five or six leagues distant. We sailed down along the west side of this high, rocky, barren-looking island, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon the body of it bore east, eighteen miles distant. It lies in latitude $17^{\circ} 25'$ north, longitude $25^{\circ} 19'$ west of London. After losing sight of St. Antonio we continued our course to the southward, and were favored with fresh N. E. trades until the eleventh when we entirely lost them. After that, we met with light, baffling winds and much rain, as is usual near the equator; here we found it very hot and the weather dark and unpleasant. This day at noon we were in latitude by observation $2^{\circ} 6'$ north, longitude $26^{\circ} 17'$ west.

We continued to experience light and baffling winds for two or three days, with much rain, until the 14th, when we had fanned across the equinoctial line and got as far south as $2^{\circ} 55'$. We soon fell in with the S. E. trade-winds, had fine, pleasant weather and crossed the line in longitude $27^{\circ} 32'$ west. During the remainder of the passage, I find very little in my journal worth recording. We continued to have from day to day (with few interruptions) constant S. E. trades and pleasant weather, which is almost always the case along this part of the Brazil coast. We occasionally saw a sail or two to break the monotony,

and if, by chance, we caught a bonito or an albacore, it was quite an incident where there is so little change from one day to another. At sea there are very few objects to divert the attention save the two grandest and most sublime to human view, the immense world of waters on which we float, and the azure vault of heaven studded with innumerable worlds. He that has no taste for the sublime and finds no pleasure in contemplating with awe and wonder these beautiful objects, had better remain on land; for without this resource and books, life on the ocean is but a dead blank. But to use the words of J. J. Rousseau, "He that can look through nature up to nature's God," may enjoy a rich feast in communing with the Author of his being, and gratify intellectual inquiry when sailing over the different regions of the globe. He may observe God's fostering hand over all his creatures in every part of the earth;—in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west, there is the same wise provision made for man and all the lower animals of creation. The same kind hand has bountifully supplied their wants, and all He requires in return for this goodness is our fervent love and gratitude; to feel that we are His children, and that He is our Father, and will provide for and take care of us, if we put our trust in Him; with a firm, unbending hope and faith, through the mediation and teachings of the lowly Jesus, the blessed Saviour of the world. This faith and hope will enable us to press forward in the path of duty, and in the hour of peril, or deep grief, to exclaim with the holy man of old, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

On Wednesday the 25th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we made Cape Frio, bearing W. N. W. 30 miles distant, and at nine the same evening, passed near it. At eight the next morning, we saw the Sugar Loaf Hill, at the entrance of Rio, and at two in the afternoon passed the fort of St. Cruz, and came to anchor at Rio, fifty-eight days from New York, without having met with any serious accident.

The next day, I left the Brilliant in charge of the mate, and took lodgings for myself and family with the Rev. J. Spaulding, an American Missionary, residing with his family in Rio. I, of course, employed the same house to transact my business,

as I had done on the two former voyages, that of Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co. In the course of a few days we landed all our freight. I sold the greater part of my own goods for a fair profit, and soon had the Brilliant ready to receive on board a cargo of coffee. I was now waiting a favorable change in the market, to purchase the amount I wanted; in the mean time I had leisure to look about the city of Rio, and its vicinity; but, as I have on the last voyage made so many remarks on this place, it is unnecessary to repeat or amplify my observations on this subject. I will only observe that the trade and commerce here seem to increase with wonderful rapidity.

After remaining in the city with our good friend the missionary a few days, we removed with him and his family eight miles into the interior. This Reverend gentleman had hired a small house among the mountains of Tejuca, where the air was fresher, and the weather not so warm by at least ten degrees—for example, when the thermometer stood at 88 and 90° in the city, at his residence among the mountains the mean heat was about 75° to 78°, so that one might almost choose his own climate. The road to this mountain house was pretty good for five or six miles of the distance, after that there was no carriage road, nor could it be travelled at all except on a mule or on foot; the ladies were conveyed up these mountain paths in a hammock or palanquin, slung upon a long pole, and borne on the shoulders of two stout negroes. In this retired residence, my wife and child lodged two weeks, in the family of the worthy Missionary, and found it pleasant and comfortable. My business required my constant attention in town, so that I could only remain in the mountains with my friends, from Saturday evening to Monday morning, when I again returned to the city.

I observed that those who resided here constantly appeared to like the mountain air, and to them it was a healthful residence. I, on the contrary, found the change of climate too severe, and felt myself altogether better in the city, even with the thermometer standing at 90° of Fahrenheit, and soon came to the conclusion that this diversity of climate was not conducive to health, and that it was far better to endure a temporary

inconvenience than seek a sudden change for relief. After remaining at Rio about twenty days, the price of coffee fell so as to authorize me to buy a cargo, which was soon done through Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co. In the course of a few days we purchased the whole amount, comprising three thousand two hundred bags, averaging one hundred and sixty pounds English weight. In about a week after this purchase, it was shipped, together with all necessary provisions and stores; so that on the 24th of December, we bade adieu to our friends, and the next day at nine in the morning, made sail, with a light land breeze, and left the harbor of Rio bound for New Orleans. At ten o'clock, we took the sea breeze and stood off to the southward; at meridian Raza Island bore west, ten miles distant. We left this harbor in company with several ships bound to different parts of the world; among others, three American vessels, the bark *Leda* of and from Baltimore, the brig *Orleans* for the same place, and the brig *Shawmut* bound for Boston. After leaving port, each pursued his respective course. For several days, we encountered strong breezes from the N. N. E. directly ahead, and of course made but little progress on our homeward passage. These strong and contrary winds continued for about a week, when they moderated and came out from E. N. E., and continued light for the space of ten days, forcing us down to leeward; these light airs, together with a strong lee-current, set us so far to the westward, that on the 13th of January, we made the coast of Brazil on the lee-bow, bearing north, twelve miles distant. At noon this day, the latitude by observation was $10^{\circ} 16'$ south; longitude by the land $35^{\circ} 58'$ west. From the 13th to the 23d, we continued to have light winds from the N. E., with a strong current setting to the westward, so that we made slow progress beating to the northward, and could not weather Cape St. Augustine, when we tacked and stood to the southward; we could gain nothing to the eastward. Thus day after day we continued to beat up along shore, standing off and on, and tacking every four or six hours, according as the wind headed or favored us.

The coast along this part of Brazil is clean, free from rocks and shoals, and very easy to navigate, still I would not advise

any one to keep in shore when bound to the United States from Rio; it is far better to stand boldly off to the southward, and by all means keep clear of the land until far enough to the eastward to weather Cape St. Augustine. By getting too far in shore, I lost nearly a week before I was able to double the cape. On the 22d, at noon, we sailed by Cape St. Augustine; it is of a moderate height and free from dangers of every kind; we passed within seven miles distance. It lies in latitude $8^{\circ} 21'$ south, longitude $34^{\circ} 57'$ west. The next day we passed near Olinda and Pernambuco, and saw the church towers, etc., and also the shipping lying at anchor in the harbor.

After passing these places the wind favored us so that we were enabled to set studding-sails alow and aloft, and pursue our course at the rate of eight miles the hour. For several days we had brisk breezes from the eastward and a strong current setting in our favor, I should judge at the rate of one mile the hour. We soon fell into the regular N. E. trade-winds, and proceeded rapidly on our course.

On the 6th of February, at eleven o'clock P. M., there was a total eclipse of the moon. The weather being fine and the sky serene, it was indeed a beautiful spectacle, for after a period of entire obscurity she was relieved, and seemed to shine with renewed splendor.

At one hour after midnight, we made the Island of Barbadoes, bearing W. by N. ten miles distant. We ran down along its south side, and took the same route through the West India islands as on the two last voyages, and met with nothing worthy of remark, until we made the Island of Grand Cayman, on the 18th, bearing N. W. fourteen miles distant. After passing Cape Antonio, we steered for the mouth of the Mississippi; we generally had favorable winds until the 1st of March, when drawing near the mouth of that river, where we met with strong gales and very disagreeable weather. It however moderated the next day, so that at daylight we made the light-house at the mouth of the S. W. Pass, bearing N. W. about eight miles distant, but the weather was so thick and stormy, that we were obliged to stand off shore for several hours. After beating about until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Captain Wilder, of

the steamboat *Prairie*, came off and towed the *Brilliant* into the river at the N. E. Pass without touching the bottom, and at three in the afternoon we came to anchor two miles above the Pass, sixty-eight days from Rio.

At seven in the evening, March 3d, the *Prairie* took the ship *Talleyrand*, of Boston, the *Brilliant*, the brig *Africa*, and a little Spanish schooner, all in tow, and proceeded up the river; at this time we had a fair prospect of making a good passage to New Orleans. During the first part of the night we had fine, clear weather, and I felt that my troubles were at an end and that we were in a place of perfect safety—but, mark the result. About midnight it became very dark, so that one could scarcely see the banks of the river, and had the captain of the steamboat acted a prudent part, he would have brought us all to anchor, until the weather should become more clear; this, however, he did not do, but continued on his course, until about three o'clock in the morning, when, in a thick fog, he ran the whole fleet aground, at the mouth of a creek, or bayou, called *Carrion Crow*, on the south side of the Mississippi, about twenty-two miles above its mouth. My brig being the in-shore vessel, was, by the force of the current, driven fast aground, and partly into the creek. When daylight appeared, the little schooner and the brig *Africa* were hauled off without much difficulty, and in the course of the day, with the assistance of another steamboat, the *Talleyrand* was also taken afloat; consequently, there remained the steamboat *Prairie* and the *Brilliant*, still hard and fast aground. The water was running out of the Mississippi into the bayou, at the rate of six or seven miles the hour, with a fall of two and a half or three feet, roaring like a cataract. The *Prairie* lay athwart our bows, and was partly forced into the bayou.

The next day, the 5th, it blew a severe gale of wind from the N. E.; at ten o'clock in the morning, the *Prairie* and the *Brilliant* were grinding severely against each other, and as the water became more agitated and rough, I feared they might sink. To prevent the loss of my cargo, I ordered the bowsprit of the brig and every thing else about the bows to be cut away, that they should not entangle each other. When this was done,

the *Prairie* broke loose, and was forced by the gale and current into the bayou, and there secured to the bank. The wind and current continued to force the brig more and more upon the bar, at the mouth of the creek, notwithstanding we had got out an anchor to prevent her from being forced over it into the outlet. The *Prairie* lay two days within the bayou, when, with the assistance of another steamboat, with cables, anchors, blocks and falls, she was finally taken out of the creek into the Mississippi. On the 7th, the owner of the *Prairie* sent down from New Orleans a very large anchor, with ninety fathoms of heavy chain; this was taken out on our starboard quarter, and hove taut, to prevent the brig from being forced into the bayou. The next morning, I hired one of the most powerful steamboats on the river, to force off the *Brilliant*, with an agreement with the captain, that if he succeeded, I would give him two hundred dollars, and if he did not, after a fair trial, I would give him one hundred and thirty for his trouble. He tried, but to no purpose; and after parting a new ten-inch cable, gave it up, remarking, that if the brig were lying on the bank, entirely out of the water, he could drag her off; but that she was so bedded in the sand, and lay broadside against the current, that she could not be got off without taking out a part of the cargo. I then sent my mate, Mr. Hepburn, to New Orleans, for a lighter. On the 10th, he returned with a schooner, when we took out one thousand and fifty bags of coffee, and dispatched her to New Orleans; and notwithstanding we had lightened the *Brilliant*, we could not get her off; on the contrary, the more we lightened, the further she was forced over the bar, into the outlet. After this we made another attempt with two steamboats, in a line, with a large cable led through the hawse hole and fastened to the mainmast, and then, after a fair trial, with almost force enough to tear the mast out of her, they gave it up as a hopeless case. I then ordered a second lighter down, and took out another thousand bags; thus far we had been almost constantly employed, day and night. Besides our own crew I hired some six or eight laboring men to assist us, at the rate of two dollars per day. On the 26th, after getting out the greater part of the cargo, the owner of the *Prairie*, Mr. R., came down from New

Orleans with the steamboats *Prairie* and *Porpoise*, and made the following agreement with me : that he would make another trial with the two boats to haul off the *Brilliant*, and if they succeeded, I should pay him five hundred dollars, and if they did not, they should have nothing for their trouble. They then placed both boats in a line, with cables fastened to our masts and gave such tremendous jerks, that I almost feared they would be dragged out of our unfortunate brig ; still they could not get her off, and, according to agreement, received nothing for their pains.

The next day, notwithstanding we had out two large anchors with heavy cables, the *Brilliant*, at four o'clock in the afternoon, went into the bayou, and was secured alongside the west bank of the creek, in seven fathoms of water. During our stay thus far at this disagreeable place, we had been terribly annoyed with sand flies and mosquitoes, and had suffered every inconvenience that shipwrecked seamen are destined to experience, such as being in the midst of a mixed population, made up from almost all the nations of Europe, and rather a bad specimen from the United States. I state with pleasure, however, that there were some honorable exceptions, and that Mr. Donelson, the principal proprietor of the land in this vicinity, was a kind, humane man. My family and crew were always well treated by him, and during our stay at Carrion Crow he was always obliging and rendered us many favors.

On the 31st we commenced discharging the coffee, and found it necessary to transport it by land from the bayou to the bank of the Mississippi, and there put it into boats. In this way we shipped it on board of a schooner lighter, called the *Gladiator*. We had ten men employed besides our own crew, so that in the course of two days, we finished discharging the *Brilliant*, and had on board the *Gladiator* the balance of the cargo, comprising 500 bags of coffee.

The next morning, I embarked with my family and all the crew of the *Brilliant* (except the chief mate, Mr. H.) on board the *Gladiator*, for New Orleans ; we were soon taken in tow of the steamboat *Phoenix*, and proceeded up to the city, at which place we arrived at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. H. hired a man to cook on board, and remained quietly there until I returned.

After paying off the crew of the Brilliant, I agreed with the owner of the Prairie to proceed with that boat down to the bayou, make one more trial to get the brig into the Mississippi, and settle all our difficulties amicably. On the 16th of April we went down the river with the Prairie, and the next day, with a long cable fastened to the bows of the brig, at the mouth of the creek (the steamboat being in the Mississippi), took her again in tow, and almost succeeded in getting her out; but just at the very moment when she was nearly over the bar, she gave a rank sheer, parted the cable, and was again driven by the current back into the bayou; and although there was no insurance upon her, I concluded to let her remain there. I then employed eight or ten men, stripped off all the rigging, sails, anchors, cables, boats—in fine, all I could get from the wreck. I hired an Eastern schooner, called the Choctaw, to carry all her materials to New Orleans, to be disposed of for the most they would bring; and here ends the life of the good brig Brilliant. We left Carrion Crow in the schooner Choctaw, on the 21st of April, and the next day got up to New Orleans. On the 28th, the hull, rigging, sails and every thing appertaining to the Brilliant, was sold at auction on the Levee.

General Remarks on Carrion Crow, and the Region about the Mouths of the Mississippi.

I remained at the bayou from the 4th of March until the 21st of April, and during that period saw a good deal of this singular place. As every body knows, the land for some twenty or thirty miles above the mouths of this great river is alluvial, and made up of logs and mud, that come down and are lodged on each side of this mighty stream. After ascending the river about twenty miles from its mouth, by going up the rigging a little way above the deck, one can see the ocean on both sides, only a short distance from its bank; and when landing on the

banks of the river, one can walk for miles on mud and logs, among the reeds and rushes that grow up in the crevices between them. It frequently happens, when the Mississippi is very high, that it breaks loose from its pent-up channel, and thus forms creeks or bayous, which soon become large and rapid streams; and such an one is the Carrion Crow Bayou, which had no existence until a few years ago. There is little or no security for the permanent continuance of any location in this region; a creek may close up in one place, and break out in another, and where the land appears firm and solid to-day, it may sink to-morrow. During our stay at this bayou, whole acres of land would disappear in a day. Alongside the bank where my brig lay, there were seven or eight fathoms of water—the land was constantly giving way; and when we discharged our coffee, we were obliged to procure very long planks to slide it down upon, and thus place it at least fifteen or twenty feet from the bank; and even at this distance, it was unsafe to leave any considerable quantity, as it might all be submerged in an instant.

We had several strong gales of wind while lying here, and it was absolutely astonishing to see the changes made along the banks of the creek, even in a single day.

There is here a sparse population spread over a large space. They mostly live in small houses or huts planted along the main river, and occasionally on the bayous. They are generally a mixture of all nations, with a pretty large sprinkling of Creole French. Besides these, there are many sailors of different nations, who are too lazy to pursue any regular business, and prefer leading here a sort of vagabond life—going about in boats from place to place, catching fish and oysters, and sometimes obtaining an accidental job from some shipwrecked captain like myself. Many of them have wives or women with whom they live, who are probably more dissolute than themselves. Some of them, a little more cunning than their fellows, contrive to keep little shops and retail liquor at an enormous profit. In the fall and winter, there are some shrewd men who own large boats, and follow the business of catching and opening oysters on the shoals and banks along the sea-coast, or on

some of the neighboring islands. These men hire the stragglers by the month to catch and open oysters, which are found here in great abundance. For many miles, the shoals and banks are covered with them. They appear to be inexhaustible, and if necessary, I think the whole United States might be supplied from this region. They are put into large kegs or half-barrels, taken to New Orleans, from thence sent into the interior States and produce large sums of money. Although the most of these men are a drunken, improvident set of beings, still I am told, there are some of them who pick up considerable property.

I saw a female, wife to one of the leaders of these oyster colonies, who appeared shrewd and very intelligent. She often encamped for weeks and months with these men who were hired by her husband, and I was told she could open more oysters in a day than any man belonging to the gang. She was a middle-aged woman, rather good looking, and, I think, a native of Sweden. I visited several of the huts of these people, and sometimes found them comfortable habitations, but generally, badly built and very dirty. They are terribly annoyed with sand-flies and mosquitoes. Therefore, taking every thing into consideration, I should pronounce theirs a wretched mode of living, and only suitable for idle vagabonds, who are unfit subjects for a more civilized state of society. During my stay there, I employed many of them to labor on board the *Brilliant*, and often purchased from them oysters, chickens, eggs, etc. I managed to get along with this heterogeneous population without difficulty, and found them generally ready to labor or assist me whenever I made the given signal of setting my colors and firing a gun. It was curious to see how soon this straggling population could be called together upon any exciting occasion. In a neighborhood where there could scarcely be seen more than two or three huts, I could, in less than thirty minutes, assemble twenty or thirty men, women and children. From the fact of my lying here so long, I became well known to the inhabitants for many miles in extent; so that the Bayou Carrion Crow and the brig *Brilliant* became somewhat conspicuous objects, and many idlers paid us a visit, and frequently strolled about the precincts of the outlet. My friend Donelson knew the character of most

of these people and often gave me a hint to avoid those of dubious standing. Whenever these abandoned scoundrels came on board, I took the precaution to get our muskets, pikes and swords on deck, to clean, and often took care to discharge a few muskets to convince these marauders that we were ready for them and were not to be caught napping. In fine, if it were not for the frequent visits of the United States revenue cutters at the mouths of the Mississippi, it would be unsafe to live in a shipwrecked vessel with a valuable cargo.

After the sale of the *Brilliant* and her materials, on the 28th of April, I employed an insurance broker, to make up a general average on the *Brilliant*, her cargo and freight, according to the custom and usage of the State of Louisiana. Messrs. William G. Hewes & Co. had now sold the cargo at very good prices, so that the voyage was soon closed. I took a statement of the average with me, to present to the underwriters in New-York, and left a second copy in the hands of my friends. I settled every thing appertaining to the brig, with my consignees, to our mutual satisfaction.

And now, concluding this account of my last and final voyage in the *Brilliant*, I add with pleasure, that I have ever found William G. Hewes, Esq., strictly honest and just, and a most worthy, intelligent gentleman. In a few days, I arranged all my business in New Orleans, and on the 27th of May, proceeded with my wife and daughter up the Mississippi on my way to New-York, and after a pleasant voyage of fifteen days, arrived safe at that city on the 11th of June, 1841. On my return, I called on the two insurance companies who had insured the freight and cargo of my brig, and presented them all the documents relating to the unfortunate loss of this vessel. We had an amicable settlement, when they paid me the balance due, agreeably to the general average made and adjusted in New Orleans. I believe the underwriters were satisfied with my conduct, during the whole of our disastrous voyage and final shipwreck in the Mississippi. I think they were convinced that I saved them every expense in my power in getting the coffee up to New Orleans, and guarding it from theft and plunder during our long and tedious detention at the Bayou Carrion Crow.

I have now closed the last voyage in the Brilliant, and although I met with many trials and difficulties in this brig, still, in the end, she proved a fortunate vessel for me. It will be remembered that I purchased her in 1837, with the hope of retrieving, if possible, what I had lost by the Great Fire and other casualties in December, 1835. With this object in view, I pressed forward with persevering industry and self-denial, and, notwithstanding my brig was finally lost, without having one cent insured upon her, still I am happy to add, that at the end of four years, I cleared the round sum of twenty thousand dollars, and thus repaired all my losses by the extensive conflagration. I now began to feel that I was growing old, and that it was about time for me to withdraw from active life, leaving the field of enterprise and commercial pursuits to the rising generation. I purpose hereafter to attend to the education of my children, and to spend the residue of life in quiet repose.

THE END.



